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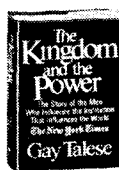
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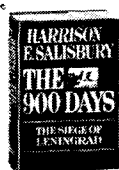
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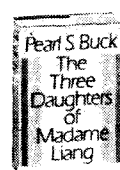
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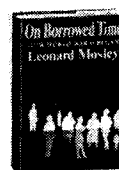
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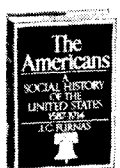
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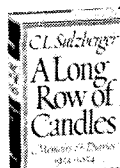
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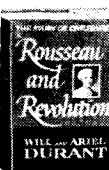
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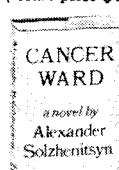
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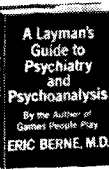
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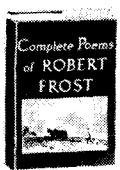
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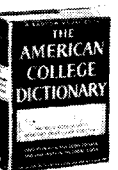
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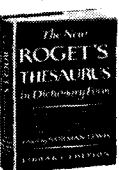
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Mr. Artur Sammler, seventy-plus, at leisure, pondering "the last days of mankind," will come alive in the *Atlantic* next month when we publish, in the first of two installments, *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, a brilliant new novel by Saul Bellow. This latest work by one of America's foremost writers is a great book, Bellow's greatest thus far.

In addition to the full novel, there will be the usual fare of stories, reports, essays, reviews, and entertainments. Among them:

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Only last month we were remarking here on the difficulty of illuminating big issues by the simple expedient of printing profiles about the man, or men, dealing with the issues. The world's still a stage, though, for all the shortage of political Garricks or Booths, so there is much to be said for opening the curtains on a group of players as they struggle with the forces they aspire to control. One such struggle, the most important one of last year in Washington, was waged by a small group of civilians in the government for the mind of President Lyndon Johnson, a struggle that eventually turned the President from escalation to the seeking of peace in Vietnam.

One of that inner circle was Townsend Hoopes, who, as Undersecretary of the Air Force, worked with Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford and other presidential advisers to persuade Mr. Johnson to halt the bombing of North Vietnam. Mr. Hoopes's quiet, modest account (page 97) of that trip to a turning point, a part of a book entitled *The Limits of Intervention*, is history straight from the griddle.

As we go to press with Arthur Koestler's Report on Fiji (page 18) we await with interest the reaction of our six subscribers in Fiji. Greetings to Robert Holzheimer, Virgil A. Hertling, Duncan McQueen, Joan Warner, Western Regional Library, and John the Baptist Theological College.

We enthusiastically join the rest of humankind in applauding the feat of the Apollo 11 astronauts and their NASA sponsors. It is an

achievement far greater, even, than the construction and successful launching of *The Brick Moon*, which happened in these pages exactly one hundred years ago. In the *Atlantic* for October, November, and December, 1869, the story was told of a band of imaginative New Englanders who were a century ahead of their age. Determining to provide perpetual navigational certainty for seamen wherever they sailed, they calculated that an object of some size fired into a proper orbit of the earth would do the trick. They required some twelve years to raise the money (\$250,000 in all), to make millions of bricks (so that the craft would not burn up) and construct them into a "moon" two hundred feet in diameter. By means of two immense water-powered flywheels situated somewhere near Skowhegan, Maine, the adventurers successfully slungshot their brick moon and themselves into space.

The story was unsigned, but its author was Edward Everett Hale, author of *The Man Without a Country*. So far as we can determine, the launching of *The Brick Moon* provoked considerably less public interest than the latest American lunar expedition. President Ulysses S. Grant was reputed to have remarked that it was the biggest thing since Creation, save for the invention of bourbon whiskey and the Havana cigar, but we respectfully doubt that the President said that. He was not given to hyperbole.

Robert Manning

REPORTS:

WASHINGTON

Someone says that all the tourists who were scared away from Washington last summer after the riots that followed Martin Luther King's assassination have converged on the Capital this week. The radio says the Senate galleries have jammed up so tightly for the vote on the ABM that senators' wives are being turned away, but there are empty seats. The press gallery, however, practically spills over at the edges. News has been exploding on and off Chappaquiddick and Martha's Vineyard, in Saigon and Bucharest, along the moon routes, everywhere but Washington. So Washington reporters are starved for news. Abetted by some of the more apocalyptic senators, they can't seem to write about the ABM without firing off adjectives like "cliff-hanger," "razor-edge," and "countdown." All very dramatic, for the moment, but one has that feeling of leaving the theater and trying to remember what the play was about.

The next day the editorial writers confiscate the reporters' adjectives and speak in qualified tones. The *New York Times* titles its editorial "The Administration 'Wins,'" and urges "delay" and "statesmanship" on Mr. Nixon in considering what to do with his "victory." The *Washington Post* similarly puts quotation marks around "won" and "lost" in speaking of the Senate's 50-50 and 51-49 votes on the ABM, and writes, "Despite all the last-minute drama and legislative high-jinks, it had been evident for a couple of weeks now that the crucial vote . . . would be inconclusive." Later, George McGovern for the liberals says that the

question whether to develop a system of multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles (MIRV's) is, "if anything, more urgent" than whether to proceed with the anti-ballistic missile.

On the other hand, the orchestrated drama of the ABM fight did have meaning. It is all very well to say, as ABM advocates do, that those in opposition were in large part motivated by an irrational extension of anti-Vietnam War sentiment, and that the ABM simply became a symbolic target for "the furies and frustrations generated by the war in Vietnam" (Stewart Alsop). Some anti-ABM leaders, like Senator Stuart Symington (Democrat, Missouri), acknowledge the symbolic aspect of the fight. But symbols reflect rational as well as irrational concerns.

What is "commitment"?

At sixty-eight, a former Secretary of the Air Force, war administrator (during Korea), and presidential aspirant (in 1960), Symington must seem an unlikely leader of the Skeptical Party to many of his Establishmentarian acquaintances. A friend who has watched him at work recently says, "He's spent his career accumulating extraordinary knowledge of the relation between military, political, and economic policy, and particularly about how the military works, without ever particularly thinking about it. Now we're in trouble in all those areas at once, and he's begun reflecting on the connections like a man who is twenty years younger." The only senator currently serving on both the Armed Services and Foreign Relations Committees, Symington became chairman of a subcommittee

of the latter this spring, and he is readying an investigation into U.S. "commitments" abroad. "What is a commitment—men, money, what?" he says as we sit in his office a few days after the ABM vote. American dealings with Thailand are to be a prime subject of the investigation; implicit in this focus is a concern Symington and his staff share with more conventional Senate "doves" that whether or not the Nixon Administration is committed to the slogan "No More Vietnams," the United States may already be "in" Thailand as a consequence of the original "commitment" to South Vietnam.

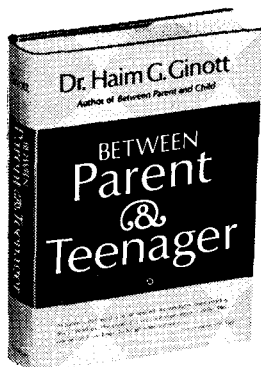
Symington is elegant in manner and appearance, and almost military in his bearing. This heightens the effect when he draws on strategic expertise and knowledge of weaponry to support his moderate political views. After a detailed critique of the Pentagon's technical arguments for the ABM, he says in the Senate just before the ABM vote, "It has gotten to a point . . . that we have some senators who can hear the farthest drum before the cry of a single hungry child in the street; and we have some senators, fed up with that approach, who can hear all the children, whether or not they are hungry, before they can hear a single drum.

"Then there is another group, and a large group, which can hear every single child and every single drum and say: 'What of it? I'll vote for all the children and I'll vote for all the drums.'

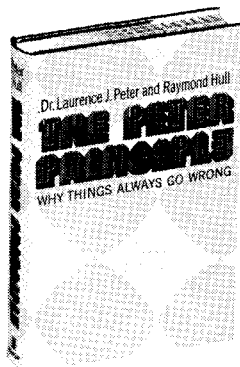
"That is perhaps the worst position. It is as clear as light that the integrity of the dollar, through such problems as inflation and the continuing balance of payments, is slowly but steadily being eroded to

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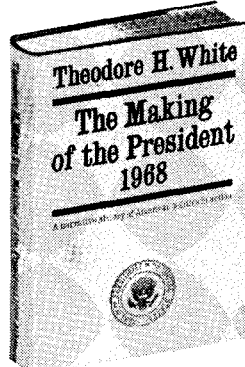
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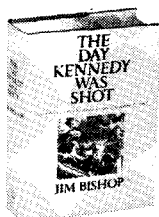
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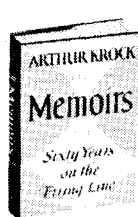
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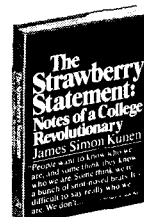
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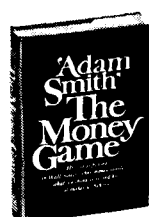
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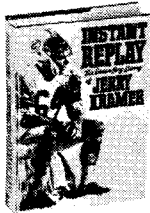
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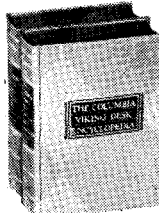
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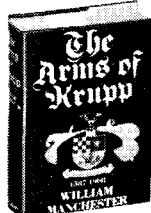
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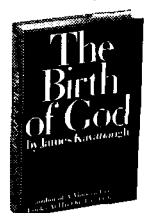
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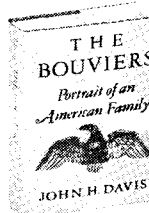
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Washington

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In his office Symington remarks, "I had some criticisms of Bob McNamara, but I agreed with him when he said the military think about weapons the way women think about perfume."

Possibilities

The scenes on the Senate floor at the end of the debate are the more vivid because the voices of two of the leading participants, Margaret Chase Smith and John Sherman Cooper, are too soft to be heard in the galleries, or even by many of their colleagues. One of the liberal leaders of the last twenty years, ex-Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois (defeated by Charles Percy in 1966), has come to the chamber and watches from a couch in a corner, greeting old friends from his seat. His once impressive frame is now thin and frail, but he stands up to greet the courtly Richard Russell of Georgia, his enemy in civil rights fights through the years. Russell has had cancer. These two old men, mortals who used to be called powers, whose time is passing, make the moment seem more fluid, less tense, less "historical."

In contrast, one sees (as does everyone else present) Edward Kennedy, whose time may have passed for reasons rather more within his control than is the case with Douglas and Russell. If they represent the March of Time in this tableau, he represents an uncomfortable present. He seems very much alone on this stage, his sunburn and nervousness combining to create the illusion that he is under a spotlight. He twists in his chair from one tentative pose to another,



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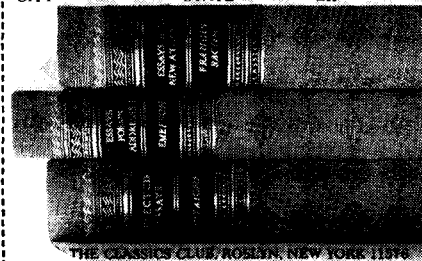
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Washington

saying little and rarely being spoken to. Watching him, one feels like part of the pressure on a giant needle pinning him like a fly to a microscopic plate. Later, at a press conference after the vote which he shares with his anti-ABM colleagues Mike Mansfield, Philip Hart, and John Sherman Cooper, the reporters direct just one question about the ABM to him.

If he seems conscious of his disgrace, his colleague Edmund Muskie has been cast as Quiet Dignity. His fingers are thoughtfully poised, the tips touching. One wonders if anyone cares. Two other "possibilities" (as the press characterizes men who get themselves mentioned as presidential aspirants), Fred Harris of Oklahoma and Walter Mondale of Minnesota, are slouched next to each other, apparently indulging in comedy relief, for they guffaw and shake with laughter. They look more like study-hall pranksters than "possibilities," but this is customary behavior in the Senate. Gene McCarthy, grayer than last year, squats down with them for a moment. (Favorite teacher from last semester?) More laughter. What have they to say to each other, the two ambitious younger men who believed in Hubert Humphrey (they were his campaign co-managers), and the older, sardonic one whose view of Humphrey seemed similar to that of most adults toward the Easter bunny?

The eye takes in *Cabaret* touches: J. William Fulbright's Garbo-like sunglasses; Everett Dirksen's now grotesque form.

Overheard: "I once heard Governor Rhodes of Ohio say, 'Watching George Romney run for President was like watching a duck make love to a football . . .'"

"I had lunch with Hubert Humphrey today. He told me he had views on the German question, the Soviet question, the Asian question. The man's been reading a Rand McNally atlas . . ."

Happening

The Senate ponders whether to slow down the Nixon Administration's refashioning of the Johnson Administration's version of one of the Pentagon's plans, and says, "No,



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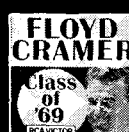
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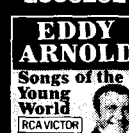
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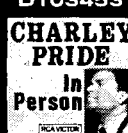
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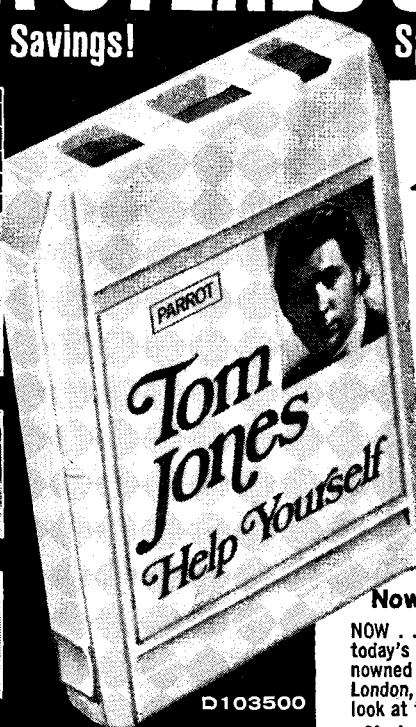
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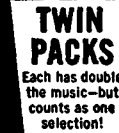
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but . . ." The House puts forth a tax plan which is called the "Tax Reform Act of 1969" and heralded as such, but which cuts more than it reforms. Some of the editorial writers warn us that we have been through all that before. The reporters write leads which speak, as did the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*, of President Nixon's "revolutionary" welfare and revenue-sharing proposals. But the bodies of their stories do not support the revolution, and wonder instead whether the government will agree to put money where the President's mouth is.

Nothing is happening here, but everything is happening here. "Leadership without leaders," Gene McCarthy calls it. He is speaking of the amorphous yet forceful popular pressure for tax reform and against the military. "McCarthyism without McCarthy?" he is asked. "Something like that." One finds no heroes in Washington just now, few villains, no certainties, abundant ponderables and imponderables. One senses that a delayed state of shock prevails in the city, reflecting to some extent the national mood. People can't quite believe yet that 1968 was a true story. The pieces have still not been picked up (and since Senator Kennedy's midnight drive there are more of them in smaller fragments). Observing the dulled sensibilities of political and journalistic acquaintances in Washington, one feels the more certain that the President's recommendation of lowered voices was both an act of shrewdness and of consideration for the national nerves. And though he has been tempted into shrillness from time to time, some of his advisers have stuck to the modulated pitch, particularly in the area of diplomacy. Phrases like "low posture" and "low silhouette" are used to project a post-coon-skin-on-the-wall foreign policy.

Such a time is difficult for the press, which, as has often been observed, behaves like a parasite, and never more so than when one-industry-town Washington is having a slow season. Like freshmen in a Pol. Sci. course, the press wants to know where the Administration "stands"; to which ideological or regional factions it is committed; whether Rob-

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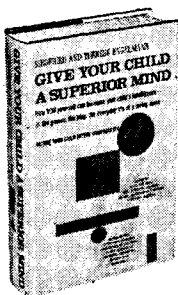
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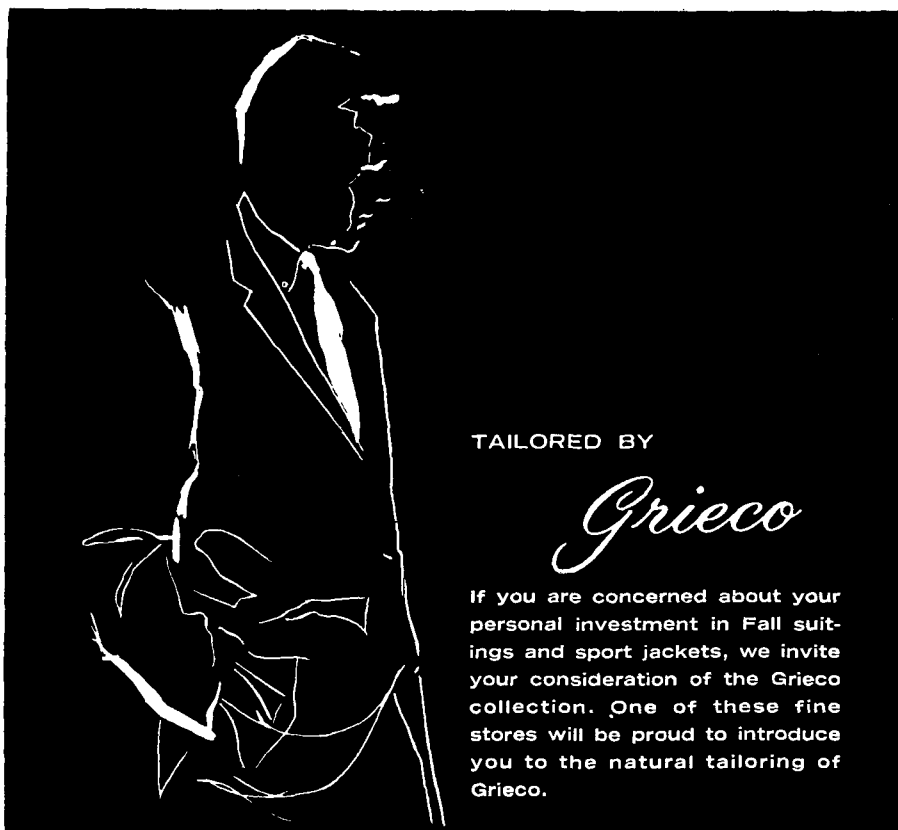
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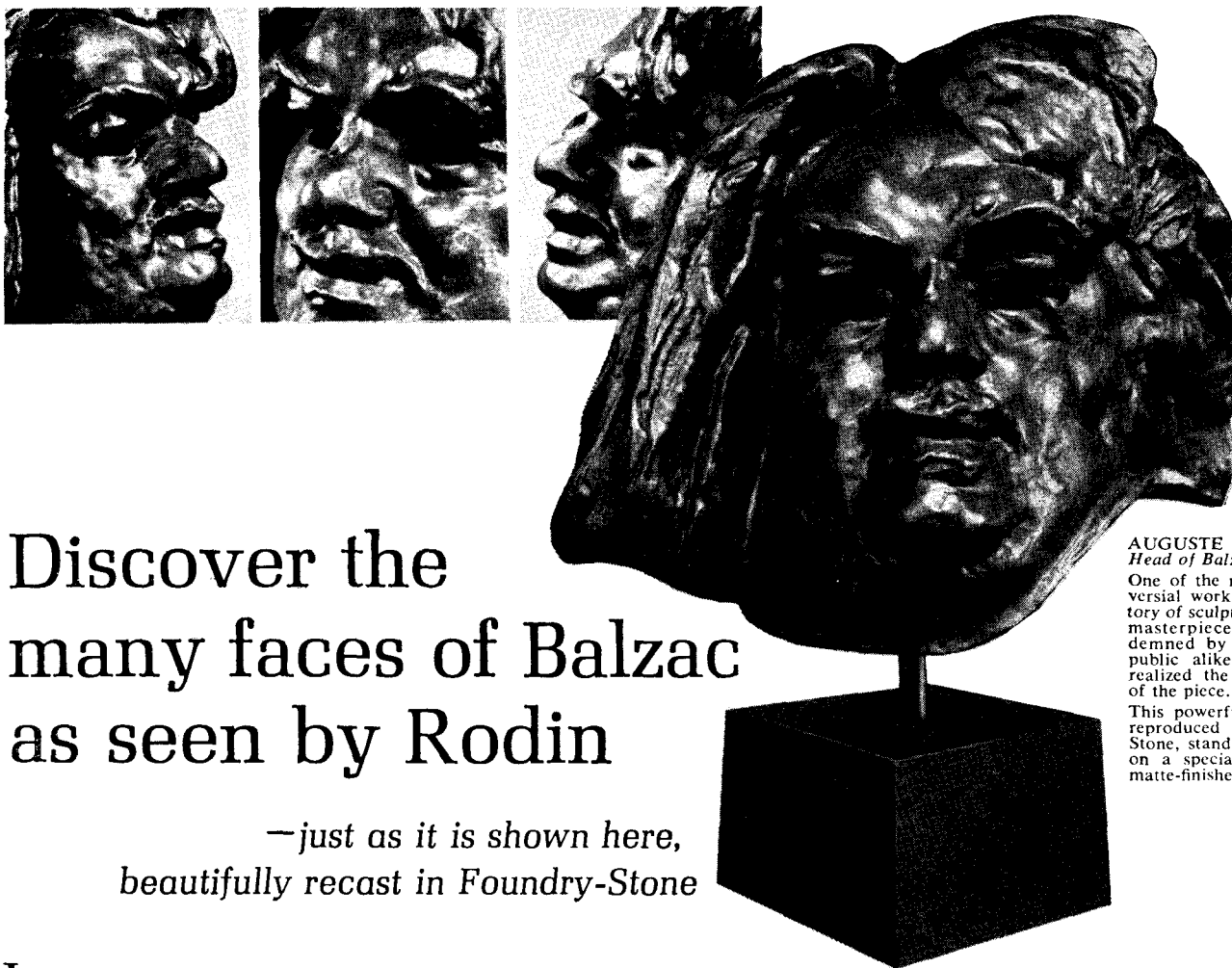
Washington

ert Finch of HEW or John Mitchell of Justice stands taller with the President, and so on. Much more relevant questions in Nixon's Washington are: What are the pressures—political, economic, and popular—on this Administration? Which ones does the Administration view as most compelling? Writing about pressures and trends requires a great deal more perception and subtlety than writing about "front-runners" and "favorites" who have "charisma," or "insiders" who have "clout." It calls for understanding of background and process and of how people in and out of power react to various kinds of adversity or challenge.

This is hard enough for the press to do when it is following the government and the government happens to be wrong—as both were in assuming well into 1968 that an incumbent President could not be unseated. It is harder when the government doesn't know its own mind. The press is supposed to report "facts," but the reportable facts about Washington under Nixon don't add up to much. And when the press tries harder, the effect seems the more ludicrous. A recent column by James Reston began, "The main thing about President Nixon's proposals for dealing with poverty in America is that he recognizes Government's responsibility for removing it." Why is that the "main thing"? And how does Reston know? The press doesn't really know now, at the end of this gestation period of the Nixon Administration, who or what Mr. Nixon is, covert reformer, benign reactionary, "healer," "pragmatist," none of the above. But the press writes with those categories in mind, and so it persists in trying to define what does not seem to lend itself to definition.

Senator Charles Goodell of New York, the energetic Republican whom Governor Rockefeller appointed to Robert Kennedy's seat and who has been pressuring Nixon to go left to the consternation of Republican regulars and the Restoration-minded Kennedy faction in New York, has some ideas:

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Washington

get him to make a commitment on the hunger issue last fall during the campaign, and I was attacked for criticizing him, but he did make a major commitment this spring. He never particularly played it up, though; he didn't even announce it personally. I think he is less emotional than any recent President—I don't mean he has no feelings; we all remember his 1962 speech to the press. He is an analyst."

Why didn't he respond to the pressure of the Senate, then, and let the men of goodwill, like Senator George Aiken, and even Senators Cooper and Hart, play a role in what after all would have been some form of commitment to the ABM? Why, instead, did he behave as Lyndon Johnson had at the Democratic Convention of 1968, refusing to let the liberals have their bombing resolution as a matter of principle, when in the end the President stopped the bombing anyway?

"Or like the Republicans in 1964. I don't know, maybe it was Mel Laird. He's a fighter; likes to push things through."

It is all very difficult for the press—for anyone—to discern. Certainly there are signs that the Nixon Administration is open, curious, in the best sense. One observes Undersecretary of State Elliott Richardson's bright young assistant having lunch with ex-Secretary Dean Rusk's bright young assistant. Nixon's White House Counsel, John Erlichman, has sought advice on how the government works from his predecessors under Johnson. Nixon himself has talked with Dean Acheson, whom he was taxing fifteen years ago with responsibility for the "loss" of China. The former Secretary of State, who feels we must pull away from involvement in Vietnam, finds the President and his advisers for the most part "reasonable" and "uncomplicated," and the atmosphere in Washington an improvement over the irascibility of Johnson's last months in office. The Administration's embarrassing missteps, such as the nonappointment of Dr. Knowles to a key HEW assistant secretaryship, are more the consequence of inexperience and naïveté than of cutthroat politicking, he believes.

Whatever their goodwill, Mr.

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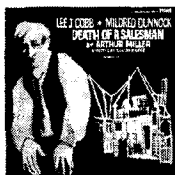
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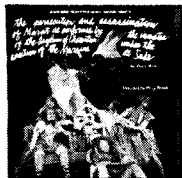
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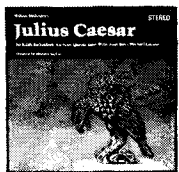
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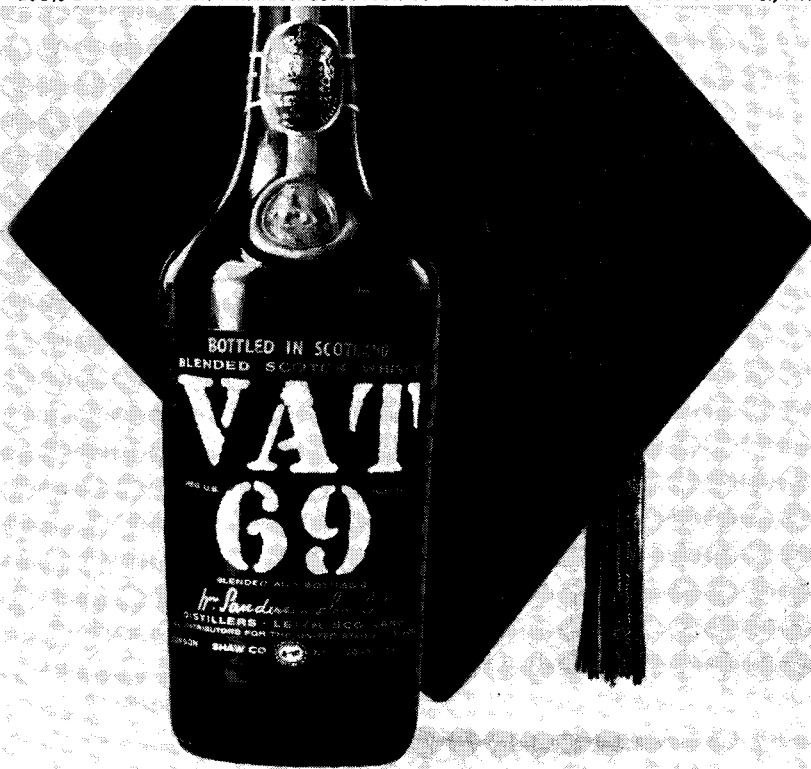
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THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY

Nixon and his aides clearly made little effort to "bring us together" in the later stages of the ABM fight. Indeed, in the course of the fight, several background stories from Washington suggested that men close to the President suspect that the anti-militarist mood has been inflated by the press, and has little popular base except on campuses and in the intelligentsia.

I asked Herbert Klein, the President's Director of Communications, whether there was concern in the Administration about the way the pro- and anti-war division seemed to be deepening over issues like the ABM and military spending, following roughly the same liberal-conservative pattern as developed in Johnson's last years. "It depends on what you mean by liberal," he said. "For example, I consider Scoop Jackson a liberal." Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, the Democratic senator from Washington to whom Nixon offered the Secretaryship of Defense before choosing Melvin Laird, is certainly one of the few ur-hawks who has also been a progressive on domestic affairs. But the fact that he seems so much in agreement with the hard-line wing of the Nixon Administration makes him an exception to the rule, and hardly proof that there is no liberal-conservative split in Washington.

The invisible cities

A collection of Nixon speechwriters told a veteran of Johnson's White House staff earlier this year, "You have to understand, the President doesn't read the papers. Pat Buchanan [a White House aide] writes up a three-page extract of what's being said in the papers for him, and sometimes he doesn't even read that. As for the cities, some of these people don't even know they're there. They don't see them."

This is clearly a view of only part of the Administration. There is also the minority faction of urban-oriented reformers, led by HEW Secretary Robert Finch and Director Pat Moynihan of the Urban Affairs Council. As the press has reported, they have won a few and lost a few more. Clearly they have influence, and interestingly, they are heard on

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Washington

the merits. One of Moynihan's assistants in the White House says, "Pat won in the battle for welfare reform by playing it like a scholar. These guys say, 'Harvard urbanologist, maybe he's got something,' and anyway he's the only one around. Burns [Arthur Burns, the President's more conservative economic counselor], on the other hand, lost by playing the politician. He'd say what was and wasn't politically feasible. On this one, the President listened to Pat, who proposed what he thought was necessary."

Moynihan, Finch, and friends are not the Nixon Administration, though. In the absence of clear indications of what is, the press has focused an unusual amount of attention on the prominent figures to their right, led by Attorney General John Mitchell and his old frontier staff. In particular there is interest in a curious book called *The Emerging Republican Majority* (Arlington House, \$7.95) by Kevin Price Phillips, twenty-nine, an assistant to Mitchell during the campaign and then in the Justice Department. Mitchell is a power; Phillips writes like a fanatic. The relationship between their two points of view is unclear, though Mitchell has made statements to the effect that his staff members do not necessarily speak for him. Briefly, Phillips' book argues on the basis of extensive statistical research that a Republican Party based in the "Heartland" (Midwest), West, and South can and should co-opt the Wallace vote, isolate the liberal Establishment element of the party roughly located in "the partners' rooms of Wall Street and the salons of Fifth Avenue," and rule for a generation on a populist mandate.

Mr. Phillips' book, for all the statistical evidence it employs, reads like fantasy. Words like "economics," "inflation," "depression," or "recession" hardly appear at all, for this is a book about "ethnic" (read white) man, as if his economic condition were unrelated to his political judgment, or to the state of the parties. And much as Lyndon Johnson seemed to assume that some sort of jingoistic passion meant more to Americans than the lives of their sons, or their own sense of values

about American interests abroad, Phillips writes as if ethnic identification has and will overcome anything and everything. This seems excessively doctrinaire. The evidence of white resentment of black revolution is abundant. Subtler and more difficult to calculate is the vote that hedges: as when Boston voted for an Irishman of moderation (Kevin White) for mayor over an Irishwoman who seemed certain to create divisiveness (Louise Day Hicks).

"The Phillips book answers a lot of questions for people who don't believe anything." So says one of the many independent-liberal Republicans in Nixon's Washington who observes the Administration with detachment. "Can you imagine sitting down to formulate a policy on school segregation if you had never thought of it before? That's what people who are really at the center of the White House operation, like [Bob] Haldemann and Erlichman, are like, and that's why the Phillips book is getting read."

Isn't

One can improve one's perception of Nixon's Washington by talking to D. David Bourland, Jr., recently described by *Time* as the linguist who developed E-Prime. E-Prime consists (as Bourland would put it) of the English language minus the verb "to be." We abuse the verb "to be," Bourland feels, making it a crutch and distorting our view of reality. Nothing stays the same, everything "is" in a process of change; therefore one speaks of a mythical static world when one says that something "is" something. Or one speaks in meaningless clichés. ("Life is like that.") Also, one speaks subjectively, and with an authority to which one presumes, but which one doesn't document. ("X is a liberal." "Nixon is a pragmatist." "The plane is scheduled to leave any minute now.")

Bourland sees Nixon as "the most interesting political figure since Roosevelt. He reminds me of what McLuhan meant by comparing a light bulb to pure information." Bourland means by this that one can't define Nixon by simple statements of "identification," and he feels also that Nixon in this sense may faithfully reflect the confusions and dislocations of political iden-

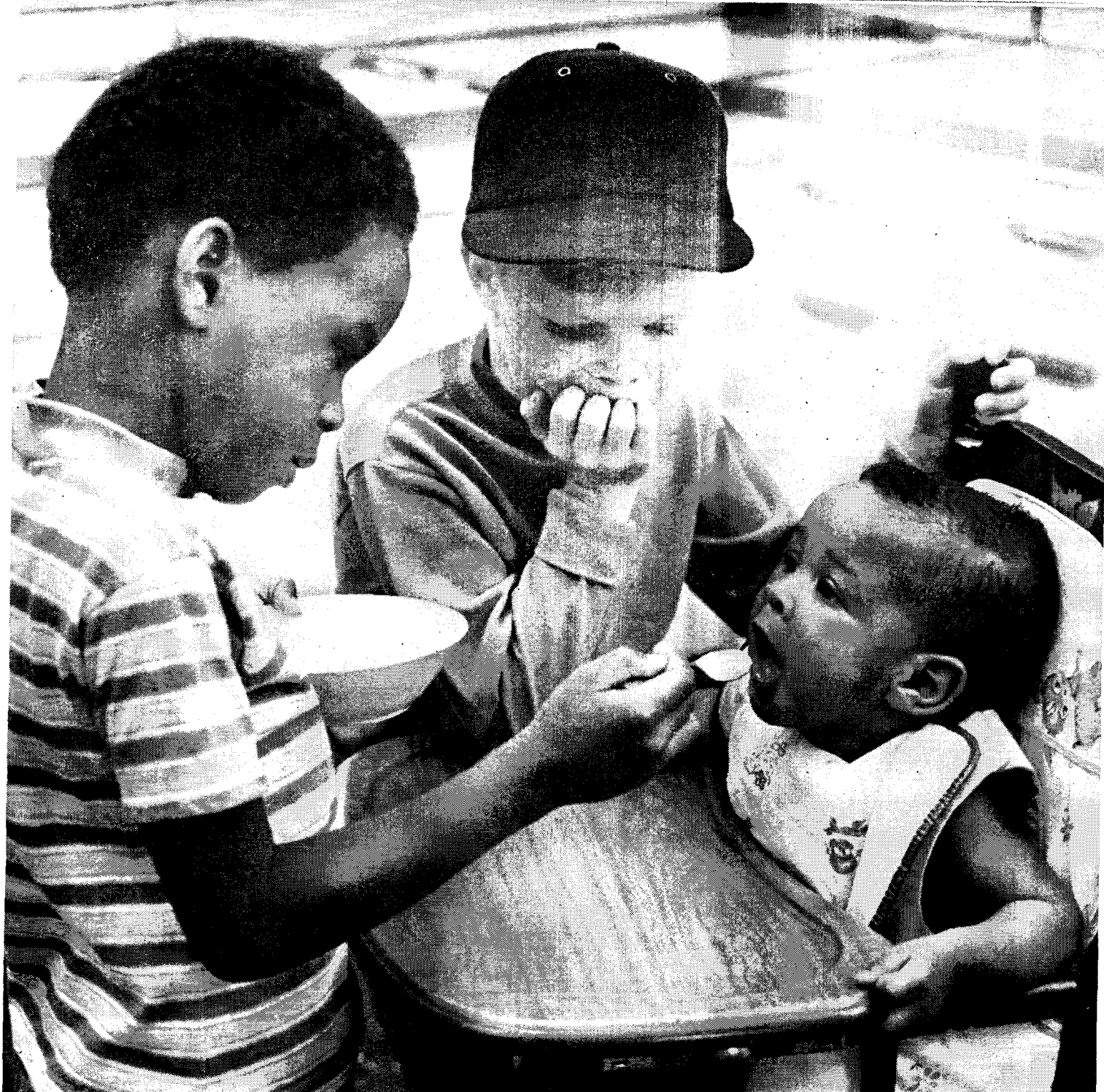
tity and division in the country. Nixon's Administration employs Robert Finch and John Mitchell, Pat Moynihan and Kevin Phillips. Like the several factions in the country at large, these men seem unlikely to come to substantial agreement with each other over the larger political questions. Should not a President represent the country?

MICHAEL JANEWAY

FIJI

How our friends envied us. The poor things had just started scanning the annual holiday supplements to discover how to make their travel allowances work the miracle of the loaves and fishes, while we were setting out on a round-the-world tour via Persia to Australia, and back through the South Pacific and the Caribbean. An enterprising Australian television company paid for the round trip—first-class air fare, first-class hotels, including the wife. How everybody envied us!

The journey took two months, and we returned, to coin a phrase, impoverished by the experience. As I look back at it, much of it seems like a journey through an air-conditioned, neon-lit tunnel, filled with the ubiquitous sound of Muzak, the smell of hamburgers, and the sight of blue-haired matrons spending the life insurance money of their deceased husbands on package tours from one duty-free shop to the next. Every day about 5:30 P.M., the tunnel changes into the dark womb of the same cocktail bar in the same Hilton or Sheraton in Honolulu, Fiji, or Teheran; and subsequently into the same Gourmet's Rainbow Oak Room, where the same freeze-broiled choice T-bone is banged down by the same Italian waiter beside the same spluttering fancy candle on your table. Never a native dish. Never a tropical fruit. And day by day in every way, the muddy floods of Muzak pour down on you, piped into the lift, the lobby, the bathrooms, bar, restaurant, swimming pool, coral beach—a tonal diarrhea, unrelenting, inescapable. There are worldwide crusades for the preservation of wildlife and countryside; it is time somebody started a movement for the preservation of silence.



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Fiji

The explosion of the tourist industry and its culture-eroding fall-out are still regarded as a minor nuisance. They are more than that. All over the world the tourist trade is an increasingly important factor in the national economy. In some countries it takes first or second place, and in some the number of tourists per annum outnumbers the total native population. It is a plague of locusts which brings to the natives material prosperity and cultural corruption, eroding traditional ways of living, contaminating arts and crafts with the vulgarity of the souvenir industry, and leveling down indigenous cultures to a uniform, mechanized, stereotyped norm.

It is a global phenomenon. In the Alpine meadows, the farmers are turning into innkeepers; tourists are easier to milk than cows. If French gastronomy is now hardly more than a legend revived each year by new editions of the *Guide Michelin*, it is an indirect consequence of the explosion: why should the chef waste hours on a dish when the customer from overseas drenches it in ketchup, and the natives soon learn to imitate him? One has watched the blight spread over Europe, from the gulf of Naples to the Swedish fjords; but I still had some illusions left about the Pacific islands, the "palm-fringed jewels of the sea," as the travel brochures invariably describe them, "where all of life sways to music and every heart responds to gaiety and laughter."

"I am very romantic"

The first of the jewel islands we descended on was Fiji (more precisely Viti Levu, the central island of the group), which may serve as a fair sample. All the old hands in Sydney had told us that it was less spoiled than Noumea or Tahiti or Hawaii, and up to a point this seemed to be true. I must confess that I also had a naïve curiosity about the place because, according to the reports of nineteenth-century missionaries and anthropologists, the "Feegeans" were by far the most cruel and savage people among the Pacific islanders—and the most prodigious man-eaters, who practiced

cannibalism on an unprecedented scale, partly as a ritual, mainly because of a genuine addiction to human flesh. One Methodist missionary, the Reverend John Watsford, reported in 1846: "The poor wretches [captives of a hostile tribe] were bound ready for the ovens, and their enemies were waiting anxiously to devour them. They did not club them lest any of their blood should be lost. Some, however, could not wait until the ovens were sufficiently heated, but pulled the ears off the wretched creatures and ate them raw." The last case of cannibalism is supposed to have occurred some thirty or forty years ago—nobody is quite sure—in a village a few miles from Nadi International Airport, and there are rumors about more recent cases in the interior. I mention this to indicate that cannibalism is not merely a subject for funny *New Yorker* cartoons, but a tradition that has survived within the span of living memory in Fiji (and is still practiced sporadically in New Guinea); perhaps the starkest symbol of the gulf that separated one type of human culture from another only two or three generations ago. So one could not help wondering whether any traces of a mentality beyond our imagination could still be discerned by the perceptive eye.

The perceptive eye's first discovery at Nadi Airport was a tourist leaflet which had a map, a list of the various duty-free liquor allowances for travelers to the United States, Australia, Noumea, Tahiti, Mexico, and so on; and also a list of "helpful words and phrases in Fijian." The complete list of helpful phrases (omitting the translation in Fijian) ran as follows: "Go away." "I am broke." "Another round, etc." "This is lousy." "Where is the entertainment tonight?" "Take me to the Sky-lodge." "Girls, stop crowding me." "Have we met before?" "I am very romantic." "You are an extremely attractive young woman." "Take me to your chief, leader, etc." "Where is the manager?" "You are standing on my foot." "My friend needs a doctor." "Driver, take me home."

To make my point clear: nobody in his right senses could wish to go back to the world of the headhunting cannibal. But nobody in his right senses can rejoice to see it succeeded by a trashy tourists' paradise surrounded by native slums. Yet



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Fiji

this is what has happened to Fiji and the other islands. Some years ago, Alan Moorehead wrote:

In Tahiti the Polynesians had been taught to despise their own religion and had torn down their temples. In the same way, the Australian aborigines' gods and totems had been brought into contempt by the white man and had been destroyed and forgotten. This left the natives without a tradition or a past, and they were like men who had lost their memories; they walked about in a trance in the materialistic present, and they could not be anchored to the new white god. Backwards as well as forwards the way was blocked.

The quote is from Moorehead's book *The Fatal Impact—An Account of the Invasion of the South Pacific 1767-1840*. Since then the Pacific, and vast areas in the rest of the world, have suffered a second fatal impact. The first was colonization; the second, one might call coca-colonization. The first destroyed the fabric of existing cultures without providing a replacement; the second enveloped them in a plastic pseudo-culture, expanding like a giant bubble gum. The first imposed itself by rape, the second by seduction. But seduction of a victim under the age of consent is considered a crime, whether the victim is a person or a culture.

If Europe also shows signs of becoming coca-colonized, it has only itself to blame—its lack of vitality and decline of self-confidence. Even so, the process here is gradual and partial, and there is a strong, healthy resistance against it. In Melanesia or Polynesia, Hawaii or the Caribbean, the impact is more brutal and appalling because there is no resistance rooted in living tradition; it is an explosion in a vacuum. Farewell, Gauguin.

The first impact wrought havoc through syphilis, booze, and the destruction of social cohesion. The second impact works through industrialization, the mass media, and the tourist trade. A fortnight before we got to Nadi, the kingdom of Tonga was gripped by oil fever. A certain George Faleafa, while digging a well, had struck black, oily stuff; within a fortnight, Mr. E. G. Wallace, executive vice president of the Republic Mineral Corporation

of Texas, was on the spot to confirm the find, and the *Tongan Chronicle's* headlines screamed: "Nukualofa Is Sitting On Top Of Oil For Miles—Samples Same As Texas Oil—This Is The Real McCoy!" The King of Tonga was quick to point out that the Republic Mineral Corporation of Texas was not the only one interested in doing a deal; while the Corporation expressed its intention "to probe for oil in other Pacific areas and Fiji in particular."

There was also excitement in Samoa, where an Australian real estate tycoon announced his intention of moving in and "getting things really going"—by building more superluxe hotels. In the meantime, the Fijians themselves were busy with their eighth annual Tourist Convention, which voiced enthusiastic predictions of "further tourist explosions in the early 1970s when we expect four times as many visitors as at present. They will be traveling in parties of up to two hundred." The chief minister, Mr. Ratu Mara, referred to tourists as "manna from the sky and sea," and stressed the importance of ensuring that this "manna had the widest possible distribution." He also sounded a cautious warning to the effect that the impact of the tourist industry on "what was largely a coconut cash subsistence economy was forcing the Fijians to be jacks of all trades and masters of none."

In fact they do not become jacks of all trades—which would not be so bad—but underpaid and mostly untrained workers of the catering industry: waiters, cleaners, "boys," bar-men, doormen. They are a magnificent race: mostly six-footers with statuesque figures, a successful crossbreed of the Polynesian conquerors and the older Melanesian stock, with the black, crinkly hair and dark skin of the latter and the sensitive, quasi-European features of the former, which make them look at the same time ferocious and gentle. They smile and laugh readily, perhaps all too readily, whenever they catch your eye; it has become almost a reflex. One cannot help suspecting that in a race where tribal war was chronic, the ritual laugh conveyed the same message as the outstretched hand with the open palm; see, I carry no weapon, nor evil intent.

To watch these athletic great-grandsons of cannibals at work serv-

ing dinner to the tourist mob is quite a study. Some of them are tip-hunters and sycophants of the same type as everywhere; the others, who have preserved their dignity, are polite and withdrawn, laugh less often, and seem rather absent-minded. When irritated or out of their depth—which happens frequently, as they understand only a few words of English—they have an odd way of fidgeting and doing a rhythmic tap dance with their fingers; office girls when annoyed engage in the same display on their desk. It is a shared peculiarity—we called it the Fiji fidgets—which seems to indicate a chronic malaise. But late in the evening, when Muzak yielded to a native orchestra playing a characteristic Fijian rhythm with an abrupt stop between two bars, all the waiters fell to filling the gap by banging on bottles and glasses, bamboo screens, windows and tabletops, anything within reach. It was a joyous outburst, a spontaneous breakthrough of compulsive rhythmic motion, which seems to be always latent in their bodies, so that they fall into dance steps under any pretext—even the charlady carrying a bucket along the corridor.

This may be the reason why the South Sea Islanders have gained the reputation of being such a happy lot of carefree hedonists. In fact, rhythmic motion is simply second nature to them. Their only form of music is drumming, stamping, and beating sticks together; but that does not necessarily express a carefree disposition, as so many romantic observers thought. Rhythm may express desire in a love dance, fury in a war dance, but also frantic irritation at having to perform the crazy rituals of arranging and changing knives, forks, and napkins, emptying ashtrays nonstop, filling up glasses, and listening to incomprehensible orders relating to an incomprehensible ceremony. One particularly fidgety giant forgot the first four courses of the six-course menu, and roared with laughter once he saw that we thought it funny. Another one stood glued to my elbow, and after each sip filled up our wine glasses to spilling level. When I told him not to bother, he said very quietly, "But this is what I am paid for." He had been a waiter for seven years, and now earned \$10.80 a week, out of which he tried to save \$2.40.



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For 46 years we've rented more cars to more travelers than anybody else.

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Fiji

Before becoming a waiter he had wanted to be a mechanic, but could not get on with the Indian garage owner.

This leads to the main problem of the island, which as one might guess is a problem of race. Fiji became a British Crown Colony by the Act of Cession in 1874. Soon afterward the colonial administration began importing indentured laborers from India to work on the sugar plantations. The Indians multiplied. In 1884, there were 3000 of them, fifty years later 83,000, another thirty years later nearly a quarter of a million. They had become the majority, outnumbering the Fijians at the rate of five to four; and they have taken over the commerce, business, and transport of the island. All the shops are Indian (selling mostly duty-free cameras and transistor radios); so are the garages, taxi companies, sight-seeing tours. There is not a single Fijian in trade on the whole island. The vast majority keep to their villages (rows of neat, widely spaced houses with a

framework of timber covered with lattice and bark, thatched roofs, artful lashings instead of nails, and colored prints of the British Royal Family over the bed). The only alternative is menial work and the catering industry; and most of them—including our wine waiter—plan to go back to their villages after they have saved a little money.

Needless to say, the Indians are a hardworking and industrious lot, and they are hated by the Fijians, as all hardworking and industrious strangers are who try to monopolize trade—whether Armenian, Greek, Parsi, Jew, or Chinese. There is virtually no contact between the two races, and so far only sporadic violence—the Fijian villagers are getting increasingly fond of throwing stones at passing Indian cars. There are only about ten thousand Europeans (a term which includes Australians) living on the island; the British administration does its decent, unimaginative best, relying mainly on the restraining influence of the village chieftains, whose power is still the main social factor in Fijian life. They know on which side their bread is buttered, and have a vested

interest in keeping things quiet. What is going to happen when the next generation of more educated and less docile chiefs take over is yet another question mark to be pinned on the global map bristling with question marks. One answer was given by a quiet Australian engineer who lives in Fiji: "I only hope I will no longer be here at the time of the 1970 elections."

One thing is certain: for the British to clear out and wash their hands would lead to catastrophe. The white man's burden has come back with a vengeance (but who was responsible for shipping Negroes to the Caribbean and Indians to Fiji?). Perhaps the Australians, who have large capital investments on the island, may be persuaded to take over one day; but they show more enthusiasm for building lucrative tourist hotels on the Coral Coast "where every heart responds to gaiety and laughter" than for shouldering new responsibilities.

Thus Fiji provides another illustration of the distressing paradox of our time—that the world is rapidly moving toward a mass-produced, uniform culture, and yet at the same time both the global confrontations and the venomous local conflicts of religion, language, and race are getting not less but more acute.

Muzak on the moon

Of course there were "bright intervals" on the journey, as the weatherman is wont to say. The palms are there, swaying in the breeze, the coral reefs and the mangrove forests; and if you get up a couple of hours before the package awakes, you can even enjoy a swim. But the grim question marks are also there, as they are in every part of the world through which the tourist caravan trail passes. The majority, however, travel like registered parcels, unaware of the natives, their aspirations, problems, and tragedies. Instead of promoting mutual understanding, they promote mutual contempt. Like an ocean liner leaving a trail of pollution, they leave a trail of corruption in their wake.

Much of the responsibility lies of course with the organizers, who treat their charges like a bunch of battery-reared hens, expected to lay three golden eggs per day. But to

About the finest Canadian whisky you can find. If you can find it.



What makes Canadian Masterpiece great is what makes it scarce. Time. This whisky takes so long to make, you may find it smoother than brandy. (In fact, some people drink it like brandy—straight.) If we tried to make it any faster, it wouldn't be Masterpiece. So the best we can promise is to keep trickling it in from Canada. At that same high price: around \$9.00 a fifth. But don't get discouraged. Canadian Masterpiece is hard to get because it's hard to make. Look around a little and we think you'll find some.

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paraphrase an old saying: tourists get the package they deserve. Perhaps a worldwide tourist strike would damp down the explosion and improve matters. Otherwise we shall soon have Muzak on the moon, with weightless spaceburgers served in neon-lit Hilton Craters—while a small voice inside your ear whispers that soul-searching question on war-time posters:

“Was your journey really necessary?”
ARTHUR KOESTLER

NIGERIA AND BIAFRA

On July 7, 1967, when the Nigerian civil war began, the censors of the federal military government stamped out all use of the phrase “civil war” in news dispatches going overseas. The Nigerians insisted their invasion of Biafra was a “police action.” Major General Yakubu Gowon, the federal military commander, told diplomats the job would be done in six weeks. His army would march into Biafra, string up Colonel C. Odumegwu Ojukwu “and his rebel gang,” and end secession. “Our orders are to get Ojukwu,” a government spokesman said at a news conference the day after the war began. “If we get him today, that’s it.”

Now, more than two years later, the Nigerian government has neither captured Ojukwu nor ended secession. More than one million people, mostly Biafrans of the Ibo tribe, have died in the horror. There is no talk of police action now. The Nigerians have dropped pretense. They look on the Ibos of Biafra as a hated enemy people whose secession must be destroyed militarily even if it means destroying them. The specter of millions of starving children fails to dissuade the Nigerians. “All is fair in war,” Chief Obafemi Awolowo, the vice chairman of Nigeria’s federal executive council, told newsmen recently, “and starvation is one of the weapons of war. I don’t see why we should feed our enemies fat, only to fight us harder.”

Believing the teachings of their Christian missionaries too well, the Biafrans are convinced God and the world will save them. Intensely romantic and religious, they have swal-

“I resented our bill for drugs until I considered the alternatives”

A mother of three thinks about her family drug bill and wonders if she got value received.

When I totaled up a year’s drug bills I found a family of five can use a lot of medicine in a year’s time.

Recently, I began checking back just to see where the money went. There were Barbara’s immunizations . . . and I can’t feel bad about that. I’m old enough to remember when polio, for instance, was a real killer.

Then there was the time Bob threw his back out. The drugs really gave him relief from the pain. The Hong Kong flu missed us . . . and I guess we should give the vaccine credit. And our doctor did come up with something that stopped those frequent headaches of mine. They were a nightmare while they lasted.

I had almost forgotten about the scare we had with Jimmy’s ears. The doctor said it was a serious infection . . . something that could have deafened him for life. The drug he prescribed cleared it up in a few days.

I’ve read somewhere that the average American spends about eighteen dollars a year for prescriptions. Of course, our drug bill for last year was higher than that . . . but, when I consider the alternatives, I’ve got to feel it was worth the money. We spent a lot more just patching up the old car and never thought twice about it.

Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.



Nigeria and Biafra

lowed whole those primary school stories of small, ancient peoples who somehow managed to survive the oppression of evil might. They try to brim with confidence.

Two weeks before Biafra lost its vital city of Port Harcourt last year, Biafran newspapers, broadsheets printed on the pages of old school lesson books, proclaimed the "great victory of Port Harcourt." It was a great victory, the Biafrans reasoned, because Port Harcourt had not yet fallen. Although Enugu, the old capital, was captured by the Nigerians more than eighteen months ago, the Biafran Ministry of Information still labels its publications as printed in Enugu, telephone operators still talk about placing calls through Enugu, and banks still claim to refer accounts to their main offices in Enugu.

An unreal atmosphere pervades federal Nigeria as well, but for a different reason. Lagos in wartime depresses a visitor who remembers it from the old days: too many impolite and overbearing soldiers annoy civilians with searches and checks, the shops lack their usual bounty of foreign goods, the Ibos who left the Lagos government have taken its efficiency with them, the nightclubs are less fun without the aggressive, energetic Ibo high-life dancers. But, in the main, Lagos hardly senses it is at war. The battling and the bloodshed and the bombing and the starvation are far away.

Many Nigerians are convinced that the stories of starvation in Biafra have been exaggerated by a hostile international press. Even when persuaded the stories may be true, Nigerians have little sympathy. African life has hardened Africans to confine their concern to calamities within their own tribe.

Nigerians are less concerned about the war's victims—in theory, their fellow countrymen—than about the government's failure to end the war. By Nigerian calculations, Biafra should have been destroyed long ago. Nigerian frustration has been swelled even more by the federal government's awareness that many outsiders have refused to accept its case for destroying Biafra.

Nigeria's public relations falter because its main argument is weak

while its secondary argument, though honest and vital, is too complicated for most outsiders to understand. In general, Nigerians, supported by their friends in the British government and the U.S. State Department, contend that a large, united Nigeria is somehow sacrosanct. Its breakup, the argument goes, would trigger secessionist movements throughout Africa, leading to an even greater balkanization than exists now. Since growth depends on large economic units, a splintered Nigeria and a splintered Africa would cripple any chances of economic development.

Paper unity

The argument ignores history, for the territory of Nigeria, far from sacrosanct, was a European creation administered as a single unit by the British only since 1914 and even then united only on paper. The British actually administered it as three separate regions most of the time. Moreover, it is doubtful whether other secessionist movements will base their strategy on the success or failure of Biafra. In Africa, tribal passions usually overwhelm logic. As for economic logic, a good case can be made that Biafra, had it gone on without war, might have emerged as the strongest economic unit in Africa.

Nigeria's more telling argument centers on its minority tribes. The old clichés about Nigeria always described a country of 56 million run by three tribes—the 13,500,000 Hausa-Fulanis in the North, the 13 million Yorubas in the West, and the 8 million Ibos in the East. No other tribe counted in politics. But now, under the new federal structure that has broken the power of the old regions, Nigeria's 21,500,000 people of small, minority tribes have power at the center. Gowon, for example, is an Angas tribesman from the North, and some of his top advisers come from the minority middle belt of the North and from the small tribes in the Midwest.

If Biafra succeeds, the rest of Nigeria will probably split into at least two other parts. The small tribes then would lose their power at the center, and become weak and perhaps oppressed tribes in the new states run by the big tribes. That is a persuasive argument for keeping

Nigeria whole, though it is doubtful that preserving the new strength of the minorities is worth the cost of killing more than a million Ibos.

Almost all the world powers have enmeshed themselves in the civil war. Britain and Russia have armed the federal military, while France has armed the Biafrans. The United States has encouraged and bolstered federal rulers, while the Catholic Church has done the same for its enemies. Portugal has made its airports and communication lines available to Biafra.

Russian involvement has been the most interesting, though far from the most decisive. After the British refused a federal request for planes, the Russians sold Mig's and Ilyushins to Nigeria in exchange for cash and cocoa. It seemed like an easy way to curry favor with a major African country. But the Russian planes have been used to bomb Biafran civilians, embarrassing the Russians, and Russian dividends for Nigeria have been slight so far. The Nigerians are far more attentive to the counsel of their British mentors than to that of the Russians.

On the battleground, the federal armies have succeeded in reducing Biafra to a tenth of its original size, to an area that is even smaller than the traditional heartland of the Ibo people. For most of the first two years, the Nigerians managed to move forward steadily on the strength of their larger army (Nigerian troops outnumber the Biafrans 85,000 to 30,000), their plentiful supply of British rifles, armored cars, and artillery, and their Russian jets that strafe and rocket ground troops.

The advance, however, was slow. The Nigerians would stop a few miles from a Biafran town, wait for a new supply of ammunition, and then bombard the town with artillery and armored-car cannon. When the firepower terrorized the Biafrans enough, they would withdraw, taking everything with them. A few days later, the Nigerians, firing incessantly, would march into the empty town.

In the last months of 1968, most outsiders believed that the Nigerians, continuing these tactics, would soon overrun all the towns of Biafra and end the war. But, though they lost their second capital of Umuahia, the Biafrans resisted the final



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Nigeria and Biafra

push and, in fact, recaptured one of their main towns, Owerri, in April, 1969.

Au secours

Why did the Biafran fortunes change? Hemmed into their traditional tribal heartland, the Biafrans discovered enormous will, not only in fighting ability but in their capacity to accept punishment and hang on. In a sense, the Biafrans no longer had any place to run. Persuaded that surrender meant annihilation, they stood their ground.

But this spirit would have meant little without arms. The French took care of that, shipping in arms by night flights from Gabon, one of the four African countries that have recognized Biafra. The French likely acted because they wanted to embarrass the British, break up the English-speaking giant of West Africa, keep an eye on Biafran oil, and put themselves on the side of a popular, humanitarian cause. The French action came late in the war, but it was soon enough to help avert defeat for the Biafrans.

The Biafrans also staved off defeat because the Nigerians extended their supply lines too far. This error was compounded by the failure of the three Nigerian divisions to keep in touch with each other. Major General H. T. Alexander, the British officer who headed an international observer team in Nigeria in early 1969, has said that "the divisional commanders operate rather like warlords in their respective spheres of influence."

The present stalemate mirrors a truth about the war. Neither side can win it by force of arms. The federal troops, even if they succeed in overrunning all the towns of Biafra, will have a hollow victory: an occupying army in a hostile territory, harassed by guerrilla warfare and sabotage. But the Biafrans have little hope of military victory themselves. Even if they do recapture some towns, the chances are slight that they will ever push the Nigerians off most of their original territory. At best, a military solution or stalemate would leave them crowded into an unviable enclave.

With the stalemate, guns have giv-

en way to hunger as the main weapon of war. The Nigerian blockade has succeeded in wreaking mass starvation and malnutrition on besieged Biafra. In fact, photographs of black children with swollen bellies, stick arms, and woeful eyes have become the symbol of the Nigerian civil war to the rest of the world. The International Red Cross has estimated that a million and a half Biafrans have died of hunger and malnutrition, and that as many more may die in the next few months unless Nigeria allows the Red Cross to resume its relief flights. These figures may be inflated by a charitable organization intent on dramatizing its role, but hunger and disease, on a monstrous scale, have been the main legacies of the war.

The horror has persuaded a few people within Biafra and a few more outside that the time has come for Ojukwu to face reality, renounce secession, and save his people. Ojukwu has rejected this. He and other Biafran leaders believe independence and security are worth the loss. It is a belief based on intense distrust of the federal Nigerian tribes and on the conviction that surrender would mean the massacre of the educated Ibo class and the subjugation of the rest.

Furthermore, the Biafrans have played on their calamity for all its political worth. Ojukwu knows that the hunger of his people draws worldwide sympathy. This sympathy forces other countries, in the name of humanitarian pity, to take actions that, in the long run, could help keep Biafra independent. All the shipments of relief supplies, all the demands for a cease-fire, all the calls for negotiations are political dividends for Biafra.

Relief puts the federal military government of Nigeria in a dilemma. By paying for landing fees, salaries, living expenses, and other costs with foreign exchange at inflated Biafran prices, the relief organizations and missionaries have become a financial buttress for Biafra. The relief agencies also provide foreign exchange by buying Biafran-produced food for distribution to refugee camps. In a report for Britain's Fabian Society, Professor Kennedy Lindsay of the University of the West Indies estimates the total relief and missionary contribution to Biafra at \$10.5 million in 1968—the largest amount Bi-

afra received from any single source. Relief flights have also bolstered Biafra by flying in journalists and foreign sympathizers as passengers, who later publicize Biafra's cause and plight. In addition, flights carrying arms have slipped into Biafra at the same time as flights carrying relief supplies. All this persuades the federal government that relief has stiffened Biafran resistance to its military forces.

In a sense, the federal government ought to accept these disadvantages of relief flights into Biafra. As Chief Anthony Enahoro, the federal Commissioner of Information, has put it, "In the peculiar circumstances of our civil war, the federal government realizes that it is necessary to demonstrate to the Ibos that the federal forces are not fighting them as a people." Since the government's stated aim is a harmonious postwar Nigerian nation, it must accept limitations to its method of waging war, just as the stated war aims of the United States prevent it from using nuclear weapons in Vietnam.

Actually, the federal government behaves as if there are few restrictions on its ways of waging war. It is intent on destroying an enemy, not seducing it. Pressed by its chief arms supplier, Britain, the Nigerians allowed relief flights in the first place in 1968 only because they expected the war to end soon. Enahoro's conciliatory words last June came a few weeks after the Nigerians had shot down a Red Cross relief plane. In fact, Enahoro, in the same speech, announced that the Nigerian government would replace the International Red Cross as the coordinator of relief to Biafra, knowing full well that this would drastically reduce relief to Biafra.

Fancy

The Nigerians and Biafrans have met numerous times in various places in hopes of negotiating a settlement that would end the war, but all the conferences have collapsed. These conferences—in London, Kampala, Niamey, Addis Ababa, and Monrovia—have been ruled more by fancy than realism.

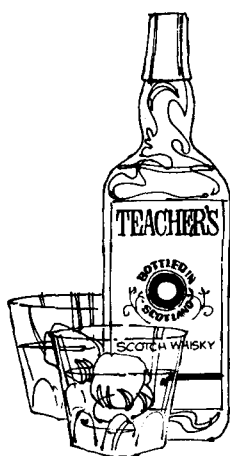
The Nigerians have arrived confident of their military victory, ready to negotiate the surrender of the Biafrans. The negotiators, usually led by Chief Enahoro, have pro-

We'll take Tuesday.

As far as we know, none of the days of the week have been spoken for as yet by anyone.

So we'll take Tuesday, if it's all right with everybody else.

Please make note of the fact that henceforth Tuesday (every Tuesday) is the day to drink Teacher's Scotch.



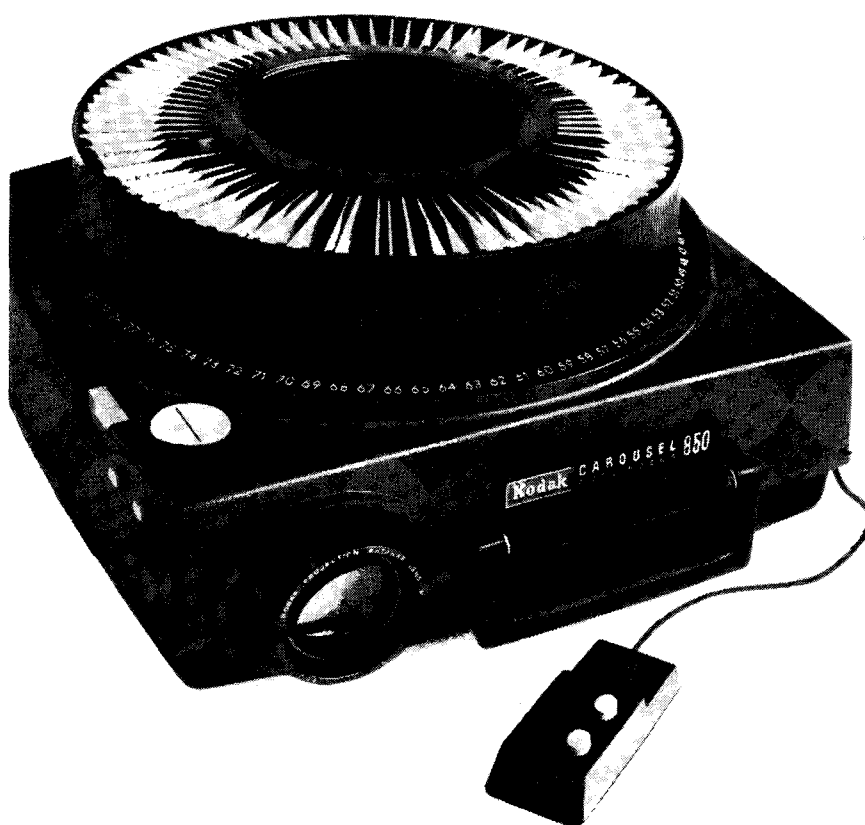
If this scheme is adhered to by all concerned, the other days of the week should take care of themselves.

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Please plan accordingly. Thank you.

Teacher's Scotch

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claimed sympathy for the Biafrans and promised a magnanimous approach. But the Nigerian generosity would be the generosity of a General Ulysses S. Grant at Appomattox. The Biafrans would have to surrender first.

The Biafrans, on the other hand, have arrived at the conferences contemptuous of talk that they were losing the war. Basically, the Biafrans have wanted a peace conference to produce a cease-fire that could be prolonged enough for Biafra's independence to be gradually accepted by other nations.

Until these attitudes change, peace seems unlikely. The Nigerians and their powerful foreign supporters must be made to realize that a military victory is both unlikely and pointless. Even if Nigeria defeated Biafra, the new union would be so divided by tribal hatreds that it could hardly stay together very long. In the same way, the Biafrans must be made to realize that independence, which might come to them after years of stalemate and starvation, would hardly be worth the great loss of life.

The most plausible compromise is a weak union or confederation of Nigeria in which Biafra has a special autonomous status, including the right to maintain its own army. Biafra might accept this now, though it is doubtful that the federal government of Nigeria would. Ironically, if such a compromise did end the war, it would represent a solution that both sides probably could have had in 1967 without any fighting at all. But that, of course, is the irony of most wars.

STANLEY MEISLER

OKINAWA

When United States servicemen bound for Asia are assigned to Okinawa, there are usually no complaints. If at close acquaintance it isn't quite the South Seas paradise one imagined, and if now the *Teahouse-of-the-August-Moon* atmosphere has worn thin, still almost any other Asian assignment is more desirable than Vietnam.

Naha, the capital, has traffic jams, exhaust fumes, and television commercials in color for deodorant, de-

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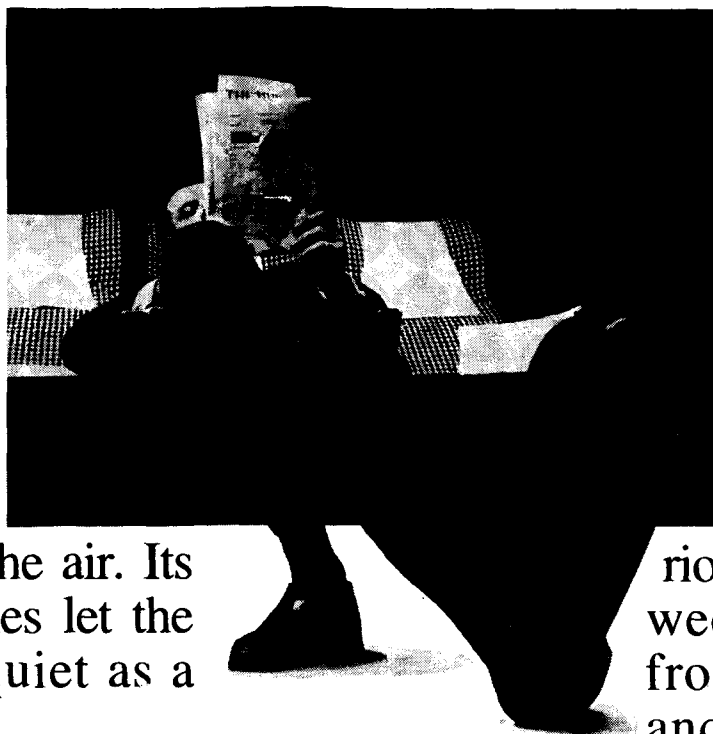
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Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child?
A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help?
A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child?
A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in

about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children?
A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages?
A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors? A. Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child receiving assistance and the sponsor who provides the gifts.

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Okinawa

tergent, and dermatological deficiencies. The landscape is scarred by housing developments and, of course, the massive installations of the United States military. Though there is a colorful Japanese cultural tradition, there are no swaying girls on the beaches. And though the climate is subtropical, rainfall is heavy and Okinawa does lie in the path of typhoons.

Rumble

This summer the island's leisurely mood has been disrupted by the rumble and roar of anti-American demonstrations. Outside Kadena, the big American B-52 base, and the other 116 American military installations on the sixty-five-mile-long island, thousands of Okinawans have rallied, demanding that the "Yankees Go Home" and take away with them all their aircraft and other military equipment.

Snake-dancing students, complete with helmets, visors, and neckerchiefs masking their faces, after the fashion of Japan's *Zengakuren* students, have brandished their fists at the bases and sometimes gone beyond, trying to tug down Kadena's entry gates. In one badly handled and much-publicized incident, American MP's forced back the crowds at bayonet point and pricked one of the island's leading politicians.

Anti-American feeling was heightened by the discovery this summer that the United States had been secretly storing lethal nerve gas on Okinawa. Though the Pentagon moved swiftly to ship the gas out of Okinawa, furor over the American action continued. Not long after the incident, a frenzied Japanese protesting the American presence on Okinawa attacked Secretary of State William P. Rogers at Tokyo's Haneda airport.

If all this is unhappy enough for the one million people who live on Okinawa, it is somber business indeed for Japan and the United States. Okinawa's fate is the single most serious issue between the two countries. It is an issue which will develop in intensity, until climaxed by the visit to Washington in November of Japanese Premier Eisaku Sato.

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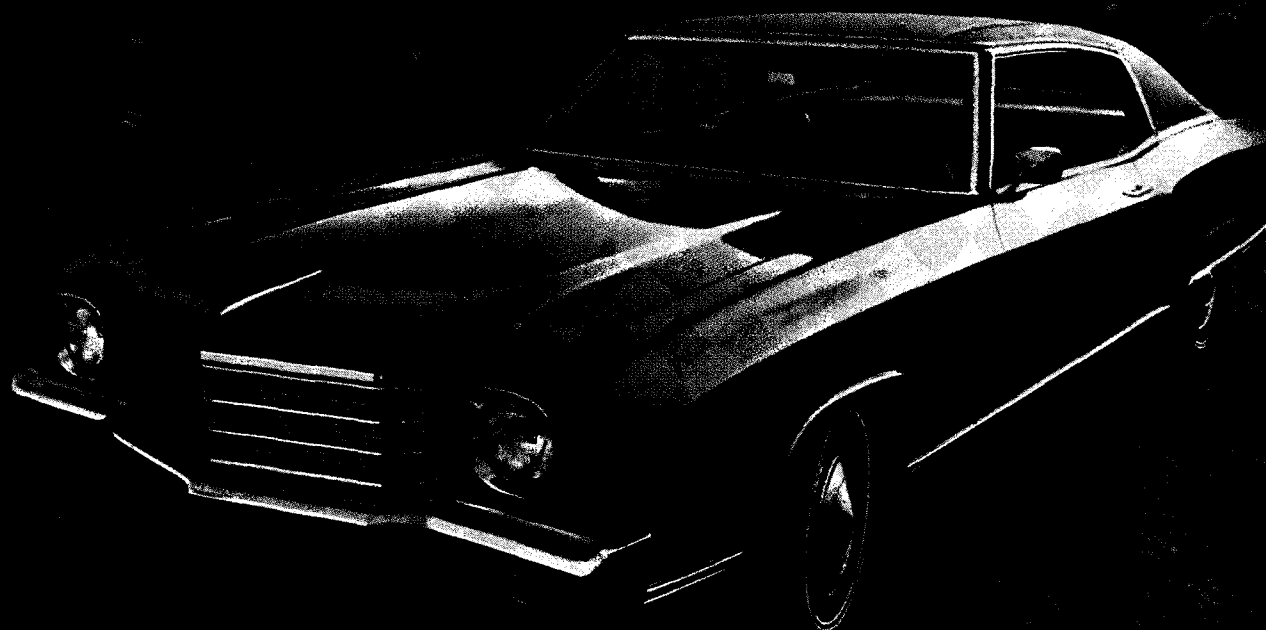
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Where manners makyth man

Alongside these displays of faith are those of pride and learning; the palaces of the Princes of the Church, chapter houses, hospitals, and the great medieval public school of Winchester where boys still live by two terse mottoes.

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"Manners makyth man".

Incidentally, there are several historical treasures quite close to Winchester,



continued from previous page

ranging from the magnificent Motor Museum at Beaulieu Abbey to Admiral Nelson's Flagship in Portsmouth Harbour. Then you could jump 150 years and enjoy a skim across the Solent in Britain's remarkable Hovercraft.

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Okinawa

Okinawa is the largest of the Ryukyus, a chain of 73 islands straggling some 400 miles from the southernmost point of Japan to Formosa. Like many island peoples, the Ryukyuans are a mixture of several races. But they have been long under the influence of Japan, an influence formalized since 1871, when the Japanese incorporated the islands as part of their own state.

The Ryukyus became a prefecture of Japan, the poorest in the Japanese empire. In 1945, Okinawa was the bloody site of the last major battle in the Pacific. American Marines stormed the island. After more than two months of heavy fighting, the remaining Japanese defenders surrendered, their commanders committing ritual suicide. More than 12,000 American soldiers died in the assault on Okinawa. Many thousand more Okinawan civilians were killed in the fighting. Naha was virtually flattened.

At war's end, the United States took over the administration of Okinawa and the other islands in the Ryukyu chain. The peace treaty with Japan enshrined American rights to "all and any powers of administration, legislation and jurisdiction" over the territory. For almost twenty-five years, Okinawa has been a virtual colony of the United States. Though there is a local government of the Ryukyu Islands, with a Ryukyuan chief executive, it is superseded by the United States Civil Administration of the Ryukyu Islands, headed by an American high commissioner, always an Army general.

At the peace negotiations in 1945, John Foster Dulles declared that Japan retained "residual sovereignty" over the Ryukyus. This is a concept which has been reaffirmed by Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson. Each agreed that administrative authority would ultimately revert to Japan. At the last meeting, in 1967, between Japanese and American leaders, President Johnson indicated that an agreement should be reached "within a few years on a date satisfactory for the reversion of these islands [to Japan]."

This year Premier Sato means to collect on that promise at his meet-

ing with President Nixon. For domestic political reasons, Sato badly needs to take home a triumph on the Okinawa question. Elections are coming, and the dominant issue raised by the left-wing opposition will be Japan's security treaty with the United States, which comes up for reconsideration next year. The opposition wants it scrapped. Premier Sato wants it continued. Okinawa, with its B-52's roaring out to bomb Vietnam, and its stockpile of American nuclear weapons, has become an emotional symbol of the whole controversy, and of the American military presence in Japan. Therefore Sato wants to get the Okinawa issue settled, and satisfactorily, before election time. A delayed decision, or one politically exploitable by the opposition, could cause his government serious trouble.

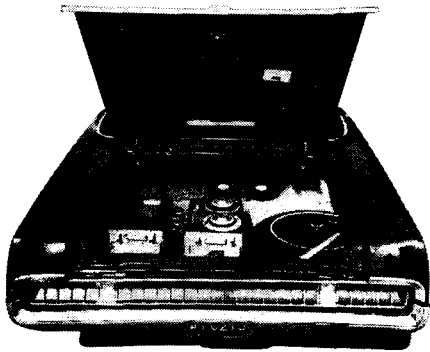
The present Japanese government is friendly toward the United States, and Washington has an obvious interest in its survival. Those who see the matter in this light argue that the United States's relationship with the most prosperous and economically advanced nation in Asia should be paramount in American policy toward the area. Whatever the advantages of Okinawa, goes the argument, they can hardly weigh against this immensely more important factor. It is a widely held view that the November meeting between Premier Sato and President Nixon will result in an announcement that Okinawa will revert to Japan, probably by 1972.

"Fire brigade"

There are complications, not the least of which is that the United States is involved in a war in Vietnam, and the bases on Okinawa play an important role in that war. By any standard, the spread of these American bases and installations on Okinawa is staggering. At cost, they ran around \$900 million to construct. To replace them today would cost between two and three billion dollars.

The Army uses Okinawa as a huge logistical supply base for Asia, but 70 percent of its work is involved with Vietnam. Shells, weapons, trucks, food, furniture, and all the impedimenta of war are stored on Okinawa in warehouses and dumps which extend for miles. When need-

How INA is planning

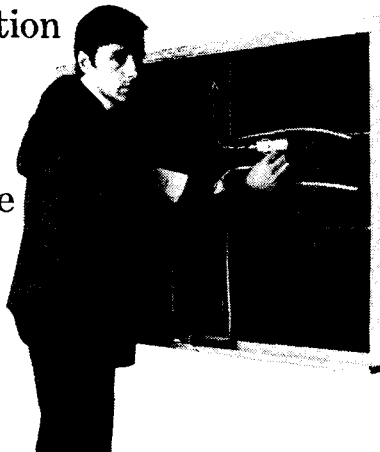


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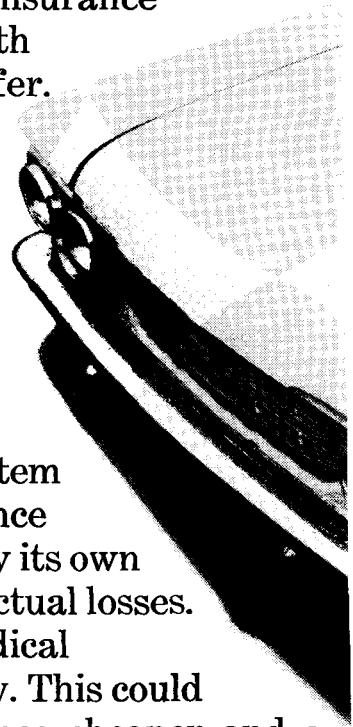
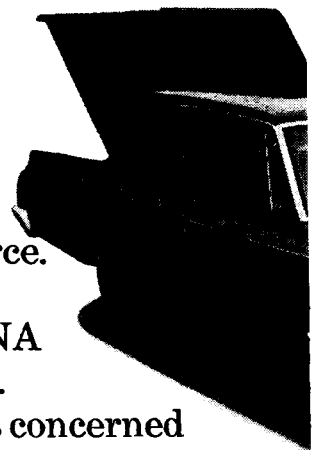


himself. So we did it. In cooperation with local groups like chambers of commerce. INA people provided the know-how and INA paid part of the costs.

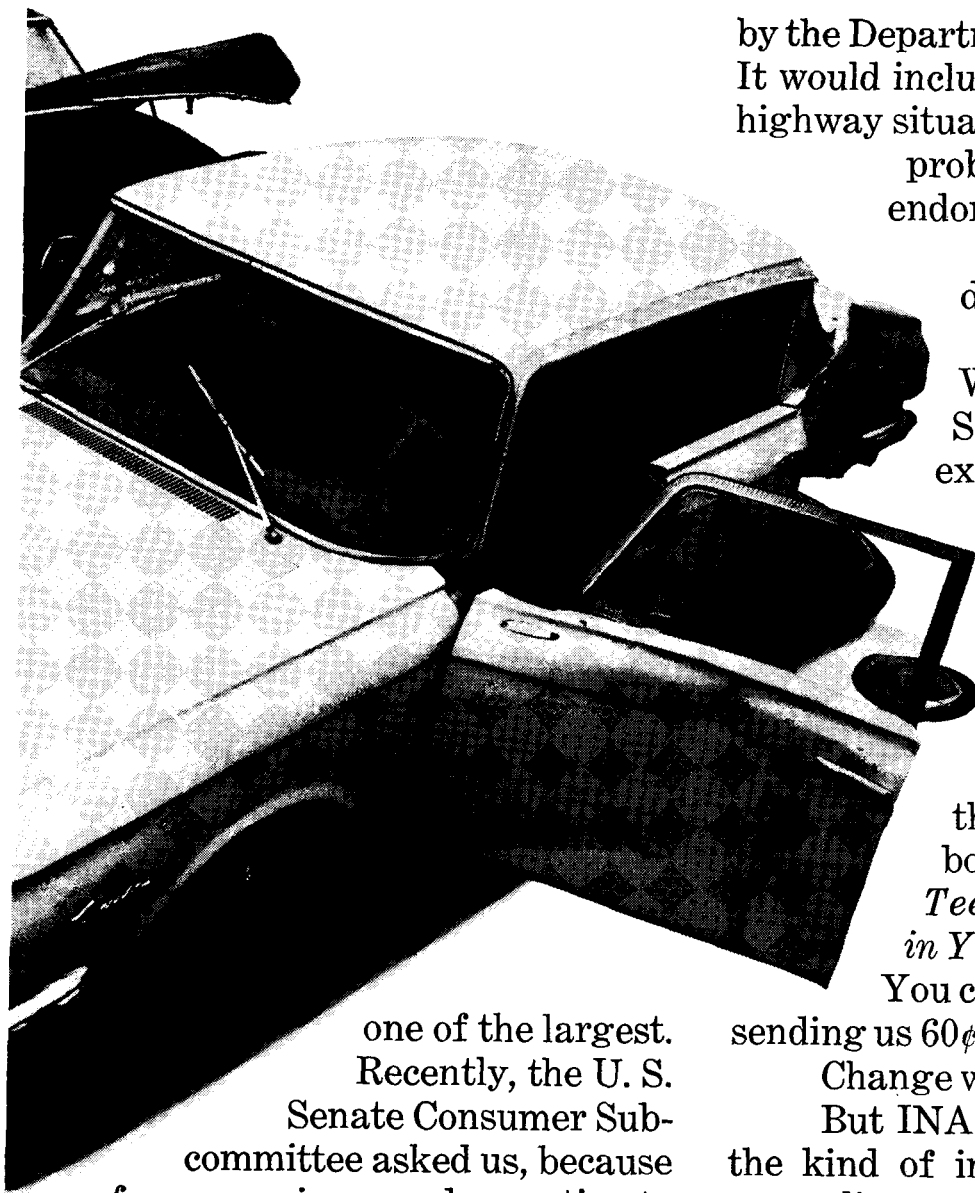
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or
Greatest Need

Okinawa

ed, they are shipped out to the battlefield. Vehicle parks are littered with hundreds of trucks and jeeps brought back from Vietnam for repair. On this logistical work alone, the Army keeps 11,000 men busy, moving 300,000 tons of equipment a month.

The Marines use Okinawa as a base and a training ground. When the first 8000 Marines were pulled out of Vietnam at President Nixon's order, it was to Okinawa they were shipped. In normal times, the Pentagon keeps two thirds of a Marine division, and a third of an airborne division, stationed on Okinawa as a "fire brigade" for brush-fire wars in Asia.

For the Navy, Okinawa is a useful supply and repair base, and a port of call for nuclear submarines. But it is perhaps to the Air Force that Okinawa is presently most valuable. All kinds of aircraft operate from the Naha and Kadena air bases, from jet fighters to cargo-carrying C-130's and C-141's, KC-135 tankers, and high-flying, high-performance reconnaissance aircraft which the military decline to discuss.

From Kadena's twelve-thousand-foot-long runways, the eight-engined B-52's of the Strategic Air Command have been roaring out daily to targets in Vietnam, and possibly Laos. Officially, military spokesmen decline to discuss their missions. But the great black shark-fin tails of the aircraft are clearly visible from the base perimeter, and between eighteen and twenty of them have been operating out of Kadena since early last year. The Kadena base is so busy that 1,600,000 gallons of fuel are pumped into its aircraft every day.

Military spokesmen refuse to "confirm or deny" that nuclear bombs for the B-52's, and nuclear missiles, are on Okinawa. Unofficially there is little dispute that nuclear bombs are stored deep in Okinawa's arsenal, and that nuclear-tipped missiles are targeted on Communist China and North Korea. The present high commissioner, Lieutenant General James B. Lampert, is himself not without nuclear experience. With a master's degree in engineering from MIT, he was executive officer in the Manhattan Project, and

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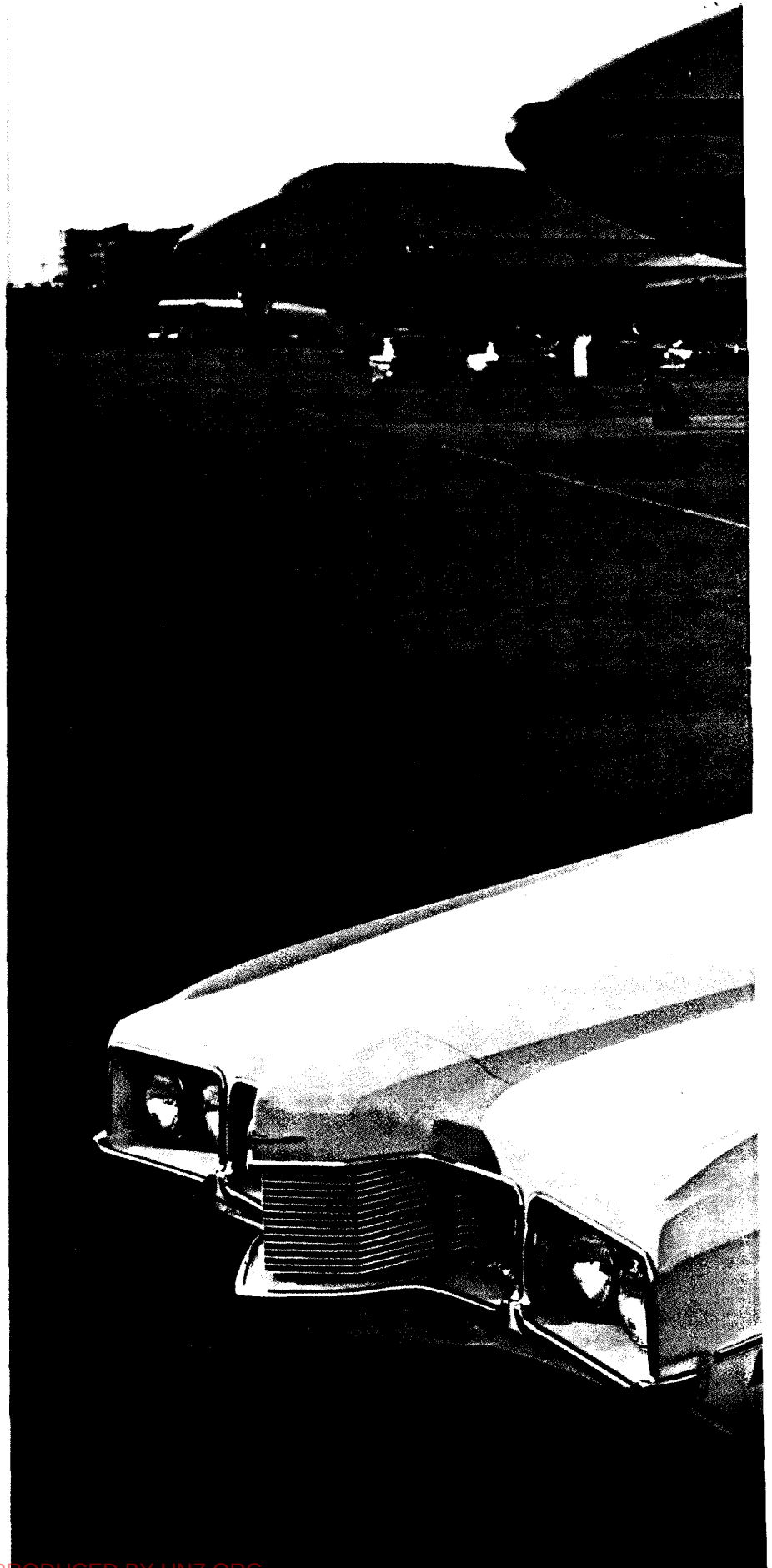
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Okinawa

helped set up the Army's Special Weapons Project to coordinate the military application of atomic energy. He has also headed the joint Army-Atomic Energy Commission nuclear power program, and carried out a number of other nuclear power projects for military use.

A glance at the map explains the military enthusiasm for Okinawa. It is some 800 miles from Hong Kong, Manila, and Tokyo. It is 400 miles from Formosa and not much more from South Korea. Perhaps most significant of all, Okinawa is just 440 miles—less than an hour's flying time—from Shanghai, Communist China's biggest city. According to the military, Okinawa's Kadena air base is only one of three in Asia from which the B-52's can operate satisfactorily. The others are U-Tapao in Thailand, and Guam. The long-term availability of bases in Thailand is uncertain, and operating from Guam puts the B-52's 1400 miles further away from their actual and potential targets.

Because the United States runs Okinawa, it can do more or less what it wants from the island. A former high commissioner, Lieutenant General F. T. Unger, has said: "Nowhere else in Asia does the United States have complete freedom to station, deploy, and support balanced forces equipped with the full range of modern military resources. Only on Okinawa can we station any type of weapon or units. These freedoms give our forces on Okinawa a flexibility unmatched anywhere else in Asia." Thus Okinawa also plays host to Special Forces units (the Green Berets), psychological warfare detachments, special operations groups of the Central Intelligence Agency, and a lot of hush-hush radio, communications, and intelligence specialists.

The official figure for U.S. service personnel on the island is 45,000. With all this military activity goes the familiar, camp-following sprawl around the bases. More than 60,000 Okinawans work directly for the American military. Thousands more get their livelihood from the Americans, working in tailor shops, curio stores, bars, and nightclubs like the "Cuddle Club," the "Topper," the "B-Mi-Gest," and scores more. For

miles, Okinawa's "Hiway One" is cluttered with establishments catering exclusively to the military: car wash stands, hi-fi shops, rental businesses, steam bath and massage parlors, auto and insurance salesmen's offices, and an astonishing variety of pawnshops urging GI's to pawn everything, including their cars.

Military spending is a substantial factor in the Okinawan economy, running to some \$260 million a year. According to Keisho Sunagawa, Director of Trade and Industry in the Ryukyuan government, this is 35 percent of the national income and 60 percent of the Ryukyus' foreign exchange. Without this infusion, the Ryukyus would have some serious economic problems. Last year, for instance, Ryukyuan cheerfully imported \$373 million worth of goods, against exports of only \$87 million, mainly sugar and pineapples.

While it might seem folly to cut off the income from the bases, publicly the Ryukyuan government is urging just that. In elections last November the voters installed as chief executive Mr. Chobyō Yara, boss of the militant Okinawa Teachers' Association. With strong left-wing backing, Yara ran on a platform calling for immediate reversion of the Ryukyus to Japan, and immediate withdrawal of American bases. If the Americans acceded to these demands, the 60,000 Okinawans who presently work on the bases would be out of jobs. But when the Air Force earlier this year announced it was phasing out a mere 141 Okinawan employees, many base workers went on strike. Nevertheless, they also take part in rallies demanding withdrawal of the bases.

If this seems even more Orientally ambiguous than usual, it is. For the record, officials in Yara's administration talk bravely of generating new income to supplant that from the bases. Trade and Industry Director Sunagawa wants to encourage industry, tourism, and livestock breeding. He even has an ambitious plan to set up an educational institution patterned after the East-West Centre in Honolulu. He says Gulf and Esso are planning refineries and that Hilton will run a hotel once a local contractor finds the capital to build it. But all this demands capital and is far from realization. One independent survey by experts recently concluded that even if the

bases remain, Okinawa must make drastic efforts to increase exports and attract new revenue.

Homeland level

American, Japanese, and Ryukyuan officials are trying to iron out some of the assorted administrative problems that will accompany the territory's reversion to Japanese rule. American currency at present in use must be replaced by Japanese. There must be integration with Japan of government budgeting systems, old-age pensions, and social security.

The educational system in the Ryukyus must be coordinated with that of Japan. Examination and licensing of doctors, dentists, nurses, and other professional workers must be brought up to Japanese standards. In some outlying areas of the Ryukyus, the qualifications of such workers do not always meet Japanese requirements. But there seems no questioning the desire of the Ryukyuan to return to Japanese rule.

On the American side there is no great argument about reversion. Though it is unlikely to be "immediate," Premier Sato can expect to get a reasonably early date for reversion when he talks with President Nixon in Washington. The problem revolves around that word "unconditional." For the Americans the issue is not whether to retain Okinawa, but whether to keep the bases, and on what terms. If the bases are to stay, the Ryukyuan government and the Japanese political left say there must be no deal or special conditions for them. The bases must operate at what they call "homeland level," or in other words be reduced to the status of American bases in Japan itself. This would preclude stationing nuclear weapons on Okinawa. It would limit movement of equipment and personnel in and out of the bases. It would make their use for combat operations conditional upon pre-agreement by Japan. And of course, the critics also want the B-52's moved out, and a halt to visits by American nuclear submarines.

At the topmost levels, the American military establishment appears ready to make some compromises and accept some limitation on military operations out of Okinawa. It is understood the United States is ready to remove nuclear weapons



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PLAYBOY, COMING UP OCTOBER ISSUES

Bad law is tyrannical; tyranny breeds rebellion; in an otherwise democratic nation, bad law can provoke a kind of cultural nihilism in which good and evil become hopelessly confused.

This is precisely what has happened in the realm of legislation to prohibit and punish the use of marijuana, says psychiatrist Joel Fort, perhaps the country's greatest authority in the field of consciousness-altering drugs. In POT: A RATIONAL APPROACH, published in the October issue of PLAYBOY, non-user Fort contends that the political establishment's ban on marijuana not only perpetuates the alienation of the 10,000,000 young potheads in this country, but breeds repressive law enforcement as well. Amassing an impressive body of supportive evidence, Fort attacks the state-to-state inequities that prevail in pot laws. (Penalties for possession range from two years in most states to 99 years at hard labor in North Dakota, and one provision of an Oklahoma statute even dictates sterilization for the offender.)

Currently, there are federal appeals for even more repressive measures. Out of the hectic chaos of federal and state laws, and the overheated emotionalism that compounds confusion and human misery, Fort, an orderly-minded and compassionate scientist, projects proposals for decently dealing with users and non-users caught up in today's twisted skein of misguided and havoc-breeding legislation.

(Fort also writes well, a relief from the drear that afflicts so much well-intentioned and even important prose. Our readers expect this sort of dividend in PLAYBOY, a magazine about which one is more apt to be correct in expecting the unexpected.)

* * *

"Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy." The quote is ascribed to William Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester (1698-1779). It came to mind when we were discussing the decline in orthodox Freudian analysis with Morton M. Hunt, author of The Affair: A Portrait of Extra-Marital Love in Contemporary America, Her Infinite Variety and The Natural History of Love—highly readable books of scholarship and insight—and of THE CRISIS IN PSYCHOANALYSIS in October PLAYBOY.

Freud's tremendous achievements bred an orthodoxy that dominated psychotherapy for decades; for some time thereafter, the growing edge that exploded from this closed-end discipline consisted more of variations on the theme, than of new approaches. Hunt analyzes analysis and describes—for the first time, to our knowledge—the sorts of people for whom Freudian treatment may still hold out the best hope for success. (In November, PLAYBOY analyzes new alternatives to Freudian orthodoxy, in an article by Ernest Havemann, another talented exegete; we'll be telling you about this next time around.)

* * *

The three surest ways to go broke, according to President Pompidou of France, are gambling, women, and the counsel of "experts." The first is fastest, the second most fun, the third surest. In EXPERTS AND EXPERTISE, in the October issue of PLAYBOY, Eliot Janeway, economist, author, publisher, and somewhat curmudgeonly commentator on governmental affairs, takes a diamond-hard look at the American Presidency in terms of the advisors (experts all, presumably) who influence and guide the nation's chief executive. Neither elected nor appointed (as is the Cabinet) and unanswerable to the national constituency, these powerful men may forge those very decisions on which history's assessment of a president is based.

Outside the Pompidou context, we will say that Janeway is the expert on experts; his approach is clear-eyed and tough-minded; his words will illuminate for you that enigmatic enclave of influence whence sweep the winds of global change.

* * *

You don't have to be Jewish; you don't have to read Yiddish; you don't even have to know what a *shtetl* is, to enjoy Isaac Bashevis Singer—and the reason is that Singer is one of those writers who speaks the universal language of natural storytelling. His strange, old-world villages, inhabited by some of the great eccentrics of fiction, have an almost legendary quality. "Now let me tell you how, once upon a time . . ." Singer always seems to be saying. Once upon a time, there was this little whore named Tsilka, and the good people of Janow had no place to put her except in the poorhouse—which made all the paupers furious—and so . . . The rest of it happens in PLAYBOY for October. It's Isaac Singer at his sardonic best.

* * *

Speaking of PLAYBOY fiction: In the past three years, PLAYBOY has published six serials that later were hardcover books and have been optioned or purchased for filming. In the same period, portions of five other books now optioned or purchased for movies made their debuts in our pages, among them Vladimir Nabokov's best-selling *Invitation to a Beheading*, which fetched a nice, round \$250,000 for screen rights.

We mention these facts not merely to boast, however; Hollywood's enthusiasm has never struck us as an ideal criterion for literary excellence. And we have always considered emphasis on big names, to the exclusion of unknowns, to be the literary equivalent of the star system. What we really want to boast about is our discovery of a new writer, for whom we predict a solid future in the upcoming literary generation: Asa Baber. His REVELATIONS, in PLAYBOY's October issue, is the tale of a pill-popping truck driver riding for a fall. Baber's prose has erect vigor and pace; we'll be publishing more of it in the months ahead.

* * *

The foregoing is just a sampling of the readable feast we've assembled for our October issue. There are those who will be surprised to learn that such lively and literate reading is regularly available in PLAYBOY. We don't know anywhere near as much about these people as we do about our 16 million readers, but one thing we do know about them for sure: They haven't been aware of what we've been publishing every month for the past 15 years. If you're one of them, won't you join us?

Cordially,

THE EDITORS OF PLAYBOY®

P.S. We also publish pictures of pretty girls.



from Okinawa. Tactical nuclear weapons could be deployed to Formosa and South Korea. Both countries would probably welcome them. Both have been taking a tough line on Okinawa, arguing that their security would be diminished by an American withdrawal, and that they want a voice in the settlement. The nuclear stockpile could be moved back to Guam, or new base sites under evaluation in Micronesia. Beyond this, the United States has an expanding array of intercontinental ballistic missiles and nuclear submarines. Even the B-52's are not considered permanently based on Okinawa. They have in fact only been flying missions against Vietnam from Okinawa since early last year. For the Air Force it is a convenient arrangement, because otherwise most of the B-52's would have to operate from Guam, adding 3000 miles to the round-trip Vietnam flight.

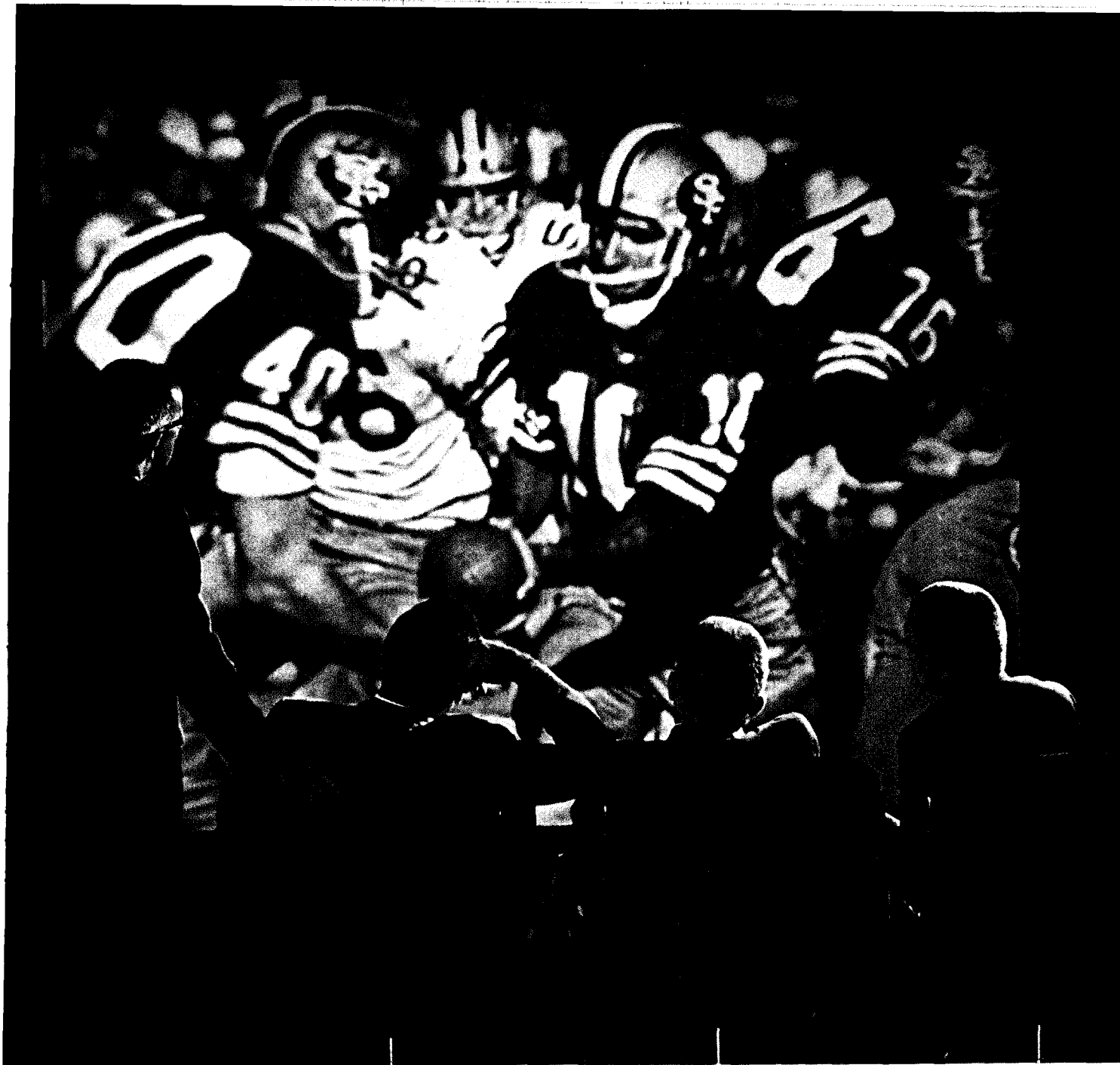
Nuclear weapons and B-52's aside, there remains the question of a Japanese veto over the use to which the bases might be put, the amount of men and type of equipment moved through them, and the operations conducted from them. Some military men argue that Okinawa's present strength is the diversity of weapons available. This, they say, gives the United States a variety of options to use varying degrees of force depending on the situation. If Okinawa were reduced to a repair base and training ground, they argue, it would have no significance and the United States should pull its military out.

For President Nixon, the timing of the crunch over Okinawa is hardly ideal. On the one hand, he is pressed to make a deal which will support Premier Sato's government at home. But on the other hand, the Vietnam War is far from over, and he is under military pressure for continued use of the bases on Okinawa. That military pressure will continue after the war.

JOHN HUGHES

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Michael Janeway is an associate editor of the *Atlantic*. Arthur Koestler, author of *Darkness at Noon* and *The Ghost in the Machine*, was recently in Fiji. Stanley Meisler is African correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times*. John Hughes is the *Christian Science Monitor's* Far Eastern correspondent.



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THE MAIL:

The Spock Trial

SIR: As most of your readers must have been, I was enlightened and moved to deep concern by Jessica Mitford's article, "Guilty as Charged by the Judge," in the August issue.

She is quite right in her conclusion that the national political climate has become all too repressive. I would, however, object to an unfair and untrue allegation which she made in illustrating that conclusion. She wrote:

The case against the Boston five was expressed predictably, in terms of the favorite electioneering slogan of all three 1968 presidential candidates. Judge Ford's remarks as he pronounced sentence were already ringing in our ears, for we had heard them daily, for months, in the campaign speeches of Nixon, Humphrey, and Wallace: "Where law and order stops, obviously anarchy begins."

As a principal staff assistant to Mr. Humphrey during the 1968 campaign, I either personally prepared and/or heard every one of his public statements. Had Miss Mitford been listening, she would have known that Mr. Humphrey clearly differentiated his position on the so-called law and order issue from those of Mr. Nixon and Mr. Wallace. He certainly did not make "where law and order stops, obviously anarchy begins"—by any stretch of the imagination—his "favorite electioneering slogan." In fact, we probably paid a price for meeting this issue head on in conservative areas of the country.

TED VAN DYK
Washington, D.C.

SIR: "Guilty as Charged by the Judge," by Jessica Mitford, is a superbly written, brilliant, clear-

headed, dramatic analysis of the core of our present crisis. The *Atlantic* is keeping up with history. Congratulations!

HELEN RAND MILLER
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: In an article charging flagrant bias on the government's part, Jessica Mitford is so flagrantly biased that she has not a single extenuating word to say about anyone, from the President on down to the "bunch" of jurors so naïve as to render a verdict on the question at hand, whether a law was actually broken.

Well, Governor Maddox of Georgia has just announced that forced integration is "illegal, immoral, etc." and so no doubt you have already dispatched Jessica Mitford to Atlanta to champion resistance to law.

PAUL WHITFIELD
Jackson, Miss.

By happy coincidence, Jessica Mitford will be traveling to Atlanta for her next *Atlantic* assignment.

The Editor

Children's Television

SIR: As the mother of two preschool children, I share Norman Morris' ("What's Good About Children's TV," August *Atlantic*) hopes that the Children's Television Workshop will prove to be an exciting and stimulating television learning experience. However, this past spring, a preview of the new series was presented on the NET network, and I was dismayed to find that while the form and content of the program were of excellent quality, the deliberately sloppy "kids' English" that was used by the puppet characters

throughout the show was unacceptable.

Don't the educators behind the Children's Television Workshop realize that the challenge is open to raise the level of speech pattern in young viewers? Certainly Messrs. Homme, Keesham, and Rogers have succeeded in combining absorbing, creative programming with good use of language for those sensitive ears.

PHYLLIS N. MARGOLIN
Yonkers, N. Y.

SIR: Your article on children's television by Norman S. Morris in the August *Atlantic* was a sensitive treatment of a controversial subject. I was particularly struck by his discussion of the contrast between Fred Rogers' approach and that of the Children's Television Workshop. I had felt this contrast myself when I saw the pilot program for CTW after having had a long familiarity with *Misterogers' Neighborhood*, my children's favorite television program.

Fred Rogers deals with each child as an individual who is liked "just the way he is." He clearly understands that childhood is a time not only for education but also for fears, disappointments, and growth. Yet the government (HEW) and the Carnegie Foundation rejected Rogers' approach when they planned a program for the ghetto child, the Children's Television Workshop, and turned instead to a hard-sell educational format and a manipulative rather than a creative attitude toward their audience.

The large funding agencies are obviously more comfortable giving money to a bevy of "child experts" than to one man who can so well entertain and soothe the children he

respects and loves. The sterile format of CTW, however, is supposed to be more appealing to the "deprived" child, who, we are told, can relate best to quick-moving, action-packed cartoons. How condescending can one be? Ghetto children are first of all children—then black, or poor, or whatever. They need love and understanding, not the endless repetitions of the letter "J" that hopped, skipped, and jumped through CTW's pilot program.

We cannot continue to complain about the dehumanization of our society while at the same time we treat our youngsters as if they were some sort of potential computer input to be programmed by "the experts." As government programs proliferate to help the poor, the poor may lose that last endowment which they can truly call their own—a sense of their own uniqueness. (This, it seems to me, is the true meaning of the call for black power.) Or perhaps CTW is merely a well-funded Office for the Dead.

LYNDA G. CHRISTIAN
Waban, Mass.

Glazer and Harvard

SIR: Nathan Glazer's "Student Politics and the University" in the July *Atlantic* gives the impression that the author was there, on the spot and in the midst of this spring's events at Harvard. In fact, he was not party to the events he reports upon: the debates and actions of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. He is not a member of that faculty, attended none of the meetings on which he reports, and plainly has little knowledge of the events that form the background of certain critical faculty decisions.

Let me concentrate upon Mr. Glazer's "reporting" of the ROTC issue at Harvard, for it is central to the nature of his argument, basically inaccurate, and a matter in which I was intimately involved. I would like to speak to the consistency and good sense of the faculty and the university at large in handling the crisis created by the forcible seizure and bust. Hopefully this may serve to dispel the impression Mr. Glazer gives that the faculty fell victim to liberal guilt, capitulated on ROTC when faced with the forcible seizure of University Hall, and thereby encouraged future violent action. On the contrary, once the damage of



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the seizure and the bust had been done, the university community acted with extraordinary unison to restore some effective balance.

The record can be quickly recited. During the fall and winter of 1968-1969, several groups were at work on resolutions relating to the future of ROTC at Harvard. The Student Faculty Advisory Council (SFAC) was one such, as was the Committee on Educational Policy of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. The issue was to be debated at a meeting of the faculty at Paine Hall on December 12, 1968, a meeting at which students threatened to "sit in" the balcony, and which was consequently canceled. This meeting of the faculty was rescheduled for February 4, 1969, and on the day prior to that meeting, a special student-faculty convocation was held to discuss the various alternatives to be discussed before the faculty.

The SFAC proposed that credit be removed from ROTC courses, that they not be listed in the catalogue of the university, that officers appointed by the Armed Services to instruct in ROTC be denied membership in the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, and that no special facilities be granted ROTC, as was currently the practice in allocating space in Shannon Hall. The objective of the SFAC resolution, as explicitly stated and as implied in its seconding, was to preserve the prerogatives of the faculty in the making of appointments and the accrediting of courses, that to do otherwise always risked the creation of political crisis. The SFAC resolution was solidly affirmed by a vote of 207 to 125.

Shortly thereafter, the president appointed a committee to negotiate the phasing out of the present form of ROTC. In effect, the faculty assumed that its vote had set the policy that was to be carried out by the president and the corporation, that no further steps need be taken. There were, however, disquieting rumors concerning opposition in the corporation to the faculty resolution. Yet, there was little serious doubt that negotiations were moving ahead in line with the faculty vote. All of these matters precede the forcible seizure and the bust of April 9-10.

What reopened the issue for the faculty was not the events of those

two days nor the SDS "demands" on ROTC, but the reproduction in the *Old Mole* on April 13 of a letter stolen from the files of University Hall, a letter addressed by Dean Ford to President Pusey, expressing strong opposition to the faculty vote of February 4, stating:

The one other alternative I have been able to conceive would be a decision not to accept these recommendations from the Faculty of Arts and Sciences in their present form, but instead to refer them back to the Faculty for whatever additional work and discussion is required to make them usable as a basis for further action.

The letter, however shoddy the circumstances of its publicizing, raised in many minds the question whether the intent of the resolution of February 4 had been fully understood. In consequence, several resolutions had been made ready for submission to the faculty meeting of April 15, including one of my own. This motion was presented to the faculty at its meeting on April 17 and was carried by a vote of 385 to 25.

The motion was *not* a capitulation to student pressure, as Mr. Glazer implies. It was, rather, an effort to make clearer than before what had been intended by the faculty on February 4. Nothing was changed. What was amplified was the idea of "extraordinary" as meaning "no special privileges or facilities" for non-university activities including ROTC. In the resolution itself and in the discussion, the hope was expressed that ROTC could find some way of accommodating aspirants more formally in some program separate from the university—as, for example, in a metropolitan district program.

Let it be clear that the Bruner resolution, as it came to be called, was discussed widely and informally during its drafting, both in the liberal and conservative caucuses, with officers of the university, and with members of the corporation. It was an effort to define and implement what seemed to many of us a general consensus in the university. There were no illusions, as Mr. Glazer seems to think, that the hard-line faction within the SDS would be satisfied with it or with any other action that the faculty could take with some reasonable unanimity.

From late April until early June,

a university-wide committee met with representatives of the Armed Services to see whether some arrangement could be made within the constraints of "extracurricularity." Again, there was widespread and painstaking informal discussion with student groups, faculty caucuses, and administration. Since the three ROTC services were unable within the terms of their enabling public laws to become extracurricular, the committee recommended that they be terminated by June, 1971, a date later than the "earliest legally possible," but one that would guarantee the principle that students once enrolled in a program had the right to complete their studies by the rules originally in force. The resolution carried in the faculty by what appeared to be close to a unanimous voice vote.

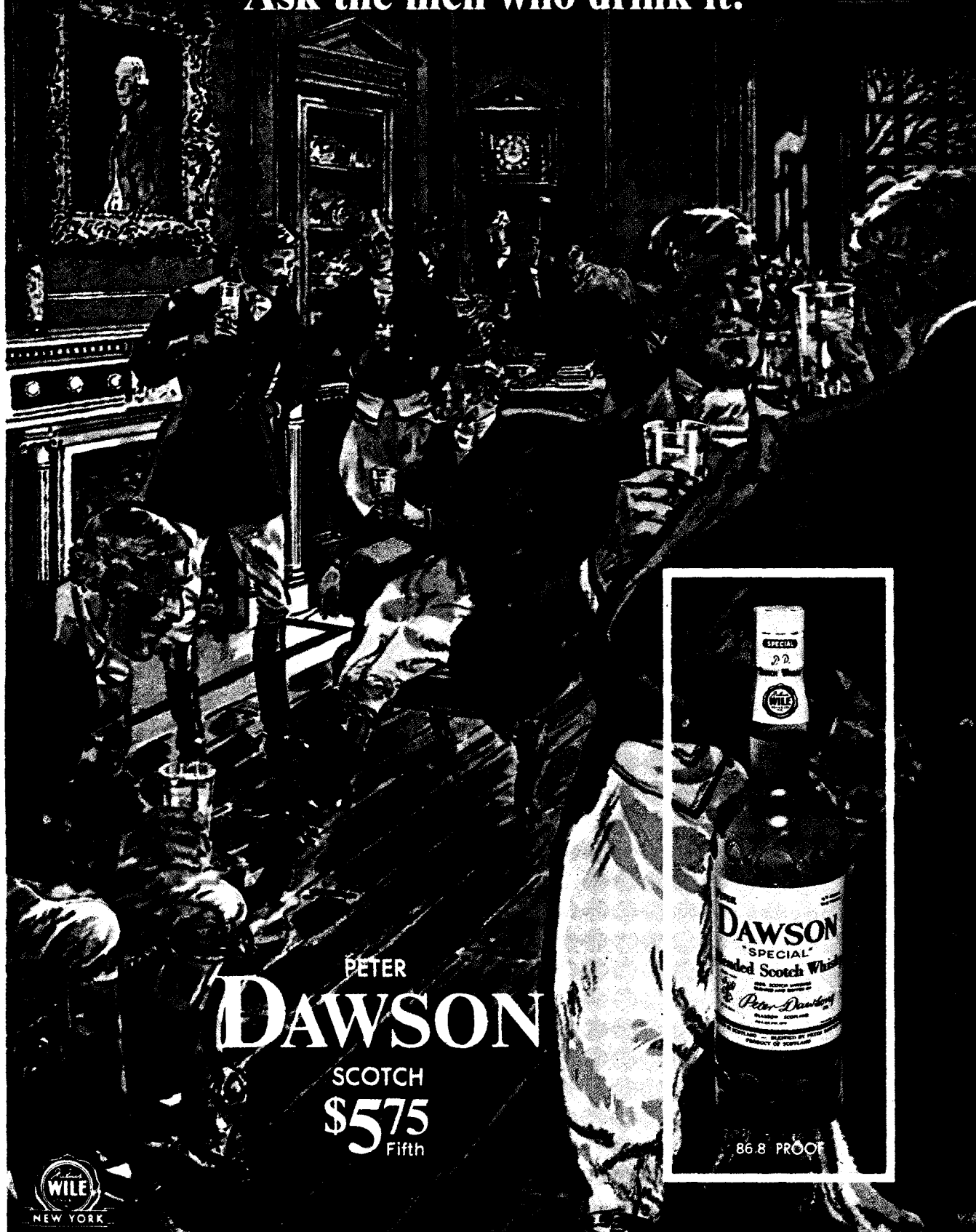
The university at large had responded carefully and with deliberateness on an issue that could have torn the place apart. It did so not in response to political pressures, not to express hostility to the war in Vietnam, nor even to "punish" the military-industrial complex, but to keep the university whole and to repair the damage. The governing principle of the ROTC decision had been set down by SFAC five months before the crisis. The crisis brought forth enormous resources of intelligence and goodwill in the interest of reconstituting a community that had been seriously divided. I would be most disappointed to see that fact lost in the shuffle of overly quick reporting that sees all university unrest as yet another elaboration of the "Berkeley scenario."

JEROME S. BRUNER
Professor of Psychology
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

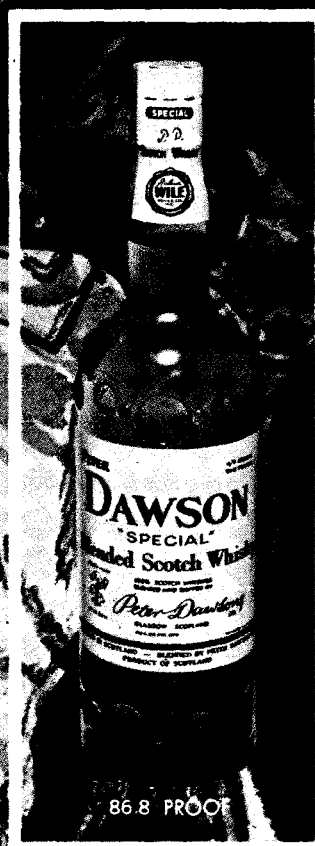
Nathan Glazer replies:

Mr. Bruner gives one interpretation of the second faculty vote on ROTC at Harvard, I give another. Nothing in his letter is new to me or changes my views—the reporting on this issue, of the *Harvard Crimson*, and the various statements that were distributed publicly and were available to Harvard faculty outside the Faculty of Arts and Sciences adequately covered the issue. In Mr. Bruner's account it was necessary for the Faculty of Arts and Sciences to clarify its position on ROTC be-

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cause of Dean Ford's letter. In my account—four members of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences who saw the article before it was published concurred—the Faculty of Arts and Sciences adopted the second resolution on ROTC to meet an irrational and violent upsurge of feeling on the part of many students which might better have been dealt with—and more appropriately for a university faculty—by argument and analysis of the issues, which I said were absent on the Harvard campus. Undoubtedly many people voted, as Mr. Bruner says he did, to clarify the original Faculty of Arts and Sciences position on ROTC. But a strike was going on, enormous pressure was being exerted, and however individual faculty members understood or explained to themselves the character of their actions, the fact is the vote was also—and in the situation, principally—a political act in response to radical student actions and the situation they created.

How can one ignore the role of the vote in the midst of the strike as a form of communication with the students? And what, after all, did the vote communicate?

I am mystified at Mr. Bruner's egregious insistence that I am not a member of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences or a party to its deliberations when nothing in my article suggests or implies that I am. Is his point really that only members of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences may properly discuss its actions?

Mr. Bruner is really too touchy about Harvard. The article quib does identify me, and it is true that by the time the article appeared I had become a professor in the Harvard Graduate School of Education, which the editors, perhaps in their ignorance of academic nicety, shortened to simply "Harvard." But note, Mr. Bruner, they did not say Harvard College.

Advice and consent

SIR: Mr. Gold ("Stories I Guess I Won't Write," August *Atlantic*) may have been to Salt Lake City long enough to have been hassled by the police chief in a coffeehouse and to have seen a movie, "Teen-Agers From Outer Space," but he missed a few historical facts.

Joseph Smith never reached the promised land of the persecuted

Mormons. He was murdered by a mob in the jail in Carthage, Illinois, in the early evening of June 27, 1844. Three years later, the Mormons, under the leadership of Brigham Young, reached the valley of the Great Salt Lake, and from a spot overlooking the lake, Brigham was reported to have announced, "This is the place," on July 24, 1847.

ARTHUR S. ROUNDY
Cranston, R.I.

Mr. Gold—and the *Atlantic*—
erred. *The Editor*

SIR: Re: the Washington *Post*'s desire "to reach, and if possible, pass the New York *Times* in prestige" ("The American Media Baronies," July *Atlantic*), the *Post* should be informed that it first must reach the prestige of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, a task which is by no means small.

CHARLES WILLIAM SLOAN, JR.
Wichita, Kan.

Where credit is due

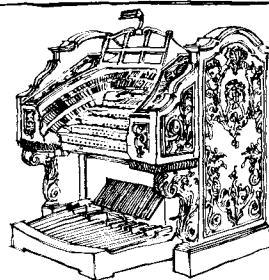
The interesting photograph on page 104 of the September *Atlantic*, which accompanied the poem "Rosimaya" by John Okai, was taken by Barbara Cannon Myers. It will appear in *Woman by Three*, a book of photographs by Joanne Leonard, Michael E. Bry, and Mrs. Myers, with prose and poetry selected by Evan S. Connell, Jr.

Correction

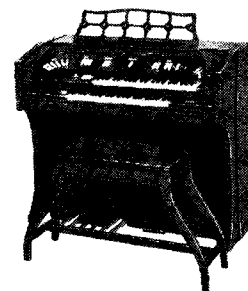
Our offer of reprints of Ronnie Dugger's definitive article "Oil and Politics" in the September *Atlantic* listed an incorrect price for quantities of one hundred. Reprints can be obtained by writing Reprint Department, The Atlantic, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116. Single copies 35 cents; 10 to 100 copies, 30 cents each; over 100 copies \$25.00 per hundred.

The Editor

The *Atlantic* welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.



The Mighty Wurlitzer.



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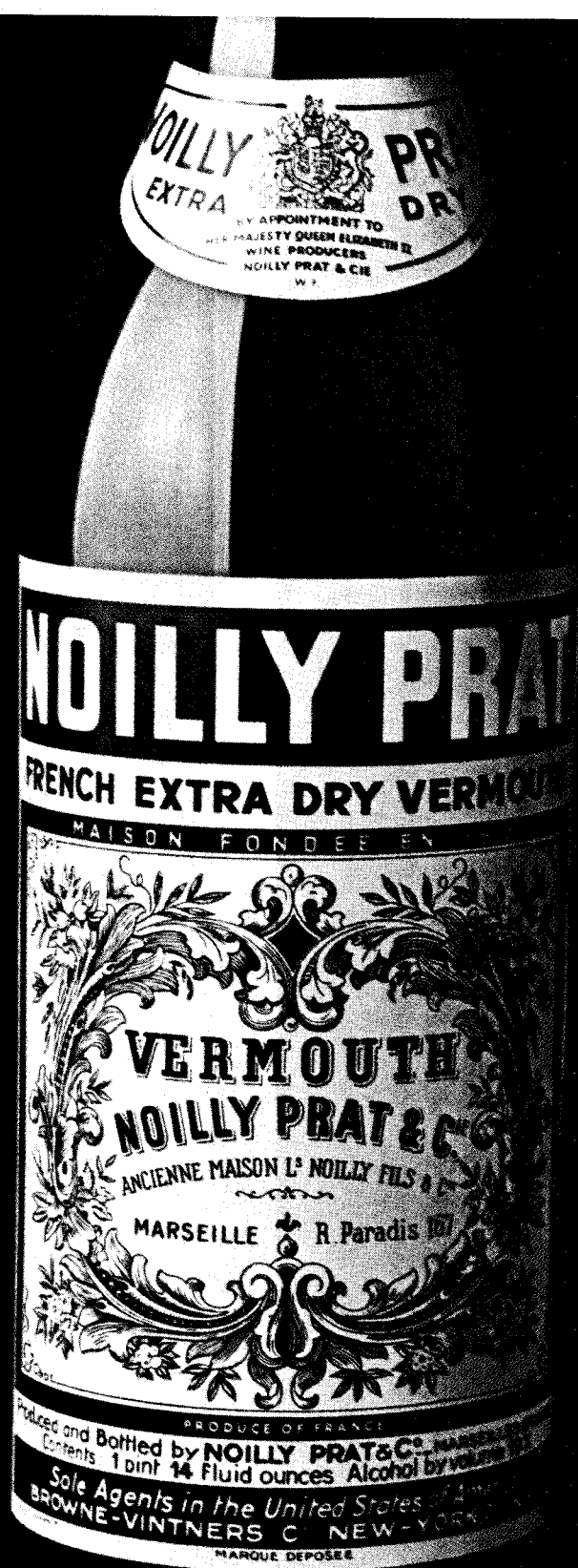
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LOOKING FOR THE BUCKHEAD BOYS

by James Dickey

Some of the time, going home, I go
Blind and can't find it.
The house I lived in growing up and out
The doors of high school is torn
Down and cleared
Away for further development, but that does not stop me.
First in the heart
Of my blind spot are
The Buckhead Boys. If I can find them, even one,
I'm home. And if I can find him catch him in or around
Buckhead, I'll never die: it's likely my youth will walk
Inside me like a king.

First of all, going home, I must go
To Wender and Roberts' Drug Store, for driving through I saw it
Shining renewed renewed
In chromium, but still there.
It's one of the places the Buckhead Boys used to be, before
Beer turned teen-ager.

Tommy Nichols
Is not there. The Drug Store is full of women
Made of cosmetics. Tommy Nichols has never been
In such a place: he was the Number Two Man on the Mile
Relay Team in his day.

What day?

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Drawing by George Albertus

My day. Where was I?

Number Three, and there are some sunlit pictures
In the Book of the Dead to prove it: the 1939
North Fulton High School Annual. Go down,
Go down

To Tyree's Pool Hall, for there was more
Concentration of the spirit
Of the Buckhead Boys
In there, than anywhere else in the world.

Do I want some shoes
To walk all over Buckhead like a king
Nobody knows? Well, I can get them at Tyree's;
It's a shoe store now. I could tell you where every spittoon
Ought to be standing. Charlie Gates used to say one of these days
I'm gonna get myself the reputation of being
The bravest man in Buckhead. I'm going in Tyree's toilet
And pull down my pants and take a shit.

Maybe
Charlie's the key: the man who would say that would never leave
Buckhead. Where is he? Maybe I ought to look up
Some Old Merchants. Why didn't I think of that
Before?
Lord, Lord! Like a king!

Hardware. Hardware and Hardware Merchants
 Never die, and they have everything on hand
 There is to know. Somewhere in the wood screws Mr. Hamby may have
 My Prodigal's Crown on sale. He showed up
 For every football game at home
 Or away, in the hills of North Georgia. There he is, as old
 As ever.
 Mr. Hamby, remember me?
 God A'mighty! Ain't you the one
 Who fumbled the punt and lost the Russell game?
 That's right.
 How're them butter fingers?
 Still butter, I say,
 Still fumbling. But what about the rest of the team? What about Charlie
 Gates?
 He the boy that got lime in his eye from the goal line
 When y'all played Gainesville?
 Right.
 I don't know. Seems to me I see . . .
*See? See? What does Charlie Gates see in his eye burning
 With the goal line? Does he see a middle-aged man from the Book
 Of the Dead looking for him in magic shoes
 From Tyree's disappeared pool hall?*
 Mr. Hamby, Mr. Hamby,
 Where? Where is Mont Black?
 Paralyzed. Doctors can't do nothing.
 Where is Dick Shea?
 Assistant Sales Manager
 Of Kraft Cheese.
 How about Punchy Henderson?
 Died of a heart attack
 Watching high school football
 In South Carolina.
*Old Punchy, the last
 Of the wind sprinters, and now for no reason the first
 Of the heart attacks.*
 Harmon Quigley?
 He's up at County Work Farm
 Sixteen. Doing all right up there; be out next year.
 Didn't anybody get to be a doctor
 Or lawyer?
 Sure. Bobby Laster's a chiropractor. He's right out here
 At Bolton; got a real good business.
 Jack Siple?
 Moved away.

Gordon Hamm?

Dead

In the war.

O the Book

Of the Dead, and the dead bright sun on the page

Where the team stands ready to explode

*In all directions with Time. Did you say you see Charlie
Gates every now and then?*

Seems to me.

Where?

He may be out yonder at the Gulf Station between here and Sandy
Springs.

Let me go pull my car out

Of the parking lot in back

Of Wender and Roberts'. Do I need gas? No; let me drive around the block

Let me drive around Buckhead

A few dozen times turning turning in my foreign

Car till the town spins whirls till the chrome vanishes

From Wender and Roberts' the spittoons are remade

From the sun itself the dead pages flutter the hearts rise up, that lie

In the ground, and Bobby Laster's backbreaking fingers

Pick up a cue stick Tommy Nichols and I rack the balls

And Charlie Gates walks into Tyree's un-
imaginable toilet.

I go north

Now, and I can use fifty

Cents' worth of gas.

It is Gulf. I pull in and praise the Lord Charlie

Gates comes out. His blue shirt dazzles

Like a baton-pass. He squints he looks at me

Through the goal line. Charlie, Charlie, we have won away from

We have won at home

In the last minute. Can you see me? You say

What I say: where in God

Almighty have you been all this time? I don't know,

Charlie. I don't know. But I've come to tell you a secret

That has to be put into code. Understand what I mean when I say

To the one man who came back alive

From the Book of the Dead to the bravest man

In Buckhead to the lime-eyed ghost

Blue-wavering in the fumes

Of good Gulf gas, "Fill 'er up."

With wine? Light? Heart-attack blood? The contents of Tyree's toilet? The beer

Of teen-age sons? No; just

"Fill 'er up. Fill 'er up, Charlie."

IGNORANT ARMIES

by Janet Stevenson

Dear Mrs. Steveson

I know I have fail the novel test, but that just one thing I want to know and this is If I still have a chance to pass this course. I need this course very bad because if I fail this course I will be put out of college for the second time and I can't effort that now, because of my mother and father I know I got off to a bad start but if I do god on the final exam, will it be possible for me to get out? I am asking a big favor and this is the first time I am asking anybody for something. Well, If it not possible, I will have to face the result of not comeing back next semester or at anytime because I won't be able to go to any college.

If it is possible I would like to talk to you before the final examination because I know it to late for help now, and I need it very bad.

Your truly
Bill Bostwork

PLEASE HELP ME

The above, written in a just barely legible hand, was handed in to me in lieu of a test paper toward the end of the first semester of my short career as a teacher of English composition in a "predominantly (that is, all but completely) Negro" college behind the Cotton Curtain of the Deep South. Bill Bostwork's letter contains a blunt and moving statement of the dilemma of the "disadvantaged" student of the South—a desperate cry for help, coupled with an acknowledgment that it is already too late.

Bill never came around for the talk he asked me for in his letter. I was grateful that he didn't. I could have offered him no hope of the C which was the grade he needed to stay in school. Nothing else—not sympathy, or pious preaching, or even vocational counseling—would have done him any

good. I would have had to watch his face while I pronounced the words that pushed his head under, and he would have had to watch mine while he tried to lie his way out of the cheating he had done to get as far as a third doomed try at English Phase II.

Bill was not the worst student I had, nor the most undeserving. In fact, he was fairly typical of the 40 percent of every entering class which is destined (statistically) to flunk out of Broadleaf (as I shall call the college) at the end of the first year. He came to very few classes, though he told me that English was his favorite subject. He had a slight talent for rhyming and was trying to write lyrics for Country and Western songs. He slept through the classes he did attend because we were not dealing with the one area of English that inter-

ested him, and he didn't understand whatever it was that we were dealing with instead. He turned in written work done by some party unknown and not even recopied in his own hand (except on those occasions when he submitted one of his "original ballads"). He had cheated on all the tests he took before this one. Cheated in a lackadaisical, feckless fashion which said, in effect, that he knew I knew, but what the hell, I was going to flunk him anyway! If I had held out any hope that a good grade on the final would "get him out," he would have been put to the trouble and expense of cheating on that too.

What else could he do?

His "scholastic aptitude" was too low to measure. He did not read well enough to handle eighth-grade work with any ease. His vocabulary was so limited that even the college newspaper strained it. He was twenty-three years old. About thirteen of those years had been "spent" in the substandard, segregated schools of his home hamlet and had rendered him ineducable; at least, under the conditions that prevailed in Broadleaf, which was the only college that he could get into.

A fraud was perpetrated upon Bill when he was admitted. Keeping him on through a second and then a third semester of probation not only prolonged his agony, it took his money under false pretenses, for there was never any hope that he could make the grade. And keeping a quota of 40 percent of Bill Bostworks, year in, year out, clogs the pores of the body academic so that it can hardly fulfill its obligation to the other 60 percent.

That is what matters in the long run—what kind of education is offered to the survivors of the first year, of whom less than half will survive another three years and eventually emerge with a B.A. degree. For the overwhelming majority of these young men and women will go back and teach in the segregated schools that hobbled the minds of the Bill Bostworks in the first place. Unless spending four years at Broadleaf lifts its graduates to a level of competency well above that of the previous generation of teachers, the vicious circle will continue to produce a class of disadvantaged black citizens, hopelessly handicapped in competition for any but the most menial jobs, no matter what laws are passed (or enforced) about fair employment practices.

The circle has been operating for a long time, ever since free public education for Negroes—"separate but equal"—came into existence. It begins with children born into families living below subsistence level in everything from diet to literacy. These children come to school already so far behind that some educators doubt that they can ever be helped to catch up. They are "taught" by graduates of colleges like Broadleaf, who work for wages no white teacher would accept. Low as these wages are, however, they look princely to the parents of the children and probably to the parents of the

teachers as well. Teaching is almost the only profession open to the poor black child of the South, and college is the trial by fire he must endure to enter it.

So thousands of boys and girls submit to twelve (or more) years of grammar and high school, and graduate—in the sense that they are handed a diploma. With this, they can qualify for admission to Broadleaf or one of the other state-supported "predominantly" colleges. As long as they pay the low tuition and living costs, they can stay on by maintaining a C average (and for two semesters after failing to do so). If they last the required four years and pass their final exams, by fair means or foul, they can "get out," get jobs as teachers, and start the cycle all over again.

Concentrated injections of "enrichment" like Head Start and Upward Bound programs help a few lucky youngsters to break out of the hobbles. But to break the circle itself, it will be necessary to upgrade the education of the teachers of black children over the whole South. This is what makes places like Broadleaf of concern to citizens of our troubled democracy who will never hear its real name.

The observation post from which this report is written was located on that sector of the battlefield where the casualty rate was highest, the English department. Most Broadleaf students who flunk out do so because they can't meet the English requirement. (Math is the runner-up.)

This is not because the requirements are very challenging. "Proficiency in speaking and writing standard English" is all the catalogue claims. "Standard" is not defined, but it can be assumed from what one hears at faculty meetings and chapel addresses that Broadleaf's standard is less exacting than Professor Higgins'.

The trouble is that English, like all language, is learned when one is very young, learned by listening and imitating. If one has never heard it spoken clearly and fluently in all the years of one's growing up, it is almost impossible to start learning it at seventeen or eighteen. I am trying to avoid using words like "good" or "correct" or "acceptable," which are usually masks for some class or regional chauvinism. To speak "well" does not mean to speak like a white, urban, middle-class Easterner. But it ought to mean "clearly enough" so that one is understood by those to whom one speaks, and "fluently enough" so that one can express not only physical needs and emotions but ideas, concepts, generalizations from the particular.

I had dozens of students at Broadleaf, some of them of superior ability, who could not make themselves understood to any but their "home boys and girls" who spoke the same local dialect. And I had

dozens who could not find the words with which to formulate, discuss, defend, or refute an abstract idea. (There is some basis for believing that the ability to put an idea into words is a prerequisite for the process we call "critical thinking" or reasoning.)

Further, despite the militant defense of "black language" (usually meaning whatever class and regional variant the defender happens to use), the fact is that a young man or woman who wants a white-collar job—North or South—has to speak like the public in which he will function. Broadleaf students come to college to prepare themselves to get that sort of job (or to teach children who will one day want that sort of job), and most of them face an ordeal no less severe than Eliza Doolittle's, without the help of a Higgins. Writing is perhaps less important, but even to apply for a job one must be able to write a passable letter (unless one can hire a ghost-writer), and few Broadleaf seniors can do that.

The underlying problem, however, is not speaking or writing but reading English. Every set of statistics on the freshman class of 1966–1967 showed that less than half could read well enough to do college work.

The nationally accepted minimum for "successful work in the first college year" is a tenth-grade reading skill. My body count showed that of 183 students, I had 136 who tested below tenth grade. In my three levels (Phase I, II, and Advanced) I had only 30 students who read at tenth grade, 15 who read between that and twelfth, and 2 of superior ability. It is interesting that of the whole 183, only 4 spoke acceptable English (acceptable to the middle class of both races in this region), and only one of the 4 was in the top reading group. The other 3 were students of average ability who happened to have spent their youth in places where English was spoken better than in the poverty pockets of the South.

Incidentally, this problem is not exclusively a Southern one. It is so acute among disadvantaged young people in the North and East that educators have been working for several years on crash programs for upgrading language skills, one of which (originating in Detroit) goes by the dismaying title of "teaching English as a second language."

What appalled me about Broadleaf—one reason the word "fraud" crops up whenever I try to describe the educational effort there—is that none of the results of all this work on remediation were available to us, despite the universal admission of our students' desperate need for it.

We did offer a section called Remedial English to students who read below the eighth-grade level, but there was absolutely no remedial work done in it. On the contrary, it differed from the regular English Phase I classes only in that its victims met five times a week instead of three times, and cov-

ered the required material in an even more boring fashion. The teachers assigned to these classes were not trained in any of the several approaches to the problem which are recognized as effective. They were the least-qualified (because the least-prepared) members of the department, and they quite naturally regarded the work as punishing and degrading.

Remediation was not the only teaching skill in which the Broadleaf faculty was underprepared. Things were not much different in social studies, math, or education, the departments which share with English the major responsibility for the final product: the Broadleaf Bachelor of Arts.

Because I came to love and respect some of my colleagues, to sympathize deeply with most of them, and to loathe a few, I shall try to keep myself to statistical estimates of our collective ability to achieve the collective goal.

First: there simply weren't enough of us to carry the load. Most authorities in the field of teaching English composition recommend a maximum of twenty students per class, and an instructor load of twelve class hours per week. Where students need more than the average amount of help, the recommendation is fifteen students per class and nine hours per week.

Broadleaf English teachers had an average of thirty-five students per class and fifteen class hours a week. Some Phase I classes in my year ran as high as forty-two students, assembled in a room designed to seat no more than thirty-five.

The state guidelines under which Broadleaf was supposed to operate set a maximum of twenty-five students per class. I asked once why we didn't conform and was told that the guidelines applied to the "all-college average." English teachers (who must read, correct, and/or discuss all that their students write) are expected to take up the slack for departments with low enrollments. Courses in floriculture, swine breeding, bowling, first aid, and advanced trumpet were permitted to continue year after year with enrollments of three, two, eight, six, and one student, at the expense of basic communication skills.

The corps of teachers that was expected to do the impossible under these conditions consisted of nineteen and one half people (the other half being dedicated to foreign languages). Two had what was referred to as "the terminal degree." Although the catalogue states that no one can receive an appointment at Broadleaf without at least a master's degree, only seven had M.A.'s. The other ten were "temporary appointments"—wives of local ministers, professors, or coaches, teaching because they needed the extra money. Some had been "tempo-

Janet Stevenson is a playwright and novelist who taught for a year in a predominantly Negro college in the South.

raries" for ten years, but they had no tenure. (Not that tenure was much protection when a storm blew from the president's office or beyond.)

Some of these relatively untrained teachers were "naturals" who got better results than the Ph.D.'s—real educational miracles which could only be ascribed to total commitment on both sides! Some, including some of the M.A.'s, were harmless anachronisms left over from the days when Broadleaf was a two-year normal school for rural elementary teachers. A few were real pedagogical monstrosities: people who had come into teaching for the wrong reasons (usually financial). They spoke and wrote English so badly that they made problems for colleagues who knew and did better, and they were so insecure that they resorted to classroom behavior reminiscent of overseers in slavery days.

("Just don't never ask Mr. A. a question," I heard a sophomore counsel a freshman one day. "He most likely don't know the answer, and all he's going to do is cheap you up for asking.")

Even more startling than the caliber of the faculty and the load it was expected to carry was the Broadleaf salary scale. It was mysteriously high, not only in English, but in all departments, including administration. We were better paid than our counterparts in the best private white colleges in the region. We were better paid than our peers at other state-supported black schools, although Broadleaf's scholastic standing was the lowest in its category.

The official explanation for this curious state of affairs was that the State Board of Education felt that "only premium salaries would attract teachers of real stature" into what amounted to a black reservation in Klan country. But it was obvious that the bribe had not worked, unless stature was being measured by some yardstick other than competence. Was the state board aware that they were not getting what they paid for?

While I puzzled over this question, I became aware of a matching mystery: the equipment budget. It was staggeringly generous, also clearly a waste. Opening any storage closet in one of Broadleaf's newer buildings was like peeking into a Bluebeard's chamber of audio-visual aids. Expensive machines of all kinds were gathering dust, some of them in need of minor repairs or routine maintenance, some never uncrated or assembled. One specific example in my own area: a year before I came to Broadleaf, the college received a sizable grant to set up a reading laboratory, something we certainly could have used. Halfway through my teaching year, space was cleared in the library, and a dozen very expensive reading machines were installed. When I left in June, there was not a single staff member trained in the use of the machines (or their maintenance), and they were already begin-

ning to show the effects of casual or deliberate misuse.

The answer to the questions that puzzled me I "discovered" so gradually that it was not until I was ready to leave that I was willing to accept it. I came to believe (on the above and other evidence which follows) that the State Board of Education was not being conned into wasting taxpayers' dollars. Those gentlemen knew exactly what they were buying. They were paying premium prices for a precious and increasingly rare commodity, the type of education which looks "separate but equal" to the casual observer, but does as little as possible to raise the black student to a level that might pose a competitive threat to whites.

Before 1954, Broadleaf and places like it didn't look equal. They were as poor as the segment of society they "served." Now they look affluent, alluring to the students they are meant to attract. But they are not meant to educate them. They are meant to keep them out of the hands of Stokely Carmichael (in my day), off the street corners until time for the "boys" to be drafted and sent overseas.

If the foregoing observations are not persuasive enough, let me add this much further proof in the area of curriculum, teaching methods, and required texts. I still remember my dismaying search through the English Phase I and II text for an assignment on which to start my 100 or more entering freshmen. The volume was too heavy to hold, too expensive for their budgets, and divided, like Gaul, into three parts. There was a rhetoric (totally unsuitable to my students' reading level); a handbook on rules of grammar, usage, punctuation, and spelling; and a section of Selected Readings.

The authors represented included Erich Fromm, Lewis Mumford, Marshall McLuhan, Jacob Bronowski, John Henry Newman, Edward Sapir, George Orwell, Franz Kafka, C. P. Snow, and Lillian Smith. Mrs. Smith's "Memory of a Large Christmas" was the only selection that touched in any degree at all upon experience shared by my freshmen. And Mrs. Smith's vocabulary was so far beyond my students' that most of them were going to be forced to read her at the "frustration level"—that is, encountering 10 unfamiliar words out of every 100.

To convey to the reader some sense of the discrepancy between the content and style of the text and the experience of the students who were forced to buy it, I offer a sample theme, written by one of my Phase I students:

THE HUSH HUSH BEATEN

There was this colored woman in Texas who went to Newelton one Saturday nite. When she made it there, she stop to talk to some friends. While standing there talking, a white man drove up in his truck and got out. When he got out, he went around to the back of the truck and got an iron rod out. Then

he came over and started to beat the lady while some sorry colored men watch and didn't do a thing. He beat the poor lady real bad.

Then Newelton sorry old deputy came. The deputy and this old man pick her up and threw her in the deputy's car like an old hog or something. They carry her to the hospital where she stayed for three days. After she was released, the deputy carried her to jail and charge her with disturbing the peace. But the white man wasn't charge with anythings.

When time came for court, all of the colored people were afraid to appear in court and be witness. They claimed it was none of their business.

After the trial was over, she was releasted and she had to pay a hundred and seventy-five dollars for nothing. The white man didn't have to pay anything.

I brought up in the next departmental meeting the question of whether there was not something wrong with the choice of this text for this Phase. Most of my colleagues' faces wore bitter smiles through my question and the answer which followed: that disadvantaged students needed "exposure" to as wide a variety of "cultural richness" as possible because only so could their constricted horizons be widened. I am not a true pedagogue, but even I know that the word "educate" is derived from the Latin verb *ducere*, which means "to lead." One can lead someone else only by starting where he is. Or, as the educational psychologists put it, learning takes place only when the student *interacts* with the new experience, an activity that the word "exposure" does not describe.

The freshman English text was not the only inappropriate choice of this kind. There was another required for Advanced English, just as heavy, just as expensive, and just as unsuitable. In fact, there was so little difference between the two books that I couldn't see why impoverished students should be asked to lay out the price of both.

"The rhetoric section and the handbook are almost identical," I argued in staff meeting. "We could use one of them for both courses, and buy another *Selected Reading* for the Advanced classes. There are fine anthologies, in paperback, at a fifth the price, which also include some work by black writers."

(The final outrage about the required texts, it seemed to me, was that neither had a single prose selection by a Negro. One of them had a dialect poem by Paul Lawrence Dunbar and a sermon in verse by James Weldon Johnson. It might have been less insulting to make the exclusion of non-Caucasians complete.)

With support from some sympathetic colleagues, I carried the day. A committee was formed to read and evaluate a new Advanced English "reader." The one finally chosen was a remarkable sampler of selections of different length, difficulty, subject matter, and style, a number of them by Negro writers, poets, and political leaders. Before I left Broadleaf, I saw the order placed for the follow-

ing fall. But a colleague who taught in summer school informed me that the order was countermanded. The reason given was that Broadleaf had to consider its image in the eyes of the accreditation committee that would soon be reviewing its status. Presumably the size, price, and specific gravity of the texts used in basic courses would be weighed in the scale.

My deepening conviction that all this ineptitude was not accidental was confirmed by scouting trips I took to other black colleges, private and state-supported. At all of those which were controlled by some arm of the regional white Establishment, the English department seemed to be the stepchild of the institution.

But there was one startling exception: a small, private, and therefore poorly endowed college which has been adopted by a Northern university's English department for use as a proving ground in an experimental program for upgrading language skills. The equipment at this school was excellent, but no more expensive than what was gathering dust at Broadleaf. The English faculty had no more impressive array of advanced degrees, although they were on the whole younger and had given fewer hostages to fortune.

The most striking difference was in thrust. Here all available energy, equipment, and organization skill was directed toward a single goal. The curriculum in English was coordinated with the curriculum in history, education, science, and so on. Entertainment brought to the campus, guest lecturers, extra reading assignments, even the background sound piped into dormitories and dining halls—all were part of the master plan. And the students cooperated. They felt that they were achieving something they wanted to achieve, and they needed neither carrot nor club to keep them working.

I came back to Broadleaf after this excursion too high to be tactful. I bored everyone within earshot by telling and retelling every interesting detail. Finally, another English teacher brought me down. "Look," said Miss Jones, "we know all about that. We could do the same thing, if they'd let us. As a matter of fact, I do it anyway."

I learned for the first time that Miss Jones had been sent North, at department expense, two or three summers before to attend an institute for "teachers of English in Negro colleges." She came back to Broadleaf with a notebook full of procedures for what she called "the experiential method" of teaching basic communication skills. She was asked to give a forty-five-minute presentation of the method to a departmental meeting. When she was done, everyone was told that it was up to the individual teacher to choose between the new approach and the traditional one.

"And what happened?" I asked.

"Nothing. Except with me. I use the new way."

"Not a single teacher wanted to change?" I found it hard to believe.

"Some tried for a while, but it's really an awful lot of work. You have to keep the kids writing all the time, and you have to read everything they write. I have one hundred and seventy students. If they write three times a week, that's more than five hundred papers. I couldn't do it if I paid any attention to the course outlines we're supposed to follow."

I was converted to her "experiential method" within minutes of my first scanning of her notes. But I still found it hard to understand why I was the first true believer she had found.

"Maybe that's why I get away with it," she said. "They let me ignore all the red tape and requirements because I'm not making any changes. If I were, they might come down on me and anyone else who was rocking the boat. Or maybe it's because I don't really care whether I get fired, and the others do. By the way, I've been meaning to ask you when I got to know you better. You've been around. Where would you suggest I start looking for another job?—a real one!"

The answer—and it is cruelly important—is that there is no answer for the Miss Joneses who make up the majority of the faculties of the black institutions of higher learning of the South today.

There are only a few exceptional institutions like the one I had visited, and the salaries they pay are scandalously low. Also, the number of positions they offer is negligible. There are almost as many, or as few, openings in the North, in large, predominantly white institutions that want to "look good on integration." These "instant Negro" jobs are normally awarded to scholars who have escaped the vicious circle of segregated education and are able to compete on a par with whites—men like John Hope Franklin of the University of Chicago, Frank Snowden of Howard University, Mozell Hill of Teachers College, Columbia, Ira Reid of Haverford College, and Rufus Clement of Atlanta University.

The vista of employment opportunity for the black educator is so narrow that there is really no need for a blacklist of "troublemakers," although there is some reason to believe that one exists. That is the club. The carrot is the high salary level and the mortgaged middle-class standard of living it establishes. A good deal more could be said of the dilemma of the black teacher (especially in the colleges) of the segregated South, but this much, I hope, will make clear why black students look in vain for solid support in any movement they initiate for radical change.

And it should also make it clear why I am convinced that the whole structure of "separate but equal" education is a plot not only against young black people of the South but against all of us.

Since the Supreme Court decision of 1954, millions of tax dollars have been poured into the effort to make the fraud look like the free choice of its victims. Showplaces like Broadleaf get new dormitories with individual air-conditioning in every room, "better than what we've got for our own kids" at the white college down the road. There are beautiful new libraries with no books on the shelves, marvelous machines that no one knows how to use or repair. There are big salaries for conforming nonachievers, and real opportunities for advancement for young male graduates who do well in sports.

It is all as phony as the villages Potemkin built to deceive the Empress Catherine. Visitors from the North, or from Washington, D.C., come down, are shown around the spread, fed some fried chicken, and sent back to report that things are progressing "with all deliberate speed." Everything rocks along in a minstrel show parody of white higher education, including fraternities and honor societies (segregated), and gorgeously costumed academic processions every hot, humid June.

Now and then, more and more often, the students stand up and denounce the fraud. They often pay a grim price for comparatively little gain. The fall after I left Broadleaf, for instance, there was a comparatively successful student strike. Under the leadership of a small elite, who consulted with all levels of the student body and even *sub rosa* with some faculty members, the overwhelming majority of the 3000 students closed down the administration and main classroom building on the eve of the fall homecoming game. The demands they presented were concerned almost entirely with "academic excellence."

The preamble to the list read in part,

Academic institutions exist for the transmission of knowledge, the pursuit of truth, the development of students, and the well-being of society. . . . For the future of . . . [Broadleaf] College, it is necessary that steps be taken to remove those administrators and faculty members who impede the implementation of these desired objectives, and to replace them with more qualified ones.

The students also asked the "subordination of athletics to academics," longer hours in the library, more books, and a revision of curriculum and examination procedures with the avowed goal of winning back Broadleaf's lost accreditation.

For a while it looked as if victory were possible. But the administration held trump cards which it was willing to play, when forced. The State Guard was called in to "protect visitors to the big game." They occupied the campus while the leaders of the strike were being forcibly removed from it. At that

point more than 50 percent of the student body withdrew from college and went home. The administration put on a saturation campaign of phone calls and personal letters to parents, who were urged to save their children from the consequences of "manipulation by a minority of outside agitators." Most of the parents succumbed to this pressure, and such is their influence over their sons and daughters that they were able to persuade even the most militant to "go back and finish out the year."

Meanwhile, the expelled leaders were appealing their case, all the way up to the State Board of Education, which heard their attorneys and then solemnly rubber-stamped the action that they had probably recommended to the president in the beginning. Most of the expellees were men and on college deferments. Their draft boards lost no time reclassifying them, and before the academic year was over, at least one of them was reported missing in Vietnam.

Nothing, so far as I can discover, was changed for the better at Broadleaf as a result of this sacrifice. Progress, at a similar price, is reported at some other schools where similar strikes took place last year, but no one with firsthand knowledge of the Negro college scene is sanguine about its future.

There are many honest and informed observers who believe that the institution of the predominantly black college will, and ought to, go out like a candle as the light of real integration dawns. Most black educators disagree.

Some may do so because their own futures are tied to substandard institutions. Others give reasons which are impressive. One of the clearest statements of this position comes from Alphonse Jackson, who wrote in 1967 as president of the Louisiana Education Association (Negro):

We must stop destroying the Negro institutions [because] if freedom is to come to the 20 million blacks of America, it will come from leadership discovered, developed, and used largely within the black ghettos of this land. . . . If Negro leaders are to obtain the needed skills and sophistication, many of the functional experiences needed must be learned in Negro-oriented institutions [where there are] unlimited opportunities to develop and practice, opportunities that are not afforded Negroes in institutions controlled by the white leadership establishment. . . .

Without a sufficient leadership base, black America will not be represented at the conference table, will not be part of the decision-making process, and the cause of freedom will not be advanced.

The cause of freedom to which Jackson refers is not the cause of any particular racial grouping in America, not even the majority one. It will be the worse for all of us if the battle lines are drawn so that those who should be allies face each other

. . . as on a darkling plain . . .
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

ADMAL

Admal, who was the world
and all the world's belief,
outlived his heartlife. We,

who swore a surgeon's oath
to save him, cut the heart
out of his brother's chest

and sewed it in his own
wherein it fibrillated
twice, then failed. We slew

Annihilus, the son
of Admal, for his proud
young heart. Transplanted, it

beat like a beggar's fist
against an iron door.
Admal rejected it;

rejected, too, the heart
of Serenas, his wife,
and that of Leokin,

brave warrior. There came
a dwarf whose saintmark glowed
bright on his cheek. We seized

his heart and grafted it
in Admal's mediastinum
where it blanched and shrank.

We stuck a pig. Its fat
red heart was bulging as
the sixth incision split

the breast of Admal. Loud,
hard, hot, the pig's heart pumped
like the Avenger's dragon

caged in bone, and broke
the ribs of Admal, who
was all the world. Holy

is the corpse of Admal
and holy is the pig's heart
which rejected him.

by Barbara L. Greenberg



THE GREAT BALDINI

A MEMOIR AND A COLLABORATION
BY EDMUND WILSON AND EDWIN O'CONNOR

Make an elephant disappear in Yankee Stadium? It couldn't be done—or could it? Jack Baldini thought it possible, and if it had not been for Derek Marchmont...

But enough. It is better that the reader get the facts from the nonpareil of American letters, Edmund Wilson, who tells of his collaboration with the late Edwin O'Connor, and exhibits some of same.

MEMOIR I

When I first knew Edwin O'Connor in the late forties, he was spending his summers near me at Wellfleet on Cape Cod. He was working at a broadcasting station in Boston and had very little money to spend on vacations. He lived in a shack on one of the "ponds"—which to us non-New Englanders seem more like "lakes"—with an equally unaffluent friend, and he rode around on a bicycle. We would see him on the beach writing, and he occasionally came to call on us. When his first book, a short novel called *The Oracle*, was published in 1951, he gave me a copy and asked me to read it. It was a caricature of a stuffed-shirt radio broadcaster, and

although I was amused by the ironic tone, I could not believe in the central character as a genuine human being, nor did he quite achieve the dignity of a striking comic creation. We did not talk in those days about books very much, but we discovered a common interest in amateur magic. We kept up with the literature of the subject—I find that Ed had collected a considerable library, which was almost exclusively technical, whereas mine ran considerably more to historical and biographical material. We frequented magicians' supply stores and exchanged secrets of sleight of hand. At one point Ed had acquired a new method of performing "the pass"—which "Professor Hoffmann," that curious Victorian broker who became the pioneer in English of literate writing on magic, has described as "the very backbone of card-conjuring"—that was smoother than the old-fashioned method but which I was never able to master. The same qualities that made Ed a raconteur who could hold the attention of any company and keep them continually laughing made him an expert at what the magicians call "presentation," which involves a similar kind of semi-hypnotic skill.

It was only after I had gradually got to know him that we talked about literature and religion. In the meantime, I had been rather astonished by the success of his second novel, *The Last Hurrah*, which was not only so much more successful commercially than *The Oracle* had been, but was also quite three-dimensional as the earlier book was not. Ed O'Connor became not only rich but a writer to be specially noted—though his financial success was

at once so conspicuous that the reviewers, in this case and in the cases of his subsequent novels, were unwilling to acknowledge this. What with a prize, a movie contract, and a large advance from his publisher, *The Last Hurrah* had made many thousand dollars before a word of it had been printed; and, with the exception of the unsatisfactory interludes of the diabolic fairy tale *Benjy* and the adapted play *I Was Dancing*, his later books were also best sellers. These, *The Edge of Sadness* and *All in the Family*, were occupied, like *The Last Hurrah*, with the Irish Catholic world of Boston, which had never before been exploited with this seriousness, intelligence, and intimate knowledge. *The Last Hurrah* had dealt with the old-fashioned Irish political boss, frankly corrupt and feudally benevolent; *The Edge of Sadness* dealt with the priesthood and, in one of its most effective scenes, pitted the sophisticated and snobbish Boston priest against the sincere ascetic who has chosen a self-mortifying devotion to an illiterate and discouraging parish; his last novel, *All in the Family*, represents the Kennedy generation, which stands somewhere between the old Irish world of Boston and the new world of cocktails and enlightenment. In all this, there is no attempt whatever to fall into the once accepted clichés and represent the Irish Americans as lovable or humorously happy-go-lucky or, except in a satiric fashion, to touch the chords of "Mother Machree." O'Connor gives us rather the brutal and quarrelsome and histrionic sides of the Irish, and his attitude toward them, though friendly, is sometimes extremely acid. He specialized in hypocritical, tyrannical, and completely self-centered old men—old Carmody in *The Edge of Sadness*, who exhibits a scene of contrition on what he pretends is his deathbed but repudiates it when he recovers—and vituperative and wrangling old women, such as the sister in *I Was Dancing*. He composed so many conversations in which the parties were slanging and scoring off one another that I was interested to hear him say, after his first visit to Ireland, that he could not stand the literary life of the pubs—Ed did not drink at all—on account of its malignant backbiting. I was amused by his relations with Mayor Curley, who had more or less inspired Frank Skeffington, the boss politician of *The Last Hurrah*. A Boston paper sent the book to Curley, inviting him to review it. Curley looked at it and wrote the editor that he was putting the matter in the hands of his lawyer. When, however, the author by chance met the mayor for the first time, the latter said, "What I liked best was where I say on my deathbed that if I had my life over, I'd do it all over again." It was *The Last Hurrah*, apparently, that stimulated Curley later to write an account of his life. He there confessed to misdeeds that profoundly shocked Ed: Ed could never have invented such unscrupulous wickedness as Curley's public support

of the Ku Klux Klan, let alone a public official who was shameless enough to tell about them.

Yet Ed's powers of invention were of the vital kind that not merely reports on a social group but produces imaginary personalities. Though, for example, he knew the Kennedys and was very much interested in watching their careers, the Kinsellas of *All in the Family* are something quite other than the Kennedys. But curiosity about the Kennedys gave rise for the book to a false publicity—which Ed did nothing to encourage—as a kind of *roman à clef*. Aside from the fact that the younger Kinsellas—the family in the novel—are of the Ivy League generation of Boston Irish, I cannot see that the dramatic situations to which their respective careers gave rise have much in common with the adventures of the Kennedys. They took place entirely in the imagined world which Edwin O'Connor had created. So I found out in talking to Ed that the ecumenical priest in the Kinsella family, who is always going away on missions to non-Catholic churches and of whom it is said that in his present phase he will hardly speak to a Catholic, is as much a comic invention as the manager of the Dublin hotel with his ironical glamorizing of Ireland and his curious unexpected laugh.

Ed was also a master of mimicry, in dramatizing his anecdotes in conversation as well as in making his creations talk. Certain of his friends and acquaintances became his favorite evocations, and he was able to imitate them so vividly that they almost became characters in his fiction. The two phonograph readings which he made from his novels—which are soon to be put on the market by CMS (Columbia)—show that in this capacity he might have qualified as a professional entertainer. He was very attentive to accents, and it is interesting on these records to hear the voices in which he imagined Skeffington and his other characters speaking. His one dramatic weakness, which he was trying to overcome, was his tendency to prolong conversations, making them loop around and around without satisfactorily progressing. This, I think, was his chief difficulty in writing plays, in which a dialogue must not go on too long and must take steps to arrive at some destination.

In the meantime, the effect on Ed of passing suddenly from the routine of radio to riches and reputation was to make him play a new role of humorous ostentation. I think, however, that he perhaps really reveled in his passing to this luxury from his old habitation. I remember his saying on one occasion that he had to go back to Boston in order "to be near the bank." He purchased a Mercedes, which he treasured with special solicitude, and he rented—at, I learn, however, a very low rate, since the owner was an enthusiastic admirer—a magnificent residence on Chestnut Street, the property of a rich Boston art-lover who had

furnished it with Renaissance Italian furniture and other foreign rarities in the taste of Isabella Gardner's museum in Boston. There was a sedan chair in the hall, and I told him that I supposed he used it to be carried up to the State House every day—an idea which he at once accepted. This establishment reminded me of a story that a friend of mine had told me of having once had dinner in Boston at the house of "Honey Fitz," a prominent local politician. There had been footmen who waited on table in knee breeches and silk stockings. Fitzgerald called one of them over for the benefit of the guest. "See," he said, pinching the footman's calf, "Two pairs." "Why two pairs?" "He's a hairy son of a bitch!"

Ed enjoyed playing some such roles, and I never could be sure, when I visited him, that we were not in one of his novels. He developed a slight impatience of a kind characteristic of the rich with the tiresome, the incompetent, and the unreliable. He later moved into and actually purchased an even more monstrous mansion on Marlborough Street just off Arlington which he said the former owner had built with the ambition of being the possessor of the biggest private house in Boston. When we first went to dinner there, Ed said as he showed us in, referring to the mansion itself, "We have to go through this gatehouse first." It was a little too large for comfort. The rooms were too spacious to talk across, and one would have to group in isolated pairs that were out of communication with one another. Along the wall, beneath the high ceilings, were empty niches that should have had busts in them. It proved, however, to be too much for the O'Connors to keep up, and Ed eventually sold it at a profit.

This was not the literary life as the New York intellectuals understood it. Ed's two later novels were also best sellers, and a literary intellectual objects to nothing so much as a best-selling book that also possesses real merit. Only Irish Catholic readers, who recognized, as one of them told me, all their "old uncles and aunts" in these books, seem fully to have appreciated them, and, except for Professor John Kelleher, no one, so far as I know, wrote anything intelligent about them. Yet *The Edge of Sadness* and *All in the Family* went much deeper than *The Last Hurrah*. They are only incidentally humorous. In the first of these, the dreariness, the blankness of the priest's lonely Christmas in his decaying parish represents the ordeal and the unrewarded triumph of Father Kennedy's religious vocation. I was unaware until Ed told me that Father Kennedy's dedication to this unattractive and alien neighborhood, inhabited mostly by Syrians, Greeks, Italians, "a few Chinese," and "the advance guard of Puerto Ricans," and his boring and ridiculous Polish curate, who is given, however, his moments of dignity, represent an attempt on the part of the author to encourage the

Catholic Church in Boston to work beyond the somewhat exclusive limits which the Irish had tended to impose on it. In his next novel, *All in the Family*, he is evidently trying to deal, in a firm although underground way, with the sexual Puritanism of Irish Catholicism. The unexplained suicide of the narrator's mother is echoed and balanced later on by the unfaithfulness and flight of his wife—which, however, since times are changing, does not turn out to be equally serious, for the couple are later reunited. At the time of Ed's death, he had begun a new novel about an eighty-year-old cardinal—the inevitable O'Connor old man—who knows that he is doomed to die of cancer. At his age and trained in the traditional ways, he cannot understand what at the present time is going on in the Catholic Church, and Mr. Kelleher tells us that he was to be confronted with a variety of Catholic types who would give voice to a variety of points of view.

At some point, when I was spending my winters in Cambridge, Ed and I decided to compose together, contributing alternate chapters, a novel about a magician named Baldini. The results of this kind of collaboration may turn out to be very curious. In 1907, at William Dean Howells' suggestion, the editor of *Harper's Bazaar* published a serial called *The Whole Family*, of which each chapter, supposed to be written by a different member of the family, was contributed by a different American novelist. "The Married Son," who is an artist and hopes to study in France, was assigned to Henry James, who developed it with his usual patience, and scrupulously prepared a confrontation which was to lead up to the chapter that was to follow; but it evidently did not occur to him that there would be nobody, according to the scheme of the story, to report, except at second hand, what happened in this private interview on a bench in Central Park, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, a writer of religious novels, who was to do "The Married Daughter" chapter, disregarded this proffered cue, and went on with no reference to what had gone before to rather a vulgar un-Jamesian monologue. So, in writing alternate chapters with Ed, I very soon ran into difficulties. He would not always accept my cues or my methods, and I found my narrative blocked. I suspected that this was deliberate, and that we were playing a game of chess, and this suspicion has been corroborated by Mrs. O'Connor's telling me that, in sending back Chapter Four, Ed had said to her with satisfaction, "Well, I guess I've got him now." One of our principal points of divergence was that I wanted to keep the conjuring within the limits of the possible whereas Ed did not hesitate to make it fantastic. The trick, for example, of the chosen card that appears between two plates of glass is something every conjuror knows, but it was plausible that Baldini at that time should not yet know that it

had been found to be possible to set the trick off through an electronic device by simply raising one's voice at a distance from the frame. Then the elephant: it was true that Houdini had been able to make an elephant disappear on the ample Hippodrome stage, which had room for a very large cabinet in which the vanishing elephant could be concealed. But Ed wanted to have Baldini perform the trick out of doors in the Yankee Stadium "beneath the folds of crimson and gold" of an all-enfolding wrap, as is possible with the levitated girl who, covered with a similar blanket, has been floated out over the audience and then, when the blanket has been snatched away, is seen to have disappeared. I had to accept this, although I could not imagine the practical means by which the feat could be accomplished. Another thing that annoyed me, though I had to accept it too, was the appearance of Derek Marchmont. I had invented him merely in order to introduce his complaint, on the grounds of good taste, of the practice of an American magician of producing a borrowed pearl necklace from his mouth, which I had seen in the London Letter of the magicians' magazine *The Sphinx*. I had not been prepared to have Ed bring him back in the role of an important character. We thus very soon reached an impasse, and, having then other things to do, I dropped *Baldini* for two years or so. I was planning, however, to revive it, not wanting to be outwitted by Ed, and, not very long before his death, had got the manuscript out to study it. I shall not discuss my further plans for it till I have presented the unfinished fragment itself.

COLLABORATION

CHAPTER I (E.W.)

Jack Baldini was baffled.

He had seen the trick a hundred times: the chosen card with the corner torn off that suddenly appeared in the frame between the two panes of glass. But in Esmeralda's apartment there was no confederate to set it off, at least none that Baldini could see, nor could he detect any threads. She had simply taken the frame from a shelf and set it up on the table.

"A camera timer?" he asked.

"Guess again." She let him wonder a moment. "No: a new electronics job. Cute? All I have to do is raise my voice. Or a pistol shot if you want that old gag."

Without giving him a chance to examine it, she put the apparatus away.

"That's one I hadn't heard about," he was forced to admit. "It might open up huge horizons."

"It's not on the market," she said, pouring him

another drink from the cloisonné cocktail shaker.

She offered him a stuffed date.

"Do they go with absinthe?"

"I love them."

He stood up, with the date in his fingers, and looked about her curious living room. He was embarrassed at her scoring off him with the new electronics trick.

"You've got some nice items here."

There were photographs of Adelaide Hermann and other woman magicians, besides several of Esmeralda—Esmeralda the Great, as she called herself—one showing her in the toreador costume in which she always opened her show. To the accompaniment of fiery music, she would maneuver with a bullfighter's cape and produce from it a bouquet of silk flowers, a pair of red rubber lobsters, a bowl of goldfish, a birdcage with a plastic parakeet, and finally a pretty Spanish dancer, who carried on with the castanets while Esmeralda changed to something more feminine: a simple green evening gown, which seemed to offer no place of concealment for the properties that magicians call "loads."

One picture Jack Baldini did not like to see: a signed photograph of handsome Derek Marchmont, the distinguished English magician, in his flight commander's uniform embellished with decorations. He had a BBC voice and accent which Baldini could not abide, and at the time when he had contributed a London column to an American magicians' magazine, he had complained of the bad taste of an American performer who had borrowed a lady's necklace, pretended to spill the pearls into an omelet, tasted a morsel of the omelet, and then produced the necklace intact from his mouth. He had now returned to London after a highly successful visit to the States, during which he had appeared with Danny Kaye; but there had been a good deal of talk about him and Esmeralda, and now Baldini thought he noticed a distinct veneer of BBC overlaying Esmeralda's Middle Western accent. And her father was a circus man! He found the stuffed date rather sickening.

"But that's gimmicks, that electronic card-frame!" He turned abruptly and addressed her with a loud authority. "*You* don't need gimmicks, Mamie! There's nobody that doesn't need gimmicks like you. Won't you show me that dice routine, darling, that everybody raves about. I've only heard about it—I've never seen you do it."

"Oh, that silly old routine," she replied. "You really want to see it?"

"I'm crazy to."

She left the room. Jack resented as unbecoming what he felt was a false note of modesty that she had learned no doubt from the gentlemanly Marchmont.

He studied, where it stood in a corner, made uncannily by a mask-shaded light, a replica of the

Iron Maiden of Nuremberg, which he had never seen her use on the stage and which seemed to him a little more sinister than anything he would care to use himself.

She came back with two very large dice boxes, from which she scattered on the table large dice. Then with brusque and rapid gestures, as if with impatience, she shuffled them about on the table with the dice boxes held bottom up. He admired her long expert fingers. She seemed to be shoving the dice off the table, but when one looked at the carpet, they were not there, and then, when she lifted up the boxes, they would be seen to be piled up neatly in stacks as if they were children's blocks. Later on, they all seemed to coagulate to produce two larger dice, and then these coalesced in one giant. This was a magician's trick, which required enormous skill but—since it could not be watched on a stage—was quite useless for public performance.

"Mamie, you're out of this world!" exclaimed Jack. He took a sip of his absinthe cocktail in its queerly calyxed green glass goblet. He thought he knew where the dice had gone, but he refrained from scrutinizing her bodice, whose content so invited admiration. Or *did* he know? He usually could see what his masculine confrères were up to. But did she hypnotize him, or was it the absinthe that left him somewhat puzzled and dazed? He found that he was suddenly shy about bringing up the business he had come to discuss. He had to pluck up his courage. She was a master magician undoubtedly, but then, after all, so was he. They both stood at the top of their profession, and there had come to be between them a certain rivalry. But why should they not join their forces? Why not do a show together? The element of the dramatic and the picturesque was something they had always had in common. Their shows were both brilliant masquerades. Not only did Esmeralda open with her toreador "production" act, she appeared again in Spanish costume at the end of the first half of the show and sang a flamenco which ended with a flight of tumbler pigeons (instead of the conventional doves) released from a small casket, which, as she sang, contained her true love's heart; and then later, yet again, as a Castilian beauty, when she would "vanish," in magic parlance, a lover whom she had hidden behind a screen simultaneously with a frantic husband who had rushed behind the screen to kill him; a shot was heard, and then the screen was folded up and removed—both the men had disappeared. As for Jack, he did impersonations, and, as was recognized, delightful ones: an Italian, a Chinaman, an Austrian, all imitated from foreign magicians—his bald head made wig-wearing easy; and in one of his "illusions" he sprang into a chest as a hunted Sicilian gangster, and then when the chest was shown empty, he suddenly appeared in a box,

wearing kilts and a Harry Lauder cap and shouting, "Hoots, Jack Baldini, laddie, 'tis a bonnie braw act ye gie us!" and vaulted down onto the stage, to be met by tremendous applause.

And Esmeralda had long exercised on Jack a queer kind of fascination; he had seen her show again and again. Though they had always been on friendly terms, she had held him off, he felt, as a male competitor, and he wanted to know her better. After years of cute little assistants, who had been chosen for their appearance in short skirts, high heels, and bras as well as for some modest competence as contortionists or acrobats which qualified them to turn cartwheels at the end of an act and to compress themselves into narrow spaces for the girl who is sawed in two or the girl in the wicker basket which is run through and through with swords, he felt that he could love such a woman. Did he love her already? He hardly dared ask. With her rich and abundant black hair, her long artificial lashes, her full figure, and her mesmeric gaze, which made "false direction" so easy that, for her fellow magicians, no matter how persuasive, it almost appeared to be cheating, she seemed sometimes a real enchantress who possessed some power other than that of trickery when she would cause a great iridescent ball to float out over the heads of the audience, or produce at command from an aluminum shaker which had previously been shown to be empty innumerable kinds of drinks. One did know how these tricks were done, but there were others of which she had never told the secret and which none of her fellow magicians could do. Jack had realized, since looking at that photograph of the so much admired Marchmont, that he could not introduce into his own show a burlesque of a British magician.

But he now decided to take the leap. "Mamie," he began, "you and I have the only shows in magic now that are really imaginative works of art, the only shows with real personality—"

She forestalled him before he had finished: "I'm glad you came in tonight, Jack. I've been toying with the notion of a project that I think you might possibly be interested in. Since Derek's gone back to England, I don't know anybody else I could trust."

"What is it?"

She looked at the grandfather's clock which was one of the guaranteed American antiques that contrasted so oddly with her more exotic furnishings.

"There isn't time for it now, I'm afraid. I'll have to dash out in a minute. I've got to be in a benefit tonight, and I've got to get to the goddam hall to check on my props and things."

Since it was Sunday, he had hoped to have dinner with her.

"What benefit?"

"The crippled glassblowers."

This was puzzling, but he did not inquire.

"Can't you give me some idea what you have in mind?"

"I'd rather talk about it when we've got more time. Come around after the show on Thursday."

"I've had an idea, too. A kind of a dramatic show that we might do together—"

"You won't need your accents and false mustaches for the act that I'm thinking about."

He felt a little hurt.

"My public are used to seeing me in character—"

"After a minute or two, you won't be seen at all," she said. She grinned in the friendly way that always made her audiences feel that the sorceress was one of themselves, the women that she was one of the girls, the men that they could take her out.

She struck a Javanese bell with her palm, and the girl who played the Spanish dancer came in, without looking at Jack.

"Get the floating globe ready." And to Jack: "Have you seen my new one? I've got the whole geography of the world on it. It lights up from inside and looks lovely. When it's hanging in the middle of the house, it explodes and scares them crazy. It's a poor night when we don't get some screams. I can't do all that, though, this evening. —Well, good-bye now. See you Thursday."

She held out her sharp-nailed hand. "Not so practical for card work," he thought. "Except of course for marking the backs."

CHAPTER II (E.O.C.)

Baldini lived in a small apartment on the West Side, an apartment so small that, had it not been for the magician's cunning, it would have seemed barely habitable. Thanks, however, to a most ingenious arrangement of mirrors, the place looked easily seven times its size, and the casual visitor, entering Baldini's tiny—nine by twelve—drawing room for the first time, received instantly the impression of limitless space.

For three days following his Sunday meeting with Esmeralda, Baldini remained in his apartment. There was work to do; he did not do it. More than a month before, he had agreed to perform his wonders at a children's party, to be given by the irascible soda-crackers monopolist, Shepherd O'Brien. Moreover, in a moment of weakness, he had agreed to perform his most celebrated illusion—The Vanishing Elephant. The party was to have been on Monday. Monday came, the children gathered, the air rang with shrill voices and the munching of a million soda crackers, but—Baldini was not there.

He had stayed at home. For the first time in his professional career, the conjurer had failed to fulfill an engagement. For a time he attempted to justify his behavior to himself by complaining of the lack of props. Elephants, he reminded himself, were in notoriously short supply these days; then too, once

secured, they were apt to be something of a nuisance offstage. Expensive, too; Baldini was not cheap, but the thought of his bills for hay alone sometimes made him shudder.

Still, the trick was a great one. The effect of a mature elephant, vanishing at a word from beneath the folds of crimson and gold with which the magician had draped it—this was something to behold! Baldini knew this, it was the trick of which he was most proud; it was the trick which, above all others, had gained him his enviable reputation—and yet, it was a trick for which he now felt something very close to hatred! For it was this trick—this same superb illusion—which had once made him a figure of fun in the eyes of Esmeralda.

It had happened nearly a year ago now. He had promised to perform the feat for her alone; he had chosen as his site a deserted corner beneath the center-field bleachers at Yankee Stadium. He had performed as never before; even the fact that Esmeralda had appeared accompanied by Derek Marchmont had failed to dim the luster of his performance. The silken folds swiftly and silently cloaked Randy, the double-tusked behemoth, and then, at the single peremptory magical word "*Neh-ru!*", the silk was whisked away, and the great beast was gone!

Esmeralda's eyes had shone, her lovely, luscious body had quivered with an admiration which was close to passion, it was a moment for which Jack Baldini had hoped for years. But alas, it was a moment which was destined to be spoiled. For Derek Marchmont, consumed with envy, nevertheless had leaned negligently on his whangee, and said, in a drawling voice, "Good show, Sabu!"

SABU! With the utterance of the dreadful word, so humiliating in its implications, a change had come over Esmeralda's face. On her full lips suddenly appeared the slightest of smiles, a mocking light came into her eyes, and Baldini, with sinking heart, knew that he was forever to be joined in unlovely combine with a dwarfish, nut-brown mahout.

From that awful day, he had eliminated the Elephant Vanish from his repertoire. It had made a difference, even to an illusionist of Baldini's astonishing versatility; the old proverb "To lose an elephant is to make a hole" has seldom found truer illustration. Yet such was the measure of his skill that he had been able to survive the calamity; his gifts for mimicry and disguise had stood him in good stead. Joining them to his magnificent technical abilities, he had remained at the top of his profession, and only Baldini himself knew how bitterly he mourned the loss of his *pièce de résistance*, and how eagerly, how passionately, he had planned for some trick, a great trick, a Baldini trick: a trick worthy of succeeding its splendid predecessor.

And now, at last, he had found it! A trick so

astounding, so ingenious, so unduplicable that, once performed, it would be his forever. His—and Esmeralda's. For in the performance of this simple yet extravagant illusion he would require a confederate. And no ordinary confederate—in a word, no “stooge”—would do. No, here he needed someone who commanded a powerful stage presence, who was at home in the great, rather than the routine, feats of magic, and who was, above all else, a woman.

Esmeralda, of course, who else? No one; among the prestidigitators of her sex, it was Esmeralda who stood paramount. He was eager to confide in her, to tell her at once every last detail of his scheme for their joint future, yet here he was, alone in his apartment, forced to wait until the appointed Thursday. It was a necessity which left him impatient, even mildly angry; with a frown, he filled his sword stick with absinthe, and slowly began to drink from it. Glasses, goblets, and tumblers were all very well in their way, but when it came to serious drinking, Baldini had always felt there was nothing like a sword stick.

After about a half hour of steady drinking, Baldini rose from his chair and began to perform. Drink, he knew, had a retarding effect on other magicians; on him, however, its only effect was to sharpen his wits. Watching himself covertly in the multiple mirrors in which his apartment abounded, it seemed to Baldini that he had never been more brilliant. Cards poured from his hands in bewildering profusion, often in midair apparently changing in color and size; a live rabbit was produced, not from a hat, but from an object no larger than a tennis ball; then, turning to his genius for impersonation, he mimicked the great Chinese magician, Long Tack San, in his most renowned trick: placing a bowl of water in his hands, he completed a somersault in the air, emerging with the bowl still full and, moreover, three goldfish swimming about. Baldini, as he did this trick, became completely submerged in the character of the agile Chinese; rather short and portly himself, he seemed to gain at least a foot in height, and his eyes acquired a peculiar slant; most astonishing of all was the fact that, although he was bald as an egg, he now, without recourse to a wig of any sort, seemed possessed of a full head of lank black hair!

He rounded out his performance by doing a short but debasing imitation of Derek Marchmont. He did a series of easy, almost childish simple tricks, and did them clumsily. As he performed, he talked. In the beginning, Derek's BBC accent was faithfully duplicated; then, as cards slipped from his fingers, as props fell to the floor, as effect after effect of the supercilious Britisher failed to come off, Baldini altered his voice so that eventually it became a revolting, supplicating cockney whine.

“Lor' lumme, Guv'nor!” wheedled the pseudo

Marchmont. “I ain't 'arf bad todye, I ain't! 'Arf a mo' wile I give it anuvver try!”

This pleased Baldini; as the sword stick tilted once more to his lips, he smiled thinly and thought of the possibility of actually reducing his rival to such abjection. Perhaps when he and Esmeralda had presented their act he could somehow bring this to pass.

Meanwhile, on Thursday, there was Esmeralda. He would, at that time, inform her of his plans. And it was only now, for the first time, that he recalled her saying that *she* had some plans! Plans that apparently included both of them, plans that might very well parallel his own. For she had spoken, in a casual way, of the possibility of their appearing together: this was all to the good. What was *not* all to the good was the suggestion that in this act Baldini would be both silent and invisible. It was not quite what he had in mind for himself; shrewd showman that he was, he felt instinctively that if he could neither be seen nor heard, his role might perhaps be a subordinate one.

Was this, in fact, what Esmeralda really wanted? Could this be? Was it perhaps conceivable that the whole proposal had been cunningly inspired by the distant Marchmont? Baldini frowned and went once more to his sword stick. He simply did not know; he would have to wait until Thursday to find out.

CHAPTER III (E.W.)

“You were terrific, darling,” said Jack, when he found Esmeralda in her dressing room after her show on Thursday night. “What gets me is that you didn't just clip those pigeons so they wouldn't get away. You taught them that circus routine so that they fly around the house and then come and perch on your shoulders.”

“Oh. I hoped you'd miss that silly production act. Production is such a bore. I've put in some gags to make it even sillier so people will begin to laugh: the sausages and the cabbages and the lobsters. I've been playing with the idea of a chamber pot. Let it slop out and then pretend to empty it on the audience.” She made a brusque gesture of flinging the contents.

“I don't like it. I'd cut all that out. It's beneath the dignity of a show like yours. Just build up the pigeons and the dancer. Maybe a big silk with a bull's head. That thing that you wave around suddenly turns out to have a bull on it.”

“I'd like to have a real bull, but they're not so easy to handle as elephants.”

He was silent a moment. Was this a sneer?

“Have a bull with a man inside, if you really want to be that comic. Then Irena could dance with the bull.”

“Irena isn't a comic. She wants to be taken as a

serious artist. I wanted her to skip rope with the sausages, and it made her furious."

"What about your floating ball? It didn't explode tonight."

"I haven't got it rigged right yet, and I didn't want to spoil the act."

"Sardi's restaurant," said Baldini to the taxi driver.

"Let's go where we can be more private." She gave the man another address.

It was a dark little restaurant in the West Fifties where Jack had never been before. She led him to a corner table.

"Let me hear *your* idea first," he said, when they had ordered spiced beef sandwiches and Pernods.

She demurred for a moment, reflected. "If you've got something to say, say it now."

He needed the support of the Pernod, and he drank it all down in two draughts.

"It's this idea I've had for a show. Now, you're the biggest woman magician that the world has seen since Adelaide Hermann."

"She wasn't so hot," said Esmeralda, chewing a bite from the sandwich. "She just used Hermann's old illusions after his death."

"All right then—there never was a woman magician who was in the same class as you—and very few men, I may add." As she stared at him, not recognizing a compliment, he was sorry he had added this. "Well, there've never in the history of magic been two topflight magicians who worked together—a man and woman would make it sensational. I've been thinking that you and I could put on a show that would mark a new summit in magic."

He paused. She was attentive, perhaps interested.

"Of course, you'd have some wonderful ideas, and I've got a few myself. Here's my conception of the second half. The Queen of Sheba comes to see Solomon. She comes in on a richly caparisoned elephant with a bodyguard in beautiful costumes and ladies of the court and all that. Solomon bows low and greets her in a guttural ancient Hebrew accent—he speaks like old Schildkraut when he was playing in English. Long handsome beard and scepter and a huge high crown on his head. She smiles at him graciously and proudly dismounts. Solomon flourishes his scepter, and the elephant disappears. My old gag, but it'll do to start with," he added in a deprecatory tone. "Waiter, two more of these. —Well, Solomon and Sheba are both magicians, and they vie with one another giving presents and performing miracles. He gives her a big bowl of goldfish—we'd have to have it made a special shape so it wouldn't look too much like a party for the kiddies—and she whips out a purple silk shawl with the Star of David on it. He comes back with an ostrich-feather headdress, and she counters with a couple of dwarfs that play leapfrog and turn hand-springs. He lets fly with the tumbler pigeons that

go to perch on her shoulders. Then Solomon claps his hands, and a banquet appears from nowhere—the attendants all have flowing robes. Sheba takes a jug from one of her maidens and asks Solomon what he'll have to drink: white wine or red wine or mead or myrrh or whatever they drank in those days. He says he'll have a highball—that brings a laugh—and she pours out a mahogany-colored number. She says she always starts with Pernod, and she pours out something cloudy. Then comes the Sauterne and Burgundy and she asks the majordomo what he'll have. He says a Bloody Mary. Solomon raises his eyebrows. 'You must have been out with the Golden Calf,' he says. Then what will her chief lady-in-waiting have? 'A very dry martini, please, Your Highness.' 'Olive or onion?' she asks. 'She was out last night, too,' she says to Solomon, 'but Charmian's a girl who can take it.' Of course we'll do better than this—I'm just improvising at the moment. While they're dining, the dancing girls dance—that gives Irena a chance for her act—and when the banquet is over, the majordomo pulls the cloth away from under the things on the table and begins to juggle with the cups and plates. I've got a topnotch juggler, and he can sail plates out over the audience. What happens at the end we'd have to decide. I've got one new stunt that I'd like to have you see."

She had listened without interrupting, smoking her cigarette. Yet he felt that he had not succeeded in communicating to her his own enthusiasm. But now she said, "Maybe I've got it," looking down and flicking the ash.

He was taken aback for a moment: his heart had been set on the trick on which he had been working so passionately; but after all they might use them both.

"What do you have in mind?" he asked.

"Well, you know the old challenging problem that nobody has ever solved: how to make a man disappear, without any drops or traps, in full view of the audience?"

"It could be done with mirrors but hard to manage."

"Mirrors are out," she said. "How do you get him behind them without having something to hide it, and then, anything that's near enough is going to be reflected in the mirrors."

"My juggler might distract attention."

"I think I've got the solution."

"She vanishes the majordomo." He was fitting it into the spectacle.

"I need a good magician. It would have to be you."

"And then Solomon appears in a box, and he makes a majestic bow like Chaliapin in *Boris Godunov*." Demonstrating, he bowed from the waist and, trailing his right arm, saluted from the level of his cheek.

She did not comment.

"Well, what's the gimmick?" He gave her the smile of a man of the world.

"I haven't got it all worked out yet. It's a little bit tricky—I've been getting into things that you can't always depend on for a public performance. Let's talk about it later."

"But you think that our show's a good notion?"

"Let's think about it. I'll call you up."

"Well, let me tell you the idea *I've* been working on."

"I've got to get home," she said. "Irena's got some kind of bug, and I sent her home to bed after the opening act. You tell me about it next time."

He concealed his disappointment and paid the check.

"Why the glassblowers?" he asked as they were going out.

"That benefit? Oh, I'm crazy about them. It fascinates me to see them do it: making vases and goblets and things. And I like to see them swell and swell and then go off."

"The glass, you mean?"

"Yes, they blow those big glass bubbles, and if they keep on blowing, the bubble explodes. I used to know a professional glassblower, and I used to make him do it for me."

"He was the only man you ever loved," said Baldini in a tone of banter.

"I had a passion for him," she said, "while he lasted. It makes some people nervous to watch it," she laughed. "And if the pieces fall on you, they burn—it's molten."

Baldini was silent.

"Don't take me home," she said.

"Of course I'll take you home." — "We might have that in the show," he said as they were sitting in the taxi. "It's another of Sheba's entertainments. There's your perfect distraction. The glassblower makes vases for Solomon, and then when one explodes, he vanishes."

"I'm working on it, but you have to have a furnace and a lot of apparatus."

She smiled warmly when he dropped her at her door, with a caress of her velvet eyes.

"I'll hear from you? I can get the backing."

It was too early to kiss her, he thought.

Ah, what a queen she would make, riding in on his well-trained elephant!

CHAPTER IV (E.O.C.)

There followed two weeks in which Baldini did not see Esmeralda. He talked to her once over the telephone; she had called him to cancel a dinner date.

It was during this call she had announced, disquietingly, that she had had second thoughts about "Solomon and Sheba"; she was now against it. Furious, he had asked why.

"Physically, Sheba's not right for me," she said. "With that long nose and everything."

As patiently as he could, he explained to her that she was thinking not of Sheba, but of Cleopatra.

"Oh, well," she said negligently, "what's the difference?"

It was a maddening question. Baldini was not an intellectual snob, but he had majored in history at Long Island University. Only the fact of Esmeralda's beauty saved her from a cutting and well-merited rebuke.

And yet he was not as upset about this as he would have been a week ago. The simple truth was that the "Solomon and Sheba" routine had begun to seem less attractive to him, considerably less attractive. He was unwilling, as he grew older, to work his old Elephant Vanish. Not merely because Derek Marchmont had once poked fun at this feat; not merely because there was some slight element of danger to his person; but more because with age his skill increased, and he had now reached the point where he feared that one day he would perform so skillfully that the elephant would indeed vanish in fact, instead of simply *appearing* to do so. And if *this* should happen—if, thanks to his magic, the elephant *really* disappeared and could not be returned—it would mean that he would lose a fresh elephant with every performance! Baldini was not without private means, but he was reasonably certain that such an expense would soon prove burdensome.

He went back, now, to some of his old tricks that he had experimented with years ago, but had abandoned. Levitation in particular captured his attention once again. He envisioned Esmeralda, placed in a handsome mother-of-pearl sarcophagus, drifting slowly over the heads of the audience—could this be done? He thought it could, and if so, it would be a far more effective trick than her own proposed feat of vanishing a man or woman without the use of drops or drapes. Indeed, as a showman, he had a certain contempt for this trick; privately he thought it good enough for a woman magician, but not quite up to the standard he had established for himself.

He called Esmeralda at the end of two weeks.

"Mamie: tomorrow at eight?"

She had agreed—it seemed to him reluctantly.

"Is it terribly important?" she said. "I'm really not in very good shape."

"Your shape always looks good to me," he sniggered. As soon as he said this, he knew he had done it again. It was his weakness: the coarse streak which occasionally cracked through his otherwise impeccable veneer. He suspected that in the past it had cost him employment at several children's parties.

"Good-night," she said icily. Though of Hungarian birth, she was always the perfect lady.

The following evening, Baldini took a taxi to Esmeralda's apartment house. As usual, he proposed to the driver that they toss for the fare: double or nothing; as usual, the driver accepted; as usual, thanks to his manipulative skill, Baldini paid nothing. It was a way he had of cutting down expenses.

He went up to her apartment quickly, and a little nervously. Would she be angry still, following his coarseness of the evening before? He hoped not, but if she were, he was confident that what he had to tell her would melt her wrath.

To his surprise, he heard voices, laughter through her door. He pushed the buzzer; there was a silence, then the sound of scuffling; then, finally, the door opened, and there stood Esmeralda, her eyes shining, a glass in her hand.

"Why, Jack!" she said. "That's right, you were coming tonight, weren't you?"

He nodded; he did not trust himself to speak.

"Well, come in, come in," she cried. Possibly because she was a European, she added, "*Entrez!*" Her hand shot out in a beckoning gesture; from her fingers seemed to flow a succession of gay, multicolored silk flags.

What a ham, thought Baldini morosely: always on stage. And with those lousy, childish tricks! But he went in, and as he crossed the threshold, he stopped short. For there, lounging negligently on the long expensive couch that he—Baldini—had given Esmeralda for her birthday, was Derek Marchmont!

"Hello, Goldoni," he drawled. "Long time no see!"

Goldoni! It was the last straw! Baldini boiled with rage; he wanted more than anything else in the world to reach out, grab this insolent British mountebank, and beat him into insensibility. Unfortunately, he could not do this. His innate good manners forbade it; also the knowledge that he would receive a severe trouncing.

He stood there, seething quietly. Marchmont rose languidly from the couch, unexpectedly performed a front somersault, and came up smiling and bearing in his hands a small fishbowl, filled to the brim, and with a single goldfish swimming around in it.

"My compliments," he said mockingly, handing the bowl to Baldini. "Think of it as a tranquilizer, old man; it will help you while you seethe."

"Now, now, boys," said Esmeralda prettily. "Let's all be friends and have a party. After all, Jack, Derek's just flown over from England. He's only been here a few days."

"I didn't expect to be here at all, actually," drawled Marchmont. "But duty called: I had to give a command performance at the glassblowers' benefit."

Baldini stared at Esmeralda. "The glassblowers' benefit? But that's the one *you* were—"

She cut in smoothly; too smoothly, he thought.

"Imagine my surprise," she said, "to find Derek on the bill with me. And all the time I thought he was in England!"

"England couldn't contain me, dear lady," said Derek, with a flourish, "as long as you and the glassblowers were here!"

If it weren't for my rage, thought Baldini, I would be nauseated. Fighting a desire to drown them both in a cascade of vituperation, he said, as calmly as he could, "I see. You performed together, then?"

"Quite," said Marchmont. "And brilliantly, may I add. Not a rehearsal, everything improvised, yet it all went like clockwork. Even Esmeralda's pigeons seemed to take to me; it was as if we'd worked together for years!"

"Yes, it was lovely," Esmeralda said, and Baldini noticed that a glow came into her eyes as she said this. He felt like running her through with his sword stick. Continuing, she said animatedly, "In fact, Jack, Derek and I have something to tell you!"

"I wonder if you can guess what it is?" asked Marchmont nastily. "Eh, Goldoni? You should be able to, you know: a man with your professional background. Didn't you once do a mind-reading act? Extrasensory perception and all that sort of thing? Well, think hard, old man, and see if the Master Mentalist can't put two and two together and come up with four. Look here, I'll even give you a clue!"

And with just the trace of a sneer on his thin aristocratic lips, Marchmont began to juggle a series of thin golden bands, finger-size, in the air; at the same time he hummed nasally a tune which Baldini, after a moment or two, recognized as "The Wedding March." He stared, first at Marchmont, then at Esmeralda, with horrified eyes; thanks to his training as a Master Mentalist, he was beginning to glimpse just what the despised Marchmont was driving at.

"Get it, old man?" said Marchmont, smirking unpleasantly. "Not too subtle for you?"

"Oh, Derek, you're such a clown!" cried Esmeralda, giggling happily.

It was the first time Baldini had ever heard Esmeralda giggle; it struck him as a most unbecoming sound. It was the last sound he heard before slumping to the floor. Jack Baldini had fainted.

I must not finish the story along my own lines now that Ed cannot contribute his chapters; but I shall give a brief summary of what I intended.

My next chapter was to take place in a New York shop that dealt in magic supplies. Attached to it, as is often the case, is a workshop where "illusions" are manufactured. The craftsman who makes these and the proprietor of the shop are

discussing a rather curious order which Esmeralda has just put in. She has supplied certain specifications but has not explained what she wants to do, and the man who constructs apparatus is in some doubt as to how to proceed. It comes out in the course of the conversation that they do not quite like Esmeralda. At this moment, Esmeralda herself arrives to inspect what is being done. Baldini now also drops in. Esmeralda is not very cordial and does not talk about her project: but Baldini, who is mesmerized by her, is deferential toward her reticence, since it is customary for inventive magicians to keep their secrets at first from their colleagues. I do not know what Ed would have made of this, but my idea was to have it later suspected by Baldini when he is coming to rebel against Esmeralda's domination, that, in pretending to make him disappear in full sight of the audience, she is preparing to do something dangerous. He is put on his guard by the men in the shop, who are coming to have some inkling of the nature of the contemplated "illusion." What has happened is that Esmeralda has learned from the head glassblower, whose hobby is physics, how to vaporize in an instant on a limited scale. A flash and some smoke will be seen by the audience, and Baldini will have disappeared. Esmeralda, it turns out, is a fanatical manhater, on account of having been sent, as an orphan, to live with an uncle who raped her. The new destructive powers she has now acquired are prompting her to give vent to her lifelong antagonism by more and more extravagant feats. Could she not make the glassblowers themselves disappear? They are to open up the performance with a prelude for what is to come, by blowing up their glass bubbles till they burst with a bang. Why not vaporize Derek, too? He and Baldini are to be permitted to put on individual acts and to have their little applause before her own great feats of annihilation. Why not—her madness accelerates—turn the wonder-gun on men in the audience, too? She comes out in a sweat as she thinks of it. She tries to control herself, assure herself that the disappearance of Baldini alone may be accepted as a magician's secret, and his subsequent non-appearance be explained away as a retirement from the profession on account of illness. She has yielded to Baldini's desire for the Solomon and Sheba spectacle. She, as Sheba, will top Solomon's magic by making him vanish in a puff. She grimly enjoys this prospect. But Baldini, by the time of the performance, has been tipped off by the magical-supply men that Esmeralda is mad as a hatter. He has had her watched, and her diary has been read, and her lethal intentions have been discovered. Just before the Solomon and Sheba act, her gun has been confiscated. She is arrested and put under restraint just in time to avert the massacre. But the show must still go on. It is announced that Esmeralda is ill, and one of the girl assistants acts

as her understudy. Irena has had also to be restrained and has bitten a policeman's wrist. The performance ends successfully with the spectacular finale, which involves the girls doing cartwheels, the appearance of cobras from baskets, and the production of national banners, including both the Israeli and the Arab flags but not those of the Communist countries or Franco's Spain. Baldini in the costume of Solomon is the hero of this dazzling number and takes the bows at the end, with a speech of thanks in a heavy Yiddish accent. But Derek Marchmont has climbed up on the elephant, which has been made to reappear, and is waving the Union Jack.

MEMOIR II

At the time that Ed and I were discussing the revival of Baldini, I received the following letter accompanied by a glossy photograph of a very third-rate-looking dancer majestically posed in a lace mantilla:

January 24, 1967
(NEW STYLE)

My dear, dear Mr. Wilson,

I am writing to you on this occasion because I have only in the week just past received the most joyful news that you are proposing to lend your magnificent talent to a book about my son, otherwise perhaps known to you as "Jack Baldini." Surely you will sense at once with your keen eye that this is a genuine letter from an A-Number-One mother, for the accompanying photograph, taken only a *very few years ago*, is my darling son's favorite of me, which he always kept very close to his person in his boudoir.

I must tell you I took the occasion to write first to your friendly collaborator, Mr. Edwin O'Connor, that highly gifted man. He said I should immediately write to you because of the purpose of my entreaty. He said to me, he said, "Wilson is the money man, my dear lady; I deal only in ideas!"

Accordingly then, to you I write. Naturally a book provided by you for the markets of the world, about such a son of such a mother, can be expected to realize much in the way of valuable moneys. Although I am of course an *artiste* and under most circumstances cannot trouble my pretty head with such bagatelles, just for fun, for a singing lark, as you Americans sometimes express it, I think I would like to ask you for a small part of those moneys. A novice in these crude affairs, I hardly know what next to say; perhaps "fifty per cent" would not be amiss?

My my, what a happy time we will have, all working together! I intend to spend most days of the spring and summer months very close to

you on that blessed spit of sand, Cape Cod. I will be in residence at the Hotel Holiday from Memory Day, May goth; I will be accompanied by a young Polish boy of nineteen whose spiritual counsel I now feel indispensable. It is sad I will not have the distinct pleasure of seeing Mr. O'Connor there, as he has courteously explained to me that frequent family deaths oblige him to journey to Japan for most of the coming year.

Good-bye for now, dear Mr. Wilson! How I look forward to receiving a missive in your own hand, addressed to me in care of my attorneys-at-law, Greenbaum, Wolf & Ernst, in the city of New York, N.Y. Such pleasant men they are, to be sure, but how harsh and unforgiving if a crafty person should attempt to deprive a deserving and quite beautiful woman of what is so rightfully hers.

With all my cordiality,
[Signature undecipherable]

This nonsense was not to be continued, and the break with all the other elements in one's friendly relations with Ed, the abrupt obliteration of his presence, his personality, was shocking to all who knew him. His death made a terrible vacancy in our little community at Wellfleet. As Mrs. Arthur Schlesinger has written, in an article in the *Boston Globe*, he had become a kind of center of our life on the beach, where he knocked off to read in the afternoon after doing his work in the morning. One always had with him entertaining conversations, and his sustained imaginative activity was backed by an impressive physique. He three times saved bathers from being swept away. I once saw him swim out and pull in a raft with two girls which was being carried off to sea. I was struck by the fact that many people on the shore who had stood around watching this had immediately disappeared when the raft had been safely brought in, without anyone's making any move to inquire about or offer anything to revive the two girls and Ed, who were lying on the sand exhausted. He scolded the girls for their recklessness, and the last time he rescued one of these greenhorns, he swore that he had "had it" as a lifeguard and would never rescue

anyone again. He had undergone, before his marriage, a serious operation, the removal of a part of his stomach, but he seemed to have recovered so completely that one forgot that his condition might still be precarious.

Since he has gone, I have been constantly reminded that Ed's death was a serious personal loss by from time to time catching myself still thinking, "I must tell Ed that," or, "I must ask Ed about this." I had by that time become interested in what was happening in the Catholic Church, and in talking to Ed about it, I found that he was capable of being just as sardonic about its ministrants as he was about anyone else. I believe that the explanation of his satirical children's fable *Benjy*—the story of a horrid little prig who makes trouble for everyone else—is that Ed was always on his guard about letting people be conscious of his virtuous habits because he realized how easy it would be for these to become obnoxious. He neither smoked nor drank; he was considerate and incorruptible. Though he never at all emphasized this and though he reacted very strongly to a badly performed Mass, he remained a practicing Catholic, and he was one of the few educated friends I have had who struck me as sincerely attempting to lead the life of a Christian. It was only when he died that one realized how much he had become in Boston a kind of public figure. His funeral was almost on the scale of that of a respected bishop or cardinal; and it was not merely his literary talents, his enlivening wit, his conspicuous commercial success, and his sympathetic capacity for fellowship with all classes and callings in the city that had made him such a popular personality but, together with all these attractive features, the reassuring sense that came through, from behind his satiric humor, of decency, reliability, and an unwillingness to take ignoble advantage of the failings and misfortunes of other people. In spite of the egoistic old men, the virulent old women of his novels, he never could have allowed Esmeralda to have become such a monster as I was projecting, and I believe that it was partly this divergence of temperaments that brought our Baldini to a standstill. □

Mr. Wilson's latest book is *The Revised Edition of the Dead Sea Scrolls* (Oxford), and he is currently at work on the second volume of his journals. Early next year, *The Best and the Last of Edwin O'Connor*, selections from his published and unpublished works, will be published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

THE OAKLAND 7

by Elinor Langer



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“I wonder what the prosecution would have made of the Boston Tea Party,” said one of the jurors who refused to convict seven young men accused of conspiracy in connection with Oakland’s “Stop the Draft Week.” Here is the story of that trial and a painstaking examination of the verdict it produced.

For nearly three months last winter and spring I sat in an obscure courtroom of the Alameda County, California, courthouse watching what seemed to me one of the most remarkable political trials ever held in America. I thought I was an old hand at political trials. I had attended the court-martial of Captain Howard Levy, the antiwar doctor tried at Fort Jackson for refusing to train Special Forces soldiers to practice medicine in Vietnam, and I had followed, from a distance, the trial of Dr. Spock and his colleagues in Boston; at one point I had been called as an expert, albeit insignificant, witness.

The Spock trial seemed to me to be a classical political trial, one which could have taken place in almost any century since the Magna Carta. The defendants and their attorneys were carved from a classic mold. If they were not part of the Establishment, they were linked to it by birth or association. They represented one class of participant in the antiwar movement and one phase of its history: they were the kind of middle-class intellectuals whose defection from the government’s policies had given the antiwar movement its respectability. The prosecutor used a traditional tool, the conspiracy laws, originally adopted as a weapon against organized crime but regularly used in times of stress against political offenders, from trade-union organizers to Communists. The defense also took a traditional approach, arguing that the acts of the defendants were fully protected by the Constitution, that they fell within the right to free expression guaranteed by the First Amendment. The character of the trial was much affected by the liberal climate of opinion, emanating from the Cambridge universities, which took the defendants under its wing. It created the aspect of a stately and principled concern for civil liberties. Everyone agreed that what was on trial was the First Amendment and the right to dissent.

The trial of the “Oakland Seven” was a different phenomenon altogether. The Seven were seven young radicals selected from a growing army of young people not so much disaffected by the gov-

ernment’s particular policies as opposed to the thrust and purpose of America’s political and social institutions. The climate in which they flourished was not the Cambridge of a professorial elite but a Berkeley accustomed to fighting in the streets. If the Spock defendants were the respectables, the Oakland Seven were the *enragés*. The Spock defendants believed that there are times in man’s life when conscience requires him to break the law, and they felt, more in sorrow than in anger, that such a condition had arisen in their own lifetime. The Oakland Seven were politicized in the 1960s, influenced both by experience and by doctrine to believe that law is principally a manifestation of the power of class interests; they felt no moral enormity about breaking it. The Spock defendants were archetypal dissenters who still owed their allegiance to the System; the Oakland Seven considered themselves revolutionaries acting in defiance against it. Their trial reflected their special political character. It was not a “liberal” trial which defined traditional liberal questions about the rights of war resisters, the permissible forms of struggle against unjust laws, or the limits of opposition under a democratic government. It was a new creation: a radical trial which raised the issue not of the form of the defendants’ dissent, but of the correctness of their position. The defendants were saying not that they had a right to do what they did, but that what they did was right. What was on trial was not the First Amendment, but the war in Vietnam and the movement against it.

The militant demonstration known as Stop the Draft Week for which the Oakland Seven were prosecuted was symptomatic of a break in continuity within the antiwar movement itself, a kind of generation gap which came to the surface in the summer of 1967. At that point the movement’s successes—the suspension of the bombing of North Vietnam, the withdrawal of Lyndon Johnson—were in an unperceived future. Among young activists, despair over the failure of orthodox means of dissent was particularly great.

Stop the Draft Week was designed to renew lagging spirits. It was to be a new kind of demonstration: not a symbolic protest, a petition for redress, but a real show of power. It aimed directly at stopping an institution the antiwar movement despised, the Oakland Armed Forces Induction Center. It took place in October, 1967, midway in the evolution between the movement’s previous pacifism and its later violence. Participants were not to sit-in and allow themselves to be peaceably arrested, but neither were they to initiate violence against the police. The plan was for people in the streets to stay mobile, evade the police where pos-



Jeff Segal

Photo: Baron Wolman

From left to right: Steve Hamilton, Terry Cannon, Reese Erlich, Bob Mandel, Mike Smith, Frank Bardacke.

sible and defend themselves against attack where necessary, and invent whatever tactics the spirit of the movement suggested to block buses carrying inductees from discharging their passengers into the Induction Center. If this meant, in practice, a week of fighting the police, so be it. The leaders hoped that purposeful militancy would both energize the lagging spirits of the white middle-class students who dominated the peace movement and at the same time reach out to a new constituency of blacks and workers who would be persuaded by the demonstration that the white antidraft movement was strong and serious.

The defendants had come to this position by various political routes. Frank Bardacke, the Oakland Seven's intellectual, is a former Berkeley graduate student in political science, with a reputation among campus authorities as a troublemaker and a reputation among his friends for having a preference for intellectual leftism over action. (The indictment and his subsequent behavior cured that reputation.)

Terry Cannon, representing the San Francisco wing of the Berkeley-dominated movement, is the militant whose insistence that people could hold their own in the streets was in substantial part responsible for STDW strategy. His political history runs from conscientious objection (in his college days at Cornell University) to militant self-defense (in work with SNCC in Lowndes County and San Francisco). He is the founder of one of the more flourishing radical newspapers, *The Movement*, and is the member of the Seven most frequently called on for speechmaking functions.

Reese Erlich, twenty, is the Seven's youngster and was the most efficient at getting publicity and keeping track of the host of political and bureaucratic obligations that arose during the course of the trial. Most of his political experience has been on the Berkeley campus in Students for a Democratic Society and antidraft work. Before his suspension for STDW, he was a top votegetter in campus elections, and he has also been on the staff of *Ramparts* magazine.

Steve Hamilton is the Oakland Seven's "worker." He grew up in a Midwestern working-class family and attended a Fundamentalist college, expecting to become a minister. He transferred to Berkeley and became politicized in the Free Speech Movement and the teach-ins. He is the only member of the Seven whose political history includes both Progressive Labor and the Resistance; he left both. He is now organizing white oil workers in nearby industrial Richmond.

Bob Mandel is what is known to the left as a "Red-diaper baby." His family all live around Berkeley, and his mother, sister, brother-in-law, and

seventy-year-old grandfather formed a constant cheering squad during the trial. The Mandel entourage was also the backbone of an Old-Left-style Oakland Seven Defense Committee, which raised money, sponsored functions, and otherwise got publicity for the defendants. Mandel's own political history has the mark of his generation. While a student at Reed College, he twice went South for SNCC and was active in antiwar and antidraft activities. He has done community organizing in Oakland, and at the time of the indictments, was involved in high school antidraft organizing around the Bay Area.

Jeff Segal is the Oakland Seven's hero: he is a former national officer of SDS currently serving a four-year prison sentence for refusing induction. During the trial he was housed upstairs in the county jail and escorted to court every day by federal marshals in a three-piece suit supplied by his lawyers; federal authorities would not allow him to be interviewed.

Last of the group is Mike Smith, the Oakland Seven's street fighter. Smith is the product of a middle-class family which suffered reverses that ultimately landed them on welfare. At Berkeley, where he was working his way through, he became the Free Speech Movement's "boy in a madras shirt," a link to the fraternities much as Steve Hamilton was its link to the religious organizations. He spent six months in Mississippi in 1965, then returned to Berkeley to take part in the Vietnam Day Committee and other antiwar activities. He was also active in campus politics and has been arrested for so many different encounters that even he sometimes has trouble keeping them straight. Toward the end of the trial he had to serve a short sentence on an old misdemeanor charge and joined Jeff Segal in the county jail. Like several of the others, he was thrown out of Berkeley, where campus officials refer to him without affection as "Mad Mike."

For their chief defense counsel the Oakland Seven made a selection which both reflected and advanced their political values: Charles Garry. Garry is a man whom choice and circumstance have made a rare phenomenon in the American bar, a specialist in political trials. He is no white-maned aristocrat with an intellectual or principled interest in defending civil liberties. He is an embattled Armenian (formerly named Garabedian), whose parents left Turkey to escape the massacre and who personally identifies with the victims of all forms of political persecution. Garry did not go to college; he worked his way through night law school by operating a dry-cleaning establishment. His own political history is radical, of the

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1930s and 1940s stamp. Garry is the principal lawyer for Oakland's Black Panthers and a trial lawyer of excellent reputation; his skill at hanging juries is the envy of the local trade. The manslaughter verdict in the Huey Newton case—the DA had called for first-degree murder with a life or death sentence—was regarded as a Garry triumph; the Panther prosecutions have brought forth a number of minor victories as well.

The defense team was completed by two very able, if less spectacular, attorneys. Malcolm Burnstein is a partner in Treuhaft, Walker and Burnstein, an Oakland law firm that handles the political cases other Oakland attorneys won't try. He is a scholar of international law and is himself a political activist. Richard Hodge is a young attorney who practices alone, servicing San Francisco's culture heroes, the rock bands, as well as its political heroes. The defendants and their attorneys formed a remarkably united, if sometimes unwieldy, front. The lawyers understood—and did not attempt to control—the defendants' casual courtroom attire; they knew the magnetism that politics held for the Seven and did not discourage their participation in other political actions while the trial was in progress. The tension that did exist in the planning and conduct of the defense was not between the lawyers and the clients, but between the defendants as they had been at the time of Stop the Draft Week and as they were at the time of the trial. If the Seven had ever been simply against the war (as they had once been simply "for" civil rights), they had now fused their experiences and perceptions into a radical critique of the substance of American society. There were themes developed in a special Oakland Seven Court of Inquiry into the War and Repression convened on the Berkeley campus during the trial that were not much reflected in the defense: the imperialist character of the war, the class nature of the law, "ruling class crime." These views were likely to seem more alien to the jury than the simple expressions of antiwar feeling with which they were in fact presented. But if the defendants tended to look more like patriots than like revolutionaries, that was not because their lawyers had invented the pose but because it accurately reflected their positions as they had been when Stop the Draft Week took place.

Sitting alone at the prosecutor's bench was Lowell Jensen, a product of Alameda County schools and the University of California, a restrained man and a model prosecutor: able, fair-minded, and thoroughly nonvindictive. Jensen is a legal technician whose ideology tells him there is no such thing as a "political" trial; there are only criminal trials. In the Oakland Seven case he defended the position that mankind has no higher calling than obedience to the penal statutes of California, as if he were unconscious of the sordid echoes with which the doctrine of obedience has come to be associated.

He argued simply that a crime had been committed—not an evil crime or a heinous crime, merely "an act with an illegal purpose"—and that no violation of the law, whatever its motive, should go unpunished.

Law enforcement in Alameda County is dominated by longtime District Attorney J. Frank Coakley. Coakley was a "law and order" man long before it became a slogan; he is not the sort of politician from whom radicals have to fear "co-optation." To Coakley every black man is a potential or actual Panther, every person under thirty a potential or actual Red. Coakley makes no secret of his view of the character of student protests, particularly when they are directed against military targets. "It is treason and sedition," he commented in a recent encounter. "I try to get the federal government to prosecute but when they won't do it I have to step in and do it myself."

Stop the Draft Week caused special unease among Oakland law enforcement agencies—because it took place in the heart of downtown Oakland, because of its new tactics and because of the anticipated large numbers of demonstrators. Local officials took every possible step to head it off. They infiltrated the planning sessions with police agents. They obtained an injunction against the use of a campus building for an all-night rally scheduled to precede the demonstration. And when all else failed they sent a huge array of officers to break it up. When it was all over—a week of demonstrations, which included two days of heavy fighting in the streets—they were determined that it should never happen again.

In January, 1968, the Seven were indicted for conspiracy to commit two misdemeanors: trespass and resisting arrest. "The indictment procedure in such instances is a new one," Coakley told the *Oakland Tribune*, "a new policy we have adopted [to] serve as a warning and notice to people who would violate the law in so expressing themselves." It was new indeed, and in the opinion of most civil liberties lawyers, very threatening. The political use of conspiracy laws is not new, as the Spock case suggests, but Coakley had added a special twist. Had he charged the Seven with the substantive misdemeanors listed in the indictment, their possible sentences would have been reckoned in days. By adding conspiracy to the misdemeanors he produced a felony charge, with a possible sentence of three years in the state prison.

The Seven were chosen for two reasons. First, and most important, because Coakley felt he had to make an example of someone. "Technically," he said at the time, "a hundred or even a thousand of the demonstrators could have been indicted for their action, but we simply don't have enough courts so we have to take the most militant lead-

ers." And second, because the DA's office believed that the evidence against them (acquired principally by infiltrators) was better than the evidence against the others with whom they shared the responsibility for planning. As the trial proved, even that evidence was insufficient.

Presiding over the courtroom was Superior Court Judge George W. Phillips, Jr., a liberal of a classic kind. He is deeply concerned with race questions—before becoming a judge he was active in the fight for open housing in Alameda County—and he is opposed to the war. Phillips is one of a group of judges appointed by former Governor Edmund G. Brown, whose relations with DA Coakley seem only barely civilized. Coakley's apparent enmity toward Phillips rests principally on two decisions: one, a ruling which obstructed the DA's efforts to secure all-white juries in cases against black defendants, and another which reduced from death to life imprisonment the sentence of a Negro convicted of murder. During the Oakland Seven trial, Coakley privately denounced Phillips for permitting "propaganda" in his courtroom; now that the trial is over he blames the acquittal on Phillips' demeanor and instructions.

Phillips did not begin the case with a bias in favor of the defendants. He believed that the case was "the most serious ever tried in Alameda County," that it involved a supreme Constitutional issue of individual liberty versus public order. If he leaned in any direction it was toward the side of order; he was deeply concerned about the possibility of encouraging further disruptive demonstrations. In the beginning of the case, he consistently ruled with the prosecution, handling the legal motions as if he were determined to avoid setting precedents. He declined to let the defense present the Nuremberg principles or argue to the jury that the Seven were victims of "selective prosecution," chosen for their political leadership rather than for specific illegal acts. He never lost the civil libertarian view of the character of the case, never fully grasped that the defense was driving at something else: "I don't see what Vietnam has to do with this case," he remarked one day early in the trial. Yet at the same time he was unusually open, capable of changing his mind when the evidence seemed to demand it, and was personally drawn to the defendants who, he remarked one day, were "fine young men who could be leaders in any field they chose." In the end, Phillips was responsible for the relatively open forum the trial became.

Choosing a jury to try radicals in Alameda County is a little like belling the cat. Garry questioned more than 200 jurors in a three-week period, and used the questioning to state his own position in the plainest possible terms. "Would it disturb you to learn that the defendants believe U.S. foreign policy is racist, colonialist, and genocidal?" he would ask the prospects. "Would it shock you to

learn the defendants supported the Black Panthers?" "Could you be fair to a person who had refused induction into the Armed Services?" The result was a painful revelation of a divided state of public opinion bordering on civil war. On one morning alone thirty-seven jurors said that they could not be open-minded toward people who took a radical position; a handful, mostly blacks, said they could not be fair to the District Attorney.

The trial itself was a melange of trivial detail and high principle, with Jensen attempting to concentrate on the former and Garry attempting to dramatize the latter. The crime of conspiracy lies in the planning. As far as the law is concerned, Stop the Draft Week itself need never have occurred. But common sense required what the law did not, that the jury be persuaded that something had taken place worth prosecuting. They needed a concrete event, the more horrendous the better. Accordingly, the prosecution's evidence fell into two parts: proof that ten preparatory "overt acts" cited in the indictment (attending meetings, distributing leaflets, opening bank accounts, chartering buses, and so forth) had taken place, and proof that an attempt was made to shut down the Induction Center.

The legal relationship between these two parts of the case was never clarified; indeed, on a legal level alone, the case would never have made the textbooks. Jensen argued that he was presenting what happened at the demonstration for "evidentiary" reasons only, by which he meant that what actually happened was evidence of what the defendants had intended to have happen; in other words, proof of their intent or frame of mind. The defense argued that in offering evidence about what happened, Jensen was illegitimately attributing to the defendants acts of others for which they were not responsible. Whatever its legal rationale, Jensen's side of the case was filled with the horrible tales of police officers about the obstruction they encountered when they tried to clear the streets.

Again, the indictment clearly charged the defendants with conspiring to *commit* trespass and resist arrest, in language which the proverbial reasonable man would find to mean that they conspired to commit those acts themselves. But somehow it became accepted that what the indictment really meant was that they conspired to convince others to trespass and resist arrest. If Jensen had demonstrated that anyone had committed those acts, he might have persuaded the jury to convict, despite the fact that it would have rested on a technical misconception. In the end, however, he failed to establish that trespass or resistance had even occurred, a fact which enormously puzzled the jury and greatly weakened his case.

Jensen was forced by his own definition of his

task to go beyond the details which he believed to be the core of the conspiracy and on to the political ground preferred by the defense. He had to offer into evidence not merely the fact that the defendants had attended meetings but what they had done while they were there. He found himself in a Pandora's box, surrounded by the defendants' political ideology as revealed in their speeches, their writings, their handouts. The defense did not have to worry about making it a political trial. Jensen did it for them.

Jensen's *pièce de résistance*—perhaps what ultimately did him in—was the playing of a five-hour tape recording of the all-night campus rally that preceded the demonstration. He originally wanted to play only the speeches of Smith and Segal in support of his claim that they betrayed a criminal intent; Phillips ruled with the defense that the entire rally must be heard. The tapes were important for two reasons. In terms of common sense alone, they made a mockery of the charge of conspiracy. The rally was in a great tradition of open, democratic meetings. It was chaired by Mike Smith, but the microphone was open to all. Dozens of people spoke, continually contradicting each other's politics, arguing, discussing every subject in the political world from Che to Gandhi. Opponents of the demonstration were heard as well.

From Jensen's point of view the tapes were also a disaster emotionally. They transported the jury to a political rally—in most cases, the first of their lives. The rally was a capsule of a significant moment in the movement's history, a moment teetering away from pacifism but not yet veering toward violence. It was so serious and so good-spirited, so full of humor and human touches, so spontaneous and so earnest, so marked by an obvious bravado covering up the fear of the following morning—"They have the billy clubs and helmets but we have the people of the world on our side"—that the jurors could not help being moved. Mike Smith: "I wish some chicks would come up to the microphone because I like chicks." There were skits. I.B.J.: "Sure we're for peace—a piece of Mexico; a piece of Vietnam." Voice: "Are you in favor of Proposition P?" New Voice: "I'm always in favor of a proposition." At one point an unidentified person walked up to the microphone. "I think we're pretty lucky to be living under the government we've got," he said. "If this were Russia, we might all be on trial."

When Jensen's case was concluded the defense felt it had little to do; the attorneys considered resting without putting on any witnesses. In the end the impulse was rejected and they put on forty-seven: a carefully calculated "cross section of the community" that had participated in Stop the Draft Week. There was an

ophthalmologist, a psychiatrist, a Lutheran minister, a Methodist minister, a quadriplegic psychologist, a former police officer, a World War II Air Force captain, a probation officer, a defendant's wife, a dietician, a TV reporter, a Jewish grandfather of seventy, a Negro grandmother who gave the black power salute while swearing in, newsmen, professors, students. They all discussed why they had demonstrated against the war and described the police violence they encountered.

The purpose of their testimony was twofold: to clear the defendants of the insinuation, never technically a charge, that they were responsible for the presence and actions of thousands of others at the demonstration; and to establish that the police in clearing the streets acted so violently that they could not be said to be discharging their lawful duties, a circumstance in which it becomes legitimate to resist. But if the practical significance of the testimony was legal, its impact was moral and political. One by one the witnesses gave their reasons for joining the protest. "My son came back from Vietnam without a mind," said the black grandmother. "I didn't want another mother's son to come back that way." "I went out of a sense of responsibility," said the Air Force captain, "to do whatever being another body on the street might do to end the war." They insisted they were there because of their convictions and were not the puppets of any conspiracy. "Mr. Jensen, maybe you don't understand how demonstrations occur," one witness said patiently. "It's because a lot of people feel strongly about the war."

The defense of the Oakland Seven made no original contributions to the law. What it did was rarer far: it exposed the political motives of the prosecution, and it told the truth as the defendants saw it. It was directed specifically to the trial jury and was not designed, as the Spock case was, to build a record for appeal. It was never once implied that the defendants did not mean precisely what they had said, or that they regretted any of their actions.

Those of us who were doing the waiting in the sunny park across from the courthouse could not have guessed during the three days the jury was out that skill in selection, good luck, and the atmosphere of the case itself had made twelve citizens of Alameda County into a perfect jury. The jurors were the neutrals of the jury-selection process. They had held no strong opinions on any controversial issue; they had been convinced—and convinced Garry—they could be fair; one woman had expressed only bewilderment that the young people involved in Stop the Draft Week had been "so passionate." The jurors were a fair sample of the lower-middle-class suburbs of Alameda County. They were a housewife-receptionist, a black employee of the Post Office Department, a keeper of records for a large industrial firm, a tool and die

maker in a defense plant, a carpenter, a Post Office transfer clerk, a bookkeeper in an electronics firm, an inspector in a General Motors plant, a retired Marine colonel, a construction supervisor at an atomic energy laboratory, a switchboard operator, and the wife of the owner of a substantial suburban business.

For their foreman they chose their youngest member, the closest they could come to producing a peer of the Seven—the wan, shy twenty-nine-year-old auto inspector for GM. During the eleven weeks the case was being tried, they did not discuss it among themselves. Nor did they discuss the war, the Panthers, campus violence, or any of the dozen other inflammatory subjects whose exploitation by the local press during the trial was the occasion for so many motions for a mistrial.

From my post-trial interviews with six jurors a certain picture emerges. The jury's deliberations were framed by two things. First was the weakness of Jensen's case. The jurors reported they were astonished when Jensen rested. "I could see he was driving somewhere," one of them commented, "but he just got to the steep of the hill. He never reached the top." Second was Judge Phillips' instruction that most of the evidence against the defendants—their speeches, writings, and so forth—was protected under the First Amendment. Other instructions were also critical—one stating that the defendants' belief in the illegality of the Vietnam War could be weighed by the jury in determining whether they had a criminal intent, others explaining that when the police are using excessive force, resisting arrest becomes a lawful act.

At the heart of the acquittal was the First Amendment: it was the *sine qua non* of the Oakland Seven victory. Yet thoughts and feelings beyond civil liberties were simmering in the jurors' minds. The presentation of the entire case successfully created an atmosphere where the country's deepest moral and political traditions were on trial. The jurors responded, each in his own way, yet each positively to the fundamental crisis of liberty and morality that the trial represented. Whatever they were as Americans, the jury brought to their deliberations. The Oakland Seven jury wanted to find the defendants innocent. "I tried to examine the prosecution's argument," commented one juror, the keeper of records in an industrial firm, "but I thought it meant, in other words, that people should be pup-

pets, go along. If that were true, our democratic procedures wouldn't be worth much. I'm not a puppet, I'm a free thinker. I wonder what the prosecution would have made of the Boston Tea Party a 'costly and disruptive demonstration.' Our early leaders were all radicals, they had to be." This juror, a man in his thirties, attended the postacquittal party. The colonel: "I was very caught up in the details of the case, but I also understood in a brief flash, if they could do that to these boys they could do it to anyone; they can stop all dissent." A woman, the bookkeeper, was stirred even beyond most of her fellow jurors into the experience that leftists call "radicalization": "Now I understand how dangerous being a fence-sitter can be. I was one of those people, I'm not too proud of it, who sat on my can all the time. People who do that are playing into the hands of the power structure. I can see why young people hate us. But I can never be neutral anymore." She is reading Eldridge Cleaver—"to see why the defendants stood up for the Panthers"—and studying a book on the Vietnam War. The black member of the jury, a Post Office employee, found himself more stirred than he expected by the witnesses' stories of police brutality. The night of the acquittal, as he was leaving the courthouse, he raised his arm to the defendants in the black power salute: the first, it seemed, he had ever given in his life.

History has already moved beyond the trial of the Oakland Seven. The war is no longer the issue it was when Stop the Draft Week took place. The left has moved on to other targets and other methods. The defendants felt vindicated, and they heard the verdict "not guilty" as a universal pronouncement on the validity of the movement. But the tactics for which they were vindicated were tactics which they were ready to move beyond. Similarly the prosecution was defeated but is by no means in retreat. In the fight over People's Park, the authorities of Oakland and Berkeley have raised the level of violence far beyond what it was in the fall of 1967. Perhaps the main consequence of the Oakland Seven trial is that twelve jurors were moved from apathy to affirmation. Presented with honest evidence about the motives and intentions of the left, they defied the repressive logic of their political authorities and said, "You cannot do it. Americans are still free men." Twelve jurors were, as the left says, "organized," and if that seems a small number, a high price, and a slow pace, it still may be a portent of more to come.

Notes on a New History, Part II

THE YOUNG AND THE OLD

by Robert Jay Lifton

There has been much discussion about young rebels' selection of the university as a primary target for recent upheavals. Many distinguished commentators (David Riesman, Christopher Lasch, Stephen Spender, Herbert Marcuse, Lionel Trilling, and Noam Chomsky, among others) have cautioned students about the dangers of confusing the vulnerable centers of learning they attack, and for periods of time "bring down," with society at large. Spender put the matter eloquently when he said that "however much the university needs a revolution, and the society needs a revolution, it would be disastrous . . . not to keep the two revolutions apart." He went on to point out, as have others, that the university is "an arsenal from which [student-rebels] can draw the arms from which they can change society"; and that "to say 'I won't have a university until society has a revolution' is as though Karl Marx were to say, 'I won't go to the reading room of the British Museum until it has a revolution.'" Yet wise as these cautionary thoughts undoubtedly are, one also has to consider the ways in which the university's special symbolic significance makes it all too logical (if unfortunate) a target for would-be revolutionaries.

What makes universities unique is the extent to which, within them, the prevailing concepts of a society are at the same time presented, imposed, examined, and criticized. The university is indeed a training ground for available occupational slots in society, as young rebels are quick to point out; it can at its worst approach a technical instrument in the hands of the military-industrial complex. But it can also be precisely the opposite, a training ground for undermining social institutions, as

Spender suggests, and as the young rebels themselves attest by the extent to which they are campus products. In most cases the university is a great many things in between. It provides for students four years of crucial personal transition—from relatively unformed adolescence to a relatively formed adulthood. And the fact that many are likely to move through continuing protean explorations during the post-university years renders especially important whatever initial adult "formation" the university makes possible. For these reasons, and because both groups are there, the university is the logical place for the rebellious young to confront their ostensible mentors, and thereby both define themselves and make a statement about society at large.

The statement they make has to do not only with social inequities and outmoded institutions, but with the general historical dislocations of everyone. And in this sense the target of the young is not so much the university, or the older generation, as the continuing commitment of both to the discredited past. But the university provides unique opportunities for the young to reverse the father-son mentorship—and, moreover, to do so *in action*. The reversal may be confused and temporary, with student and teacher moving back and forth between leadership and followership, but in the process the young can assert their advanced position in the shaping of what is to come. Though the "generation gap" seems at times to be increasing beyond redemption, there is also a sense in which the gap narrows as the young engage their elders as they never have before, and the university becomes a place of unprecedented intellectual and emotional

contact between the generations. And what happens at one university can be repeated, with many variations, at any other university throughout the world. Universities everywhere share a central position in the susceptibility to new currents, and tend also to present students with very real grievances; the global communications network provides not only the necessary contagion but instant instruction in the art of university rebellion. Specific actions and reactions then give way to a general historical process.

We learn more about the university in the midst of militant social disorder by turning to the greatest of recent national upheavals, the Chinese Cultural Revolution. More than is generally realized, universities were the focus of much that took place during that extraordinary movement. Not only were they a major source of Red Guard activists, but within them a series of public denunciations of senior professors and administrators by students and young faculty members preceded, and in a sense set off, the Cultural Revolution as a whole. These denunciations originated at Peking University, which was the scene of many such upheavals, both before the Communist victory in China and during the subsequent campaigns of "thought reform" that are a trademark of the Chinese Communist regime.

The Cultural Revolution, the most extreme of these campaigns, contrasted with more recent student rebellions elsewhere in one very important respect: the young were called forth by their elders (Mao and the Maoists) to fight the latter's old revolutionary battles, and to combat the newly threatening impurities associated with revisionism. But from the beginning there was probably a considerable amount of self-assertion and spontaneity among Red Guard leaders and followers. And over the course of the Cultural Revolution, overzealous Red Guard groups became more and more difficult for anyone to control, especially as they split into contending factions, each claiming to be the most authentically revolutionary and Maoist. And during the summer of 1968 reports of jousts, fights, and pitched battles among them, also taking place at Peking University, revealed how within two years that institution had shifted in its function from provider of the spark of the Cultural Revolution to receptacle for its ashes. Significantly, members of the Red Guard were then demoted to the status of "intellectuals" who required the tutelage of workers and especially peasants (and the control of the army). But Peking and other universities continued to preoccupy the regime as places in need of fundamental reform.

Indeed, the remolding of educational institutions

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has been greatly stressed over the course of the Cultural Revolution. And the extraordinary step of closing all schools throughout China for more than a year was both a means of mobilizing students for militant political struggles beyond the campuses, and revamping (however chaotically) the nation's educational process. In my book *Revolutionary Immortality* (1968), I described the Cultural Revolution as a quest for a symbolic form of immortality, a means of eternalizing Mao's revolutionary works in the face of his anticipated biological death and the feared "death of the revolution." The university was perceived throughout as both an arena of fearful dangers (revisionist ideas) and as what might be called an immortalizing agent (for the promulgation at the highest cultural levels of the complete Maoist thought).

In its own fashion, the Cultural Revolution was a response to the New History, which in China's case includes not only Russian and Eastern European revisionism but early manifestations of proteanism. Chinese universities, however, have been forced to flee from contemporary confusions into what is most simple and pure in that country's Old Revolutionary History; this is in contrast to the more open-ended plunge into a threatening but multifaceted future being taken by universities throughout the rest of the world. Yet those issues are far from decided. Universities everywhere, China included, are likely to experience powerful pressures from the young for "restructuring." While this hardly guarantees equivalent restructuring of national governments, it may well be a prelude to fundamental changes in almost every aspect of human experience.

One can hardly speak of definitive conclusions about something just beginning. Nor would I claim a position of omniscient detachment from the events of the New History. But having earlier affirmed its significance, I wish now to suggest some of its pitfalls, and then some potentialities for avoiding them. From the standpoint of the young, those pitfalls are related to what is best called romantic totalism. I refer to a post-Cartesian absolutism, to a new quest for old feelings. Its controlling image, at whatever level of consciousness, is that of *replacing history with experience*.

This is, to a considerable extent, the romanticism of the "youth movement." I have heard a number of thoughtful European-born intellectuals tell, with some anxiety, how the tone and atmosphere now emanating from young American rebels is reminiscent of that of the German youth movement of the late Weimar Republic (and the Hitler Youth, into which it was so readily converted). What they find common to both is a cult of feeling and a disdain for restraint and reason. While I would emphasize the differences between the two groups much more than

the similarities, there is a current in contemporary youth movements that is more Nietzschean than Marxist-Leninist. It consists of a stress upon what I call experiential transcendence, upon the cultivation of states of feeling so intense and so absorbing that time and death cease to exist. (Drugs are of great importance here but as part of a general quest.) The pattern becomes totalistic when it begins to tamper with history to the extent of victimizing opponents in order to reinforce these feelings; and a danger signal is the absolute denial of the principle of historical continuity.

The replacement of history with experience—with totally liberated feeling—is by no means a new idea, and has long found expression in classical forms of mysticism and ecstasy. But it has reappeared with considerable force in the present-day drug revolution, and in the writings of a number of articulate spokesmen, notably Norman O. Brown. This general focus upon the transcendent psychic experience would seem to be related to impairments in other modes of symbolic immortality. That is, the modern decline of theological concepts of immortality, on the one hand, and the threat posed by present weapons (nuclear, bacterial, and chemical) to man's biological and cultural continuity, on the other, have radically undermined symbolism of death and transcendence. In the absence of intact images of biological and cultural immortality, man's anxiety about both his death and his manner of life is profoundly intensified. One response to this anxiety—and simultaneous quest for new forms—is the unique contemporary blending of experiential transcendence with social and political revolution.

We have already noted that political revolution has its own transformationist myth of making all things new. When this combines with the experiential myth (of eliminating time and death), two extreme positions can result. One of these is the condemnation and negation of an entire historical tradition: the attempt by some of the young to sever totally their relationship to the West by means of an impossibly absolute identity replacement, whether the new identity is that of the Oriental mystic or that of the Asian or African victim of colonialism or slavery. And a second consequence of this dismissal of history can be the emergence of a single criterion of judgment: what feels revolutionary is good, what does not is counterrevolutionary.

A related, equally romantic pitfall might be called "generational totalism." The problem is not so much the slogan "Don't trust anyone over thirty" as the unconscious assumption that can be behind it: that "youth power" knows no limits because youth equals immortality. To be sure, it is part of being young to believe that one will never die, that such things happen only to other people, old people. But this conviction ordinarily lives side by side with a

realization—at first preconscious, but over the years increasingly a matter of awareness—that life is, after all, finite. And a more symbolic sense of immortality, through works and connections outlasting one's life-span, takes hold and permits one to depend a little less upon the fantasy that one will live forever.

Under extreme historical conditions, however, certain groups—in this case, youth groups—feel the need to cling to the omnipotence provided by a more literal image of immortality, which they in turn contrast with the death-tainted lives of others. When this happens, we encounter a version of the victimizing process: the young "victimize" the old (or older) by equating age with individual or historical "exhaustion" and death; and the "victim," under duress, may indeed feel himself to be "as if dead," and collude in his victimization. Conversely, the older generation has its need to victimize, sometimes (but not always) in the form of counterattack, and may feel compelled to view every innovative action of the young as destructive or "deadly." Indeed, the larger significance and greatest potential danger of what we call the "generation gap" reside in these questions of broken historical connection and impaired sense of immortality.

The recent slogan of French students "The young make love, the old make obscene gestures" is patronizing rather than totalistic, and its mocking blend of truth and absurdity permits a chuckle all around. But when the same students refer to older critics as "people who do not exist," or when young American radicals label everyone and everything either "relevant" ("revolutionary") or "irrelevant" ("counterrevolutionary") on the basis of whether or not the person, idea, or event is consistent with their own point of view, we are dealing with something potentially more malignant, with the drawing of sharp lines between people and nonpeople.

Perhaps the ultimate expression of generational totalism was that of an early group of Russian revolutionaries who advocated the suppression and even annihilation of everyone over the age of twenty-five because they were felt to be too contaminated with that era's Old History to be able to absorb the correct principles of the New. I have heard no recent political suggestions of this kind; but there have certainly been indications (aside from the Hollywood version of youth suppressing age in the film *Wild in the Streets*) that young radicals at times have felt a similar impulse; and that some of their antagonists in the older generations have felt a related urge to eliminate or incarcerate everyone *under* twenty-five.

I have stressed the promiscuous use of the word "relevant." Beyond its dictionary meanings, its Latin origin, *relevare*, "to raise up," is suggestive of its current meaning. What is considered relevant is that which "raises up" a particular version of the New History, whether that of the young rebels or of the slightly older technocrats (such as Zbigniew Brzezinski) who are also fond of the word. Corre-

spondingly, everything else must be “put down”—not only defeated but denied existence.

Such existential negation is, of course, an old story: one need only recall Trotsky’s famous reference to the “dustbin of history.” But the young, paradoxically, call it forth in relationship to the very images and fragments we spoke of before as protean alternatives to totalism. An example is the all-encompassing image of the “Establishment”: taken over from British rebels, it has come to mean everything from American (or Russian, or just about any other) political and bureaucratic leadership, to American businessmen (from influential tycoons to salaried executives to storekeepers), to university administrators (whether reactionary or liberal presidents or simple organization men), and even to many of the student and youth leaders who are themselves very much at odds with people in these and other categories. And just as Establishment becomes a devil-image, so do other terms, such as (in different ways) “confrontation” and “youth,” become god-images. It is true that these god- and devil-images can illuminate many situations, as did such analogous Old Left expressions as “the proletarian standpoint,” “the exploiting classes,” and “bourgeois remnants,” the last three in association with a more structured ideology. What is at issue, however, is the degree to which a particular image is given a transcendent status and is then uncritically applied to the most complex situations in a way that makes it the start and finish of any ethical judgment or conceptual analysis.

This image-focused totalism enters into the ultimate romanticization, that of death and immortality. While the *sense* of immortality, of unending historical continuity, is central to ordinary psychological experience, *romantic totalism tends to confuse death with immortality, and even to equate them*. Here one recalls Robespierre’s famous dictum, “Death is the beginning of immortality,” which Hannah Arendt has called “the briefest and most grandiose definition . . . [of] the specifically modern emphasis on politics, evidenced in the revolutions.” Robespierre’s phrase still resonates for us, partly because it captures an elusive truth about individual death as a *rite de passage* for the community, a transition between a man’s biological life and the continuing life of his works. But within the phrase there also lurks the romantic temptation to court death in the service of immortality—to view dying, and in some cases even killing, as the only true avenues to immortality.

The great majority of today’s radical young embrace no such imagery; they are, in fact, intent upon exploring the fullest possibilities of life. But some can at times be prone to a glorification of life-and-death gestures, and to all-or-none “revolutionary tactics,” even in petty disputes hardly worthy of these cosmic images. In such situations their sense of mockery, and especially self-mockery, deserts

them. For these and the related sense of absurdity can, at least at their most creative, deflate claims to omniscience and provide a contemporary equivalent to the classical mode of tragedy. Like tragedy, mockery conveys man’s sense of limitation before death and before the natural universe, but it does so now in a world divested of more “straight” ways to cope with mortality. Those young rebels who reject this dimension, and insist instead upon unwavering militant rectitude, move toward romanticized death and the more destructive quests for immortality.

The theme of militant rectitude brings us back once more to the Chinese experience—and to Maoism as the quintessential expression of romantic totalism. For we may see in Mao a paradigm of the pitfalls of a noble vision, a paradigm which has great bearing on the struggles of youth throughout the world quite apart from whatever attraction they may feel toward this extraordinary leader. Mao’s unparalleled accomplishments make him perhaps the greatest of all revolutionaries. If one studies his writings, one is impressed by his tone of transcendence, his continuous insistence upon all-or-none confrontation with death in the service of revitalizing the Chinese people, so much so that I have described him as “a death-conquering hero who became the embodiment of Chinese immortality.” Young rebels throughout the world can perceive something of this aura, however limited their knowledge of the concrete details of Mao’s life. They can, moreover, make psychological use of his Chineseness to reinforce their condemnation of Western cultural tradition, while also viewing him as the leader of “the external proletariat” (a new term for the people of the Third World, seen as possessing a vanguard revolutionary role).

Further, young rebels respond to Mao’s militant opposition not only to Russia and America but to the “world establishment” dominated by these two great powers. And even more to his deep distrust of bureaucracies which culminated in his remarkable assault during the Cultural Revolution upon the organizational structure of his own party and regime. (Several student-radicals I asked about Mao gave as their first reason for admiring him: “He’s against institutions.” Though it should be added that many others find fault with him, and sometimes mock both Mao’s celebrated Thought and what they regard as equally stereotyped American attitudes toward the man and his ideas.) Add to this Mao’s achievements in guerrilla warfare, his affinity for the great Chinese outlaws, and his sentimental but often moving poetry with its stress upon immortality through revolution, and one can understand why even Chinese Communist spokesmen themselves have referred to him as a “romantic revolutionary.”

Yet Mao’s very romanticism—his glorification of the revolutionary spirit and urge to inundate all minds with that spirit—has given rise to what is per-

haps the most extensive program of human manipulation known to history. And during the Cultural Revolution he has become the center of an equally unprecedented immortalization of words and personal deification that has offended even admirers of long standing. Young rebels who embrace from afar Mao's version of "permanent revolution" may too easily overlook the consequences of the recent campaign on behalf of that principle: irreparable national dissension, convoluted and meaningless forms of violence, and extreme confusion and disillusionment among Chinese youth (as well as their elders), perhaps especially among those who initially responded most enthusiastically to the call for national transformation. Nor are young rebels in the West aware of the extent to which the Maoist vision has had to be modified and in some ways abandoned in response to the deep-seated opposition it encountered throughout China.

Intrinsic in Mao's romantic-totalistic conduct of the Cultural Revolution is a pattern I call "psychism," a confusion between mind and its material products, an attempt to control the external world and achieve strongly desired technological goals by means of mental exercises and assertions of revolutionary will. Now the radical young in more affluent societies have a very different relationship to technology; rather than desperately seeking it, they feel trapped and suffocated by it (though they also feel its attraction). But they too can succumb to a similar kind of confusion, which in their case takes the form of mistaking a rewarding inner sense of group solidarity with mastery of the larger human and technological world "outside." The recent Maoist experience can find its counterpart in a sequence of experiences of young rebels in the West: deep inner satisfaction accompanying bold collective action, disillusionment at the limited effects achieved, and more reckless and ineffective action with even greater group solidarity. This is not to say that all or most behavior of young rebels falls into this category; to the contrary, their political confrontations have achieved a number of striking successes largely because they were *not* merely assertions of will but could also mobilize a wide radius of opposition to outmoded and destructive academic and national policies. Yet the enormous impact of high technology in the postmodern world, and the universal tendency to surround it with vast impersonal organizations, present an ever increasing temptation to transcend the whole system (or "bag") by means of romantic worship of the will as such, and especially the revolutionary will.

Whatever their admiration of Mao, many young rebels find themselves in tactical conflict with pure Maoists who view Mao's sayings as transcendent truths, and insist upon apocalyptic violence as the only form of authentic revolutionary action. Such pure Maoists were depicted, one might say caricatured, by Godard in his film *La Chinoise*, and have

had their counterparts in the American student movement. As advocates of Maoism from a distance who lack their mentor's pragmatism and flexibility, they are somewhat reminiscent of the non-Russian Stalinists of the 1930s. But for most young rebels, Mao and Maoism are perceived less as demarcated historical person and program than as a constellation of heroic, and above all antibureaucratic, revolutionary images. The problem for these young rebels is to recover the historical Mao in all of his complexity, which means understanding his tragic transition from great revolutionary leader to despot. To come to terms with their own Maoism, they must sort out the various elements of the original—on the one hand its call for continuous militant action on behalf of the deprived, and its opposition to stagnant institutions; on the other, its apocalyptic totalism and desperate rearguard assault upon the openness of contemporary man.

Yet precisely the openness of the young may help them to avoid definitive commitments to these self-defeating patterns. They need not be bound by the excesses of either Cartesian rationalism or the contemporary cult of experience which feeds romantic totalism. Indeed, though the latter is a response to and ostensibly a replacement for the former, there is a sense in which each is a one-dimensional mirror-image of the other. Today's young have available for their formulations of self and world the great twentieth-century insights which liberate man from the senseless exclusions of the opposition between emphasis on "experience" and on the "rational." I refer to the principles of symbolic thought, as expressed in the work of such people as Cassirer and Langer, and of Freud and Erikson. One can never know the exact effect of great insights upon the historical process, but it is quite possible that, with the decline of the total ideologies of the old history, ideas as such will become more important than ever in the shaping of the new. Having available an unprecedented variety of ideas and images, the young are likely to attempt more than did previous generations and perhaps make more mistakes, but also to show greater capacity to extricate themselves from a particular course and revise tactics, beliefs, and styles—all in the service of contributing to embryonic social forms.

These forms are likely to be highly fluid, but need not by any means consist exclusively of shape-shifting. Rather, they can come to combine flux with elements of connectedness and consistency, and to do so in new ways and with new kinds of equilibria. Any New History worthy of that name not only pits itself against, but draws actively upon, the old. Only through such continuity can the young bring a measure of surefootedness to their continuous movement. And to draw upon the old history means to look both ways: to deepen the collective awareness of Auschwitz and Hiroshima and

The Young and the Old

what they signify, and at the same time to carve out a future that remains open rather than bound by absolute assumptions about a "technetronic society" or by equally absolute polarities of "revolution" and "counterrevolution."

It is possible that man's two most desperately pressing problems—nuclear weapons and world population—may contribute to the overcoming of totalitarianism and psychism. I have written elsewhere of the pattern of nuclearism, the deification of nuclear weapons and of a false dependency upon them for the attainment of political and social goals. This nuclearism tends to go hand in hand with a specific form of psychism, the calling forth of various psychological and political constructs in order to deny the technological destructiveness of these weapons. Nuclear illusions have been rampant in both America and China. There are impressive parallels between certain Pentagon nuclear policies (grotesquely expressed in the John Foster Dulles doctrine of "massive retaliation") on the one hand, and the joyous Chinese embrace of nuclear weapons as further confirmation of the Maoist view of world revolution on the other. Similarly, Pentagon (and early Herman Kahn) projections of the ease of recovery from nuclear attack bear some resemblance to the Maoist view of the weapons not only as "paper tigers" but even as a potential source of a more beautiful socialist order rising from the ashes.

Now, I think that young rebels, with their frequent combination of flexibility and inclusiveness, are capable of understanding these matters. They have yet to confront the issues fully, but have begun to show inclinations toward denouncing nuclearism and nuclear psychism as they occur not only in this country but among the other Great Powers. Insights about nuclear weapons are of the utmost importance to the younger generation—for preventing nuclear war, and for creating social forms which take into account man's radically changed relationship to his world because of the potentially terminal revolution associated with these weapons.

To the problem of world population young rebels are capable of bringing a pragmatism which recognizes both the imperative of technical programs on behalf of control and the bankruptcy of an exclusively technical approach. Looking once more at China, we find that a country with one of the world's greatest population problems has approached the matter of control ambivalently and insufficiently, mainly because of a Maoist form of psychism which insisted that there could never be too many workers in a truly socialist-revolutionary state. Yet this position has been modified, and there is much to suggest that the inevitable Chinese confrontation with the actualities of population has in itself been a factor in undermining more general (and widely disastrous) patterns of psychism. Young radicals elsewhere are capable of the same lessons—about population, about Maoist contradictions and

post-Maoist possibilities, and about psychism *per se*.

Are these not formidable problems for youngsters somewhere between their late teens and mid-twenties? They are indeed. As the young approach the ultimate dilemmas that so baffle their elders, they seem to be poised between the ignorance of inexperience, and the wisdom of a direct relationship to the New History. Similarly, in terms of the life cycle, they bring both the dangers of zealous youthful self-surrender to forms they do not understand and the invigorating energy of those just discovering both self and history, energy so desperately needed for a historical foray into the unknown.

As for the "older generation"—the middle-aged, left-intellectuals—the problem is a little different. For them (us) one of the great struggles is to retain (or achieve) protean openness to the possibilities latent in the New History, and to respond to the noble slogan of the French students, "Imagination in power." But at the same time this generation does well to be its age, to call upon the experience specific to the lives of those who make it up. It must tread the tenuous path of neither feeding upon its formative sons nor rejecting their capacity for innovative historical imagination. This is much more difficult than it may seem, because it requires that those now in their forties and fifties come to terms with the extremely painful history they have known neither to deny it nor to be blindly bound by it. Yet however they may feel shunted aside by the young there is special need for their own more seasoned, if now historically vulnerable, imaginations.

For both the intellectual young and old, together with society at large, are threatened by a violent counterreaction to the New History, by a restorationist impulse often centered in the lower middle classes but not confined to any class or country. This impulse includes an urge to eliminate troublesome young rebels along with their liberal-radical "fathers," and to return to a mythical past in which all was harmonious and no such disturbers of the historical peace existed. What is too often forgotten by the educated of all ages, preoccupied as they are with their own historical dislocations, is the extent to which such dislocations in others produce the very opposite kind of ideological inclination; in this case a compensatory, strongly antiprotean embrace of the simple purities of the old history—personal rectitude, law and order, rampant militarism, and narrow nationalism.

If man is successful in creating the New History he must create if he is to have any history at all, then the formative fathers and sons must pool their resources and succeed together. Should this not happen, the failure too will be shared, whether in the form of stagnation and suffering or of shared annihilation. Like most other things in our world, the issue remains open. There is nothing absolute or inevitable about the New History, except perhaps the need to bring it into being.

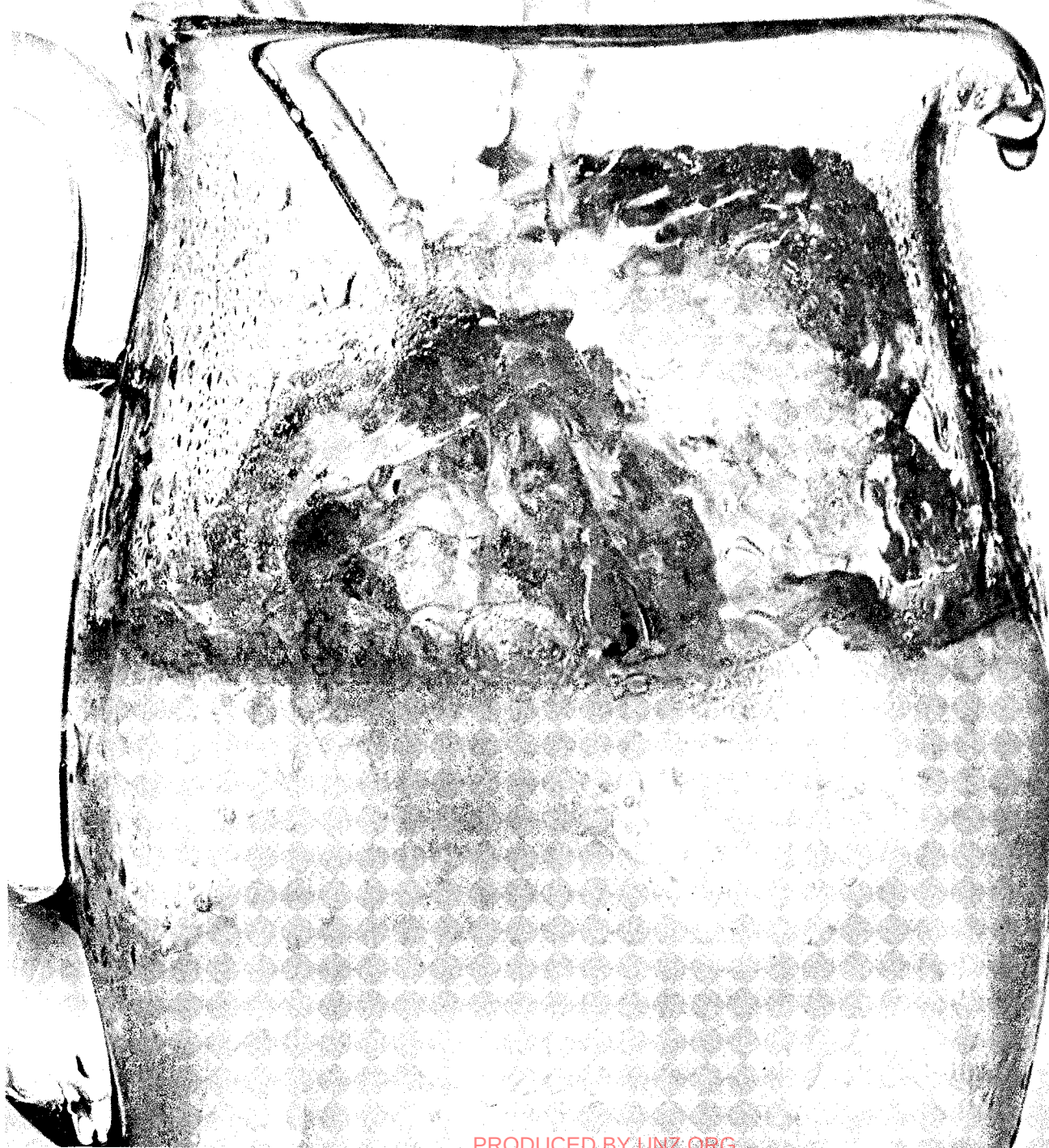
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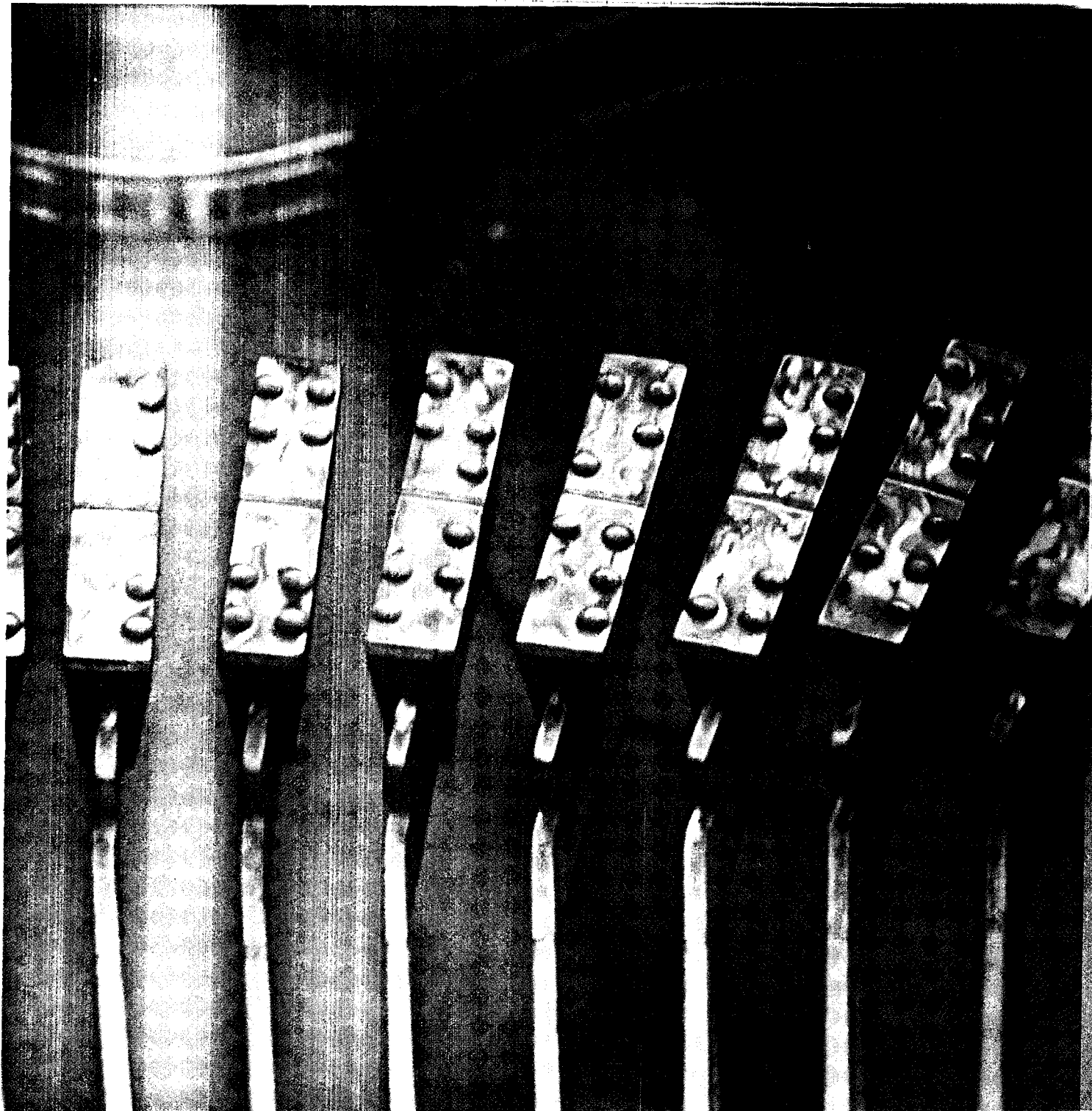
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Close-up of the Braille keys adapted to an IBM electric typewriter.

"It didn't make sense to me," says Marsden Emig, an IBM engineer, "that a person had to know Braille in order to write to a blind person.

"The answer, I felt, was to adapt a standard electric typewriter so that anyone who could type, could type Braille. In this way, the advantages of Braille would be available to many more people.

"To print Braille, the type has to strike the back of the paper, and raise dots on the front. This is almost completely 'backwards' for a typewriter. But the idea fascinated me.

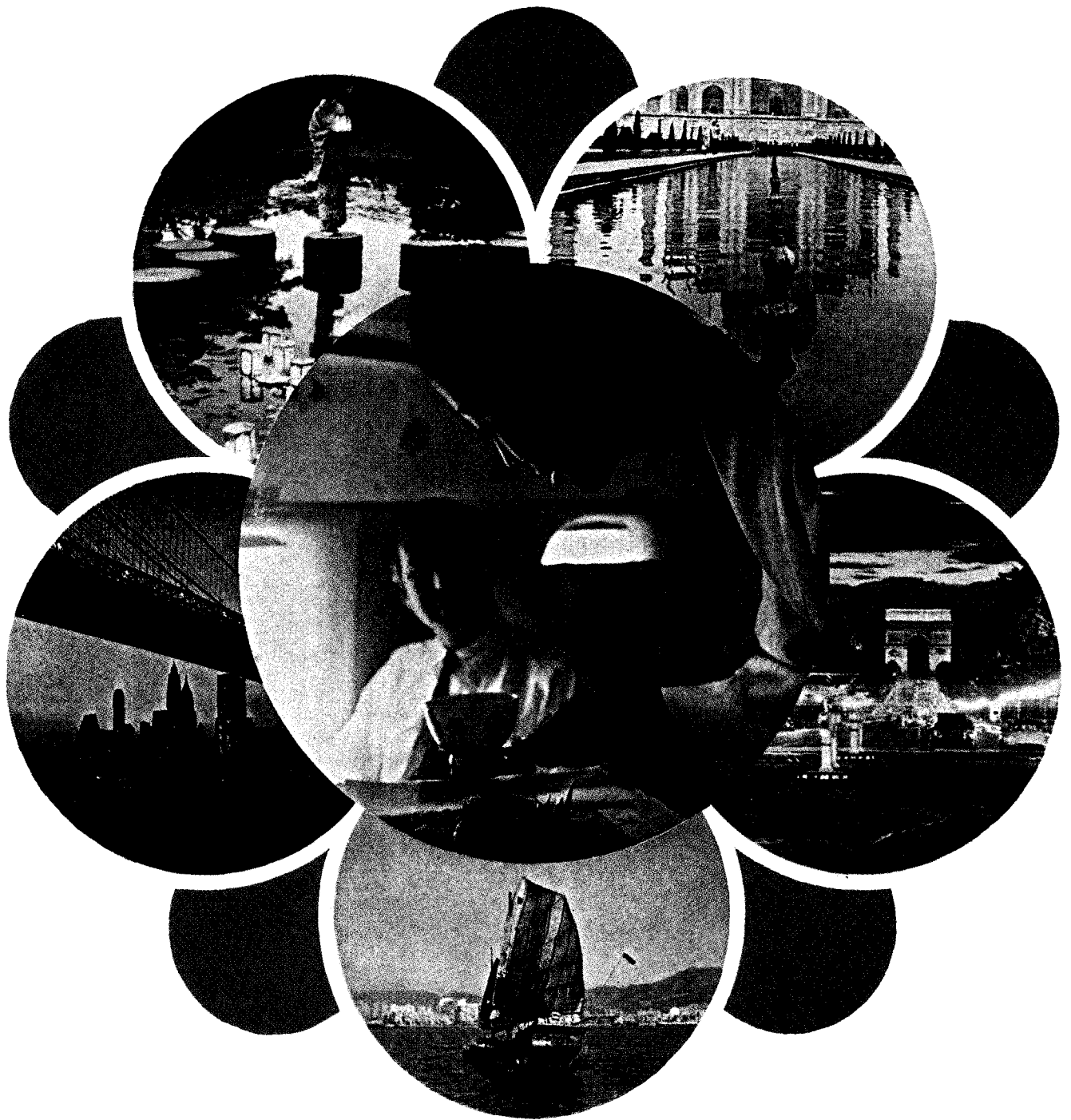
"In 1964, I decided to do something about it. I worked at home, in my spare time. After three years of plugging away at the problem, I finally developed the

right Braille typewriter slugs and the necessary typewriter modifications.

"In 1967, I was able to type a letter to Fred Gissoni, a blind friend who was a consultant. The day after I wrote to Fred, I took the prototype to the office and proposed that my company manufacture the machine. Less than a year later, the first commercial IBM Braille typewriters were in use.

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KOREA

A story  by John McGahern

You saw an execution then too, didn't you?" I asked my father, and he started to tell as he rowed. He'd been captured in an ambush, and they were shooting prisoners in Mountjoy as reprisals at that time. He thought it was he who'd be next, for after a few days they moved him to the cell next to the prison yard. He could see out through the bars. But no rap to prepare himself came to the door that night, and at daybreak he saw the two prisoners they'd decided to shoot being marched out: a man in his early thirties, and what was little more than a boy, sixteen or seventeen, and he was weeping. They blindfolded the boy, but the man refused the blindfold. When the officer shouted, the boy clicked to attention, but the man stayed as he was, chewing very slowly. He had his hands in his pockets.

"Take your hands out of your pockets," the officer shouted again; there was irritation in the voice. The man slowly shook his head.

"It's a bit too late now in the day for that," he said.

The officer then ordered them to fire, and as the volley rang, the boy tore at his tunic over the heart, as if to pluck out the bullets, and the buttons of the tunic began to fly into the air before he pitched forward on his face.

The other heeled quietly over on his back; it must have been because of the hands in the pockets.

The officer dispatched the boy with one shot from the revolver as he lay face downward, but he pumped five bullets in rapid succession into the man, as if to pay him back for not coming to attention.

"When I was on my honeymoon years after, it was May, and we took the tram up the hill of Howth from Sutton Cross. We sat on top in the open on the wooden seats with the rail around that

made it like a small ship. The sea was below, and smell of the sea and furze bloom all about, and then I looked down and saw the furze pods bursting, and the way they burst in all directions seemed shocking like the buttons when he started to tear at his tunic; I couldn't get it out of my mind all day; it destroyed the day," he said.

"It's a wonder their hands weren't tied?" I asked him as he rowed between the black navigation pan and the red where the river flowed into Oakport.

"I suppose it was because they were considered soldiers."

"Do you think the boy stood to attention because he felt that he might still get off if he obeyed the rules?"

"Sounds a bit highfalutin to me. Comes from going to school too long," he said aggressively, and I was silent. It was new to me to hear him talk about his own life at all. Before, if I asked him about the war, he'd draw fingers across his eyes as if to tear a spider web away, but it was my last summer with him on the river, and it seemed to make him want to talk, to give of himself before it ended.

Hand over hand I drew in the line that throbbed with fish; there were two miles of line, a hook on a lead line every three yards. The license allowed us a thousand hooks, but we used more. We were the last to fish this freshwater for a living.

As the eels came in over the side I cut them loose with a knife into a wire cage, where they slid over each other in their own oil, the twisted eel hook in their mouths. The other fish—pike, choked on hooked perch they'd tried to swallow, bream, roach—I slid up the floorboards toward the bow of the boat. We'd sell them in the village or give them away. The hooks that hadn't been taken I cleaned and stuck in rows round the side of the wooden box. I let the line fall in its center. After a mile he took

my place in the stern and I rowed. People hadn't woken yet, and the early morning cold and mist were on the river. Outside of the slow ripple of the oars and the threshing of the fish on the line beaded with running drops of water as it came in, the river was dead silent except for the occasional lowing of cattle on the banks.

"Have you any idea what you'll do after this summer?" he asked.

"No. I'll wait and see what comes up," I answered.

"How do you mean *what comes up*?"

"Whatever result I get in the exam. If the result is good, I'll have choices. If it's not, there won't be choices. I'll have to take what I can get."

"How good do you think they'll be?"

"I think they'll be all right, but there's no use counting chickens, is there?"

"No," he said, but there was something calculating in the face; it made me watchful of him as I rowed the last stretch of the line. The day had come, the distant noises of the farms and the first flies on the river, by the time we'd lifted the large wire cage out of the bulrushes, emptied in the morning's catch of eels, and sank it again.

"We'll have enough for a consignment tomorrow," he said.

Each week we sent the eels live to Billingsgate in London.

"But say, say even if you do well, you wouldn't think of throwing this country up altogether and going to America?" he said, the words fumbled for as I pushed the boat, using the oar as a pole, out of the bulrushes after sinking the cage of eels, the mud rising a dirty yellow between the stems.

"Why America?"

"Well, it's the land of opportunity, isn't it, a big, expanding country; there's no room for ambition in this poky place. All there's room for is to make holes in pints of porter."

I was wary of the big words; they were not in his voice or any person's voice.

"Who'd pay the fare?" I asked.

"We'd manage that. We'd scrape it together somehow."

"Why should you scrape for me to go to America if I can get a job here?"

"I feel I'd be giving you a chance I never got. I fought for this country. And now they want to take away even the license to fish. Will you think about it anyhow?"

"I'll think about it," I answered.

Mr. McGahern, a Dubliner, seems to be following in the footsteps of several of his illustrious countrymen: he received a state prize for *The Barracks* in 1964, but in the following year his prose work *The Dark* was seized and banned. He was holder of the O'Connor chair at Colgate in the spring.

Through the day he trimmed the brows of ridges in the potato field while I replaced hooks on the line and dug worms, pain of doing things for the last time as well as the boredom the knowledge brings that soon there'll be no need to do them, that they could be discarded almost now. The guilt of leaving came: I was discarding his life to assume my own, a man to row the boat would eat into the decreasing profits of the fishing, and it was even not certain he'd get renewal of his license. The tourist board had opposed the last application. They said we impoverished the coarse fishing for tourists—the tourists who came every summer from Liverpool and Birmingham in increasing numbers to sit in aluminum deck chairs on the riverbank and fish with rods. The fields we had would be a bare living without the fishing, and it'd be vinegar for him to turn what he called boardinghouse zookeeper.

I saw him stretch across the wall in conversation with the cattle-dealer Farrell as I came round to put the worms where we stored them in clay in the darkness of the lavatory. Farrell leaned on the bar of his bicycle on the road. I passed into the lavatory thinking they talked about the price of cattle, but as I emptied the worms into the box, the word Moran came, and I carefully opened the door to listen. It was my father's voice; it was excited.

"I know. I heard the exact sum. They got ten thousand dollars when Luke was killed. Every American soldier's life is insured to the tune of ten thousand dollars."

"I heard they get two hundred and fifty dollars a month each for Michael and Sam while they're serving," he went on.

"They're buying cattle left and right," Farrell's voice came as I closed the door and stood in the darkness, in the smell of shit and piss and the warm fleshy smell of worms crawling in too little clay.

The shock I felt was the shock I was to feel later when I made some social blunder, the splintering of a self-esteem, and the need to crawl into some lavatory and think.

Luke Moran's body had come from Korea in a leaden casket, had crossed the stone bridge to the slow funeral bell with the big cars from the embassy behind, the coffin draped in the Stars and Stripes. Shots had been fired above the grave before they threw in the clay. There were photos of his decorations being presented to his family by a military attaché.

He'd scrape the fare, I'd be conscripted there, each month he'd get so many dollars while I served, and he'd get ten thousand if I was killed.

In the darkness of the lavatory between the boxes of crawling worms before we set the night line for the eels I knew my youth had ended.

I rowed as he let out the night line, his fingers baiting each twisted hook so beautifully that it seemed a single movement. The dark was closing

from the shadow of Oakport to Nutley's boathouse, bats made ugly whirls overhead, the wings of ducks shirred as they curved down into the bay.

"Have you thought about what I said about going to America?" he asked, without lifting his eyes from the hooks and the box of worms.

"I have."

The oars dipped in the water without splash, the hole whorling wider in the calm as it slipped past him on the stern seat.

"Have you decided to take the chance then?"

"No. I'm not going."

"You won't be able to say I didn't give you the chance when you come to nothing in this fool of a country. It'll be your own funeral."

"It'll be my own funeral," I answered, and asked after a long silence, "As you grow older, do you find your own days in the war and jails coming much back to you?"

"I do. And I don't want to talk about them.

Talking about the execution disturbed me no end, those cursed buttons bursting into the air. And the most I think is that if I'd conducted my own wars, and let the fool of a country fend for itself, I'd be much better off today. And I don't want to talk about it."

I knew this silence was fixed forever as I rowed in silence till he asked, "Do you think, will it be much good tonight?"

"It's too calm," I answered.

"Unless the night wind gets up," he said anxiously.

"Unless a night wind," I repeated.

As the boat moved through the calm water and the line slipped through his fingers over the side I'd never felt so close to him before, not when he'd carried me on his shoulders above the laughing crowd to the Final. Each move he made I watched as closely as if I too had to prepare myself to murder. □

THE COLONEL

It was a rose
Sudden
Born of fire
In a buckwheat field where they met the most decisive battle of
the war
His leg was parted from him in 1942.

He has heard history and the laughter of history.

What is imperishable?
Cough syrup, a razor, last month's rent, and the like
During the skirmish of his wife's sewing machine
He feels the only thing that can capture him
Is the sun.

by Ya Hsien

THE FIGHT FOR THE PRESIDENT'S MIND

and the men who won it.

WHO GOT US INTO VIETNAM? There is no way to say fairly now, for the responsibility is shared.

WHO STOPPED THE ESCALATION? That story can be told. Townsend Hoopes, Undersecretary of the Air Force (1967-1969) was one of the small group of men in the Defense and State Departments who dared to challenge Lyndon Johnson and his war policy from within the government. This is a political drama; it is also an intimate account of how independent-minded men helped restore to the American government a certain mastery of events at a time when there seemed to be no course but the one everyone feared: wider war.

Nineteen sixty-eight began with the Communist Tet offensive in Vietnam. Late in February, the Johnson Administration sat down to assess the attack. Soon, disagreements about the meaning of Tet, and the proper response to it, appeared at the highest levels of government.

The reappraisal of Vietnam policy began on February 26, 1968, with the arrival of a cable from General Earle Wheeler sent from Saigon. He had been dispatched by President Johnson about February 20 "to find out what else Westmoreland might need." He conferred with Westmoreland and inspected the battle areas. Then he sent a cable for McNamara, Rusk, Rostow, and Helms of the CIA setting forth his assessment of the situation and of the additional "force requirements" that he and Westmoreland considered necessary or at least very desirable. While Wheeler was flying home, McNamara convened the three Service Secretaries and the Chiefs of Staff on the afternoon of February 26

to address the Wheeler cable. My boss, Harold Brown, being out of town, I was present as Acting Secretary of the Air Force.

General "Bus" Wheeler, USA, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was an intelligent, personable, politically sophisticated staff officer whose talents were admirably suited to the demanding tasks of coordinating the strong (and by no means always common) interests of four powerful military bureaucracies—the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marine Corps—and of serving as their principal advocate and defender in relations with the Secretary of Defense, the President, and the Congress. Handsome and distinguished in appearance, he was also seasoned, articulate, and courteous, as well as more resilient than most military professionals in his relations with civilian officials and politicians. He understood the importance of intangible factors and readily grasped the limits of what was politically feasible. His perception and tact had helped on countless occasions to bridge

by Townsend Hoopes

the sensitive gap between what his colleagues on JCS insisted was militarily necessary and what the civilian authorities were willing to approve. Though they disagreed often, he and McNamara respected each other greatly. There was, however, never any doubt of Wheeler's fundamental commitment to a military solution in Vietnam, his determined advocacy of whatever level of effort was required to achieve it, or his unqualified support of Westmoreland. Although more polished and subtle than the Service Chiefs, he was in every respect a convinced and authentic spokesman for the professional military interest.

The Wheeler cable gave authoritative confirmation to many earlier impressions. The fighting was by no means over; indeed, large actions appeared in the offing at Khesanh or Hué and all across the central highlands. The enemy had suffered very substantial losses during the Tet offensive, yet retained sizable reserves, and was displaying a greater tenacity than the U.S. Command had seen at any earlier period of the war. He was hanging in close to urban areas in a serious effort to disrupt the inflow of food and other supplies, to paralyze the economy, to intimidate the people by rumor and violence. At least six enemy regiments remained on the edges of Saigon. ARVN had fought well on the whole, but had required reinforcement by U.S. troops in a number of places, including Hué. In addition, it had been necessary to position more than half of the 110 U.S. maneuver battalions in Northern I Corps to counter the heavy enemy threat there. As a result, there was no remaining theater reserve to meet contingencies. Westmoreland's forces were stretched thin, and required prompt and substantial reinforcement. Wheeler's cable then summarized the "force requirements," which amounted to about 206,000 men divided into three time phases: 107,000 by May 1; another 43,000 by September 1; and the final 56,000 by December. The ground force package (both Army and Marines) totaled about 171,000, the Air Force about 22,000, and the Navy about 13,000.

To say the least, the magnitude of the request was a stunner to those gathered around the table. The Secretary of the Navy, Paul Ignatius, asked why, if U.S. and allied forces had killed more than 30,000 enemy troops since Tet, Westmoreland needed an extra 100,000 men within sixty days. General Harold Johnson, the Army Chief of Staff (and Acting JCS Chairman in Wheeler's absence),

replied that because the Viet Cong were now vigorously recruiting in the countryside, abandoned by ARVN, we had to expect them to recover their losses at least numerically; he thought, however, that the quality of VC forces had suffered irretrievably.

I expressed surprise at the size of the request for additional air power—seventeen tactical fighter squadrons, of which twelve were to be Air Force and five Marine. Two of the twelve had been previously requested, and the Air Force was engaged in preparations to deploy them. I expressed concern that sending more would seriously crowd the airfields in South Vietnam, with resulting higher damage rates from mortar fire and sapper attacks, or, alternatively, would create further adverse political consequences if we introduced another increment of U.S. air forces into neighboring Thailand. General Johnson replied that the new request simply maintained the existing ratio of air support to ground forces. This was true, but it was a bureaucratic rather than a substantive answer. I did not pursue the point in the meeting, but there was in fact no well-reasoned analysis to support the *existing* air-ground ratio; it had simply evolved out of the early conditions of the war. Moreover, it was a matter of some delicacy in Army-Air Force relations because it touched the boundary line between the assigned roles and missions of the two Services. If the Air Force did not provide close air support in a ratio satisfactory to the Army, that would strengthen the Army's argument for developing its own means of close support. Already, through the introduction of helicopter gunships of increasing power, speed, and sophistication, the Army had pressed against that boundary. The rote application of that ratio in constructing the new "force requirements" for Vietnam was the first hint that perhaps they had not been entirely made in Saigon, but that Wheeler had carried to his meeting with Westmoreland some rather definite JCS views as to what was needed and could be obtained at this juncture of the war.

The fact remained that we already had thirty land-based tactical squadrons in South Vietnam. Wheeler and Westmoreland were now asking that this be increased to forty-seven. A number of professional airmen considered South Vietnam already saturated with allied air power, and there was of course the basic question whether large additional forces were available. In response to the *Pueblo* crisis, we had just dispatched 150 aircraft to South Korea. The Air Force was a "can do" outfit; it could generate additional squadrons if the decision were made to do so, but this would take time, cost money, and almost certainly require the further call-up of Reserves if we were to avoid a drawdown of the squadrons in Europe or otherwise committed to NATO.

McNamara gave his opinion that to meet the West-

Townsend Hoopes served in the Pentagon from 1947 to 1953 and again from 1965 to 1969. He has also been a management consultant in New York. This article is drawn from his book *The Limits of Intervention*, an inside account of how the Johnson policy of escalation in Vietnam was finally reversed, to be published by McKay later in the month.

moreland request would create a requirement for about 400,000 more men on active military service (Reservists or draftees) and involve an added cost of \$10 billion for the first twelve months (at this time he was working on a Defense budget for the fiscal year beginning in July, 1968, that amounted to about \$90 billion, of which roughly \$30 billion was attributable to Vietnam). He asked each Service to analyze the Westmoreland request in the light of three possibilities: (1) that we would fully comply, (2) that we would partially comply, and (3) that we would examine alternative political and military strategies in Vietnam. But for purposes of moving ahead, he asked that we concentrate initially on the first alternative.

McNamara's managed decisions

One of the major ironies of the Wheeler trip was that, had McNamara not been in his final month of office, he rather than Wheeler would almost surely have gone to Saigon, and his judgment rather than an undiluted military judgment would have formed the basis of the authoritative request, if any, for more forces. Previously, at every critical turn in the war, McNamara had flown to Vietnam to bargain directly with Westmoreland and the other commanders regarding the manpower and discretionary authority required for the next phase. In every instance, he had reached his own conclusions before departing Washington and had meticulously prepared his position, including a draft of what he would report to the President on his return. In every case he prevailed upon the military commanders to scale down their requests (called "requirements"); in return for their cooperation, he gave his public endorsement to the amended buildup. That pattern had been repeated at approximately six-month intervals since early 1965. It was a technique which exemplified McNamara's mastery of, and strong instinct for, managed decision-making: by holding control within very narrow channels, developing an advance position, and moving fast, he finessed serious debate on basic issues and thus saved the President from the unpleasant task of arbitrating major disputes within his official family. It had worked smoothly, but it had also resulted in a twenty-five-fold increase in the military manpower commitment to Vietnam—from 21,000 to 510,000—over a three-year period.

Even in the advanced state of disenchantment which had overtaken him by late February, McNamara's instinctive reaction on receiving the new military request was to "manage the problem," whittle down the numbers, muffle the differences, and thereby avoid a bruising confrontation within the Administration. The President's initiative of November to move McNamara to the World Bank thus proved a fateful hinge on which swung later events of far-reaching consequence. Phil G. Gould-

ing, the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, thought that if McNamara had remained firmly in the saddle and had made the trip to Saigon, there would have been no request for 206,000 men and probably no immediate and dramatic reappraisal of policy. The matter is of course speculative, but my own view is close to Goulding's.

With McNamara managing the manpower question, it seems likely that agreement inside the circle of advisers would have been rather quickly reached on troop reinforcements of perhaps 50,000, together with a renewed offer to stop the bombing in exchange for reciprocal acts by Hanoi. Such terms would have been set forth in a generally tough, patriotic, hortatory speech by the President. This approach might have bought the Administration another month or two of public toleration. It might have weakened Senator McCarthy's showing in New Hampshire (where public knowledge of the 206,000 figure helped enormously), which in turn might have made Robert Kennedy more hesitant; it might have persuaded President Johnson to stay in the political race. But in the end, I am sure, and well before the summer, an attempt to carry on in Vietnam without significant change, as though the Tet offensive had not really happened, would have generated a wholesale domestic cataclysm as well as a major explosion in the Democratic Party that neither Lyndon Johnson nor his Vietnam policy could have survived. For the deep-seated, powerful thrust of public opinion in March was that "more of the same" was simply not good enough. The further irony is that an explosive upheaval, produced by yet another effort to finesse the basic issues, might have forced a far more definitive decision sometime in mid-1968: for example, immediate unilateral reduction of U.S. forces and a phased liquidation of the entire enterprise in twelve to

eighteen months. Because circumstances brought about a dramatic reappraisal in March and because the President was thereby persuaded to act as he did—to put a ceiling on the war, to halt the bombing partially, to take himself out of the political race—the teeth of the domestic opposition were pulled sufficiently to preserve at least a semblance of Lyndon Johnson's leadership inside the Democratic Party and to permit him a tolerably graceful exit at the end of the year, with his Vietnam policy still shrouded in ambiguity.

But McNamara did not go to Saigon, and the sending of Wheeler produced an undiluted expression of the true military desideratum—no less than a 40 percent increase in a force level already at

General Wheeler



Wide World Photo

"force requirements"

510,000. This was an event that galvanized the Pentagon civilians, who were for the first time able to assert their strong anti-escalation position in a favorable psychological and managerial climate. The Wheeler-Westmoreland request was a catalyst that made serious reappraisal unavoidable, and Clark Clifford's arrival as Secretary of Defense meant that new channels of communication were now available to debate the issues.

Task Force on Vietnam

Since his Senate confirmation in January, Clifford had of course been preparing himself for his new responsibilities by conferring frequently with McNamara, Deputy Secretary Paul Nitze, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. On February 28, two days before the swearing-in ceremony, the President named an Ad Hoc Task Force on Vietnam, with Clifford as chairman. Its purpose was to examine the Wheeler-Westmoreland request for more forces and to determine the domestic implications. As the principals understood it, the assignment from the President was a fairly narrow one—how to give Westmoreland what he said he needed, with acceptable domestic consequences.

Clifford convened the Task Force that same day in McNamara's Pentagon dining room for an introductory meeting. Beginning on March 1, he held day and evening sessions through March 6. McNamara attended the first session as Secretary of Defense, but did not thereafter participate. The other participants were Clifford, Nitze, Assistant Secretaries Paul Warnke and Phil Goulding for Defense; Rusk, Undersecretary Nicholas Katzenbach, Assistant Secretary William Bundy, and Philip Habib for State; Wheeler for the JCS; Richard Helms for CIA; Walt Rostow for the White House; Secretary Henry Fowler for Treasury; and General Maxwell Taylor as a special adviser. Initially, Clifford adopted a kind of quiet judicial posture, encouraging others to develop information. He was going through, as he later put it, "the most intensive learning period of my life." Rusk said little at the opening session, it being a familiar trait of his to remain relatively silent at meetings he did not himself conduct, preferring to reserve his position for the President's ear. Thereafter, he did not attend the Task Force discussions.

Clifford moved immediately to broaden the inquiry's frame of reference by stating that to him the basic question was whether the United States should continue to follow the same course in Vietnam. What was likely to happen if we put in another 200,000 men? Would that bring us any closer to our objectives? Perhaps Westmoreland did need 200,000 additional troops under his present strategic concept, but was that a sensible concept? McNamara said Westmoreland's forces had been asked to carry more of the burden of achieving

U.S. political objectives in Vietnam than could be borne by military power; we could not, he said, "by limited military means" force North Vietnam to quit, but neither could they drive us out of South Vietnam; the time had therefore come to recognize the necessity for negotiations and a compromise political settlement. Nitze argued the need to re-examine the involvement in Vietnam in the wider context of U.S. interests and commitments elsewhere in the world; he said that whatever the result in Vietnam itself, we would have failed in our purposes if the war should spread to the point of direct military confrontation with China or Russia, or to the point where our resources were so heavily committed in Vietnam as to put our other commitments in serious doubt. He thought a less ambitious strategy should be devised, in order to buy time for strengthening ARVN and for getting out. Habib, who was deputy to William Bundy and a specialist on Vietnamese affairs, thought almost any alternative course would be preferable to sending more U.S. troops, because that would simply take the pressure off the GVN and ARVN to stand on their own feet.

Rostow, Wheeler, and Taylor expounded the hard line, arguing that the Tet offensive was in reality a new and unexpected opportunity. The guerrilla enemy, so long elusive and unwilling to give battle under conditions that favored America's superior firepower, had suddenly exposed himself all over the country. He had come into the open in large numbers, in a desperate attempt to seize cities and promote popular uprisings. This dramatic shift of strategy indicated he could no longer stand the relentless pressure of U.S. military power in a protracted war. Therefore, the prompt and substantial reinforcing of Westmoreland could open the way to victories that would decimate the enemy forces and bring Hanoi, much more quickly than otherwise, to the conference table under conditions favorable to our side. Speaking for the JCS, Wheeler said the full 206,000 men were needed, and that to provide less would be taken by Westmoreland as a vote of no confidence. Taylor doubted whether sending even the full 206,000 would enable Westmoreland "to do what he is trying to do." *

* There has been a curious, retrospective effort by the military leaders to argue that an actual request for 206,000 additional troops was never made. That figure, they now claim, merely represented one of several possible force levels in a wide spectrum of "normal contingency plans" that covered plausible future battlefield situations ranging from favorable to ominous. But the Wheeler assessment contained only one set of figures and related them directly to his considered view that Westmoreland needed prompt reinforcement. Certainly the President, in establishing the Ad Hoc Task Force on Vietnam, understood that he was organizing to consider a specific manpower request. Finally, Wheeler's own line of argument in the Task Force discussions leaves no doubt that he regarded the figure as a firm military proposal, endorsed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

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Nitze and Warnke, supported by Katzenbach, sought to counter these arguments. There was, they argued, no very convincing evidence that the enemy's attack was motivated by desperation or that his immediate aims were as ambitious as a popular uprising against the GVN and the wholesale desertion of ARVN. It seemed more likely, they argued, that the enemy had decided the time was ripe for a major effort to achieve several very important but still limited purposes: to capture one or more major cities, to cause large-scale panic in the ARVN, to recapture large parts of the countryside in order to destroy the pacification program and gain access to new recruits; above all, to show public opinion in America that, contrary to the optimistic projections of November, the United States was not winning the war and in fact could not seriously attempt to win it without undermining more important domestic and global interests.

Warnke, who was to have perhaps more influence on Clifford's change of position than any other single person, had held the pivotal post of Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs since August, 1967. Previously he had been General Counsel of the Defense Department, and for fifteen years before that engaged in practice with a distinguished Washington law firm. Warnke possessed a strong, lucid mind, bold in conception, rigorously disciplined in argument. He was tough, but always personally engaging, discriminating, and fair. Above all, he brought to bogged-down inter-agency arguments on Vietnam the bracing gift of candor, including a readiness to assert the increasingly obvious truth that the Emperor's policy had no clothes on.

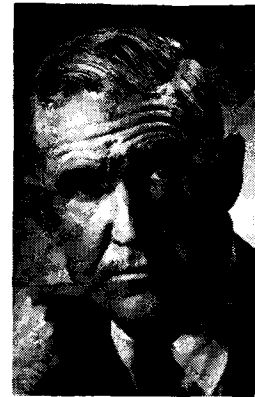
As Warnke saw it, both sides were disappointed by the results. The enemy failed to capture and hold any major city, and he suffered tremendous losses, perhaps 30,000 killed; also, ARVN fought better than expected. But the attacks produced devastating effects on our side as well—many cities were overrun and then gravely damaged or destroyed in the process of recapturing them, with heavy loss of life; the enemy still held the countryside and had demonstrated the inherent fragility of the pacification program; large-scale U.S. forces were tied down in remote, uninhabited places like Khesanh and Conthien, unable to move, pounded by enemy artillery, and with their ability to resist direct assault a matter of growing doubt. Finally, it was clear that public opinion in the United States had been shaken to the roots. In plain truth, Warnke argued, neither side could win militarily. U.S. strategy should henceforth be based on that reality and should aim, not at victory, but at the kind of staying power necessary to the achievement of a compromise political settlement. In military terms, this meant no further troop increases (for the enemy could and would match them), a pullback from isolated posts like Khesanh,

and a far less aggressive ground strategy designed to protect the people where they lived. A revised directive should be sent to Westmoreland making clear that henceforward his primary mission would be to protect the population of South Vietnam. There should also be a renewed effort to open talks, if necessary by halting the bombing.

With Clifford listening intently and learning fast but not yet committed to any position, the sheer momentum of the ongoing policy continued to dominate the proceedings. Except for Clifford, who was still neutral, the participating *principals*—Rusk, Rostow, Wheeler, Taylor, and Fowler—were strongly for meeting the request and getting on with the war. They claimed, explicitly or by implication, to know the President's mind, and everyone was aware that he had many times said his commanders in Vietnam would get whatever they needed. In the circumstances, the advocates of change faced a heavy, uphill battle, but they kept doggedly at it. After each Task Force session broke up, Warnke and Goulding stayed behind to express to Clifford their concern over the drift of the discussion, to press a particular point, to counter a particular line of argument. Clifford listened intently, then asked them to go and prepare facts and analysis that he could use at the next session. All during the seven-day period, Warnke and Goulding would thus retire to an office between sessions to develop hasty counterarguments, dictating and correcting drafts at a rapid clip, so that Clifford could have fresh information for the next meeting.

While the Clifford Task Force was meeting, the Army and the Air Force were analyzing possible "alternative strategies" at Clifford's direction. In the Air Force, Harold Brown and I worked steadily through the weekend, receiving drafts from the Air Staff, discussing these with the Vice-Chief, General Bruce Holloway, and a small team of officers, and then sending the drafts back to be amended and refined. The Air Staff brought forward three alternatives: (1) an intensified bombing campaign in the North, including attacks on the dock area of Haiphong, on railroad equipment within the Chinese Buffer Zone, and on the dike system that controlled irrigation for NVN agriculture; (2) a greater effort against the truck routes and supply trails in the southern part of North Vietnam (the narrow area called the panhandle), to be generated by shifting about half the daily sorties away from the Hanoi-Haiphong area; and (3) a cam-

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"no well-reasoned analysis..."

paign designed to substitute tactical airpower for a large portion of the search-and-destroy operations currently conducted by ground forces, thus permitting the ground troops to concentrate on a perimeter defense of the heavily populated areas.

The Air Staff strongly preferred Alternative 1, but Brown and I continued to feel that, while there was little assurance such a campaign could either force NVN to the conference table, or even significantly reduce its war effort, it was a course em-

Phil Goulding

U.S. Army Photo



"shock wave..."

U.S.-ARVN ground forces adopted a modified enclaves strategy, featuring enough aggressive reconnaissance to identify and break up developing attacks, but designed primarily to protect the people of Vietnam and, through population control measures, to force exposure of the VC political cadres. It was a strategy aimed not at winning a military victory, but at providing a strong negotiating posture. Harold Brown forwarded the Air Staff papers together with a memorandum representing his supplementary views and my own. He and I were in full agreement.

The Task Force recommendations

These various countermovements notwithstanding, the Task Force ended its seven-day effort by drafting a set of recommendations which in all essential respects confirmed existing policy. In a short unsigned memorandum for the President, it recommended an immediate deployment of about 20,000 additional troops and the prompt approval of Reserve call-ups, larger draft calls, and lengthened duty tours in Vietnam sufficient both to provide the remaining 186,000 men requested by Westmoreland and to restore a strategic reserve force adequate to meet contingencies that might arise elsewhere in the world. There was to be a reiteration of the formula announced at San Antonio in September, 1967, but no new initiative toward negotiation or peace. There was also to be a step-up in the bombing, with Wheeler, Taylor, and Rostow advocating measures beyond those acceptable to the other members of the Task Force—that is, to expand the

targets around Hanoi and Haiphong and to mine Haiphong Harbor. These were the central recommendations. The advocates of change gained only the fringe benefit of delay—that is deferment of the actual decision to deploy the remaining 186,000 to Vietnam and agreement to make that decision subject to (1) evidence of improved political performance by the GVN, (2) studies that might produce new political and strategic guidance for Westmoreland, and (3) week-by-week examination of the developing situation in Vietnam. Beyond these frail and imprecise caveats, the report was entirely silent on the matter of the relevance and adequacy of U.S. political objectives in Vietnam, the validity of the present ground strategy, the usefulness of the bombing, or the effects of Tet. Its spare, terse, emotionless prose typified those papers that go to the President for action on issues of great heat and consequence. They do not reargue the issues, for these are painfully known to all concerned; they state merely the minimal compromise agreement that the contending parties have been able to reach.

Clifford, although he passed along the report, was uneasy about it, for the Task Force deliberations had deepened his doubts as to the wisdom and practicality of existing policy. Moreover, in separate meetings with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he had probed for their professional assessment of the battlefield effect of adding 206,000 troops, but had received only "vague and unsatisfactory" answers. They could not promise victory; at most, they could say that more troops would add to the cumulative weight of our pressure on the enemy. Nitze, Warnke, Goulding, and I were profoundly discouraged, for we felt that presidential approval of the first increment of troops would implicitly reaffirm both the Bunker-Westmoreland assessment of the Tet offensive and the Westmoreland ground strategy. To me the Task Force report was mindless folly, confirming once more the depressing truth that the inner core of the Administration was frozen solid in misconceptions as to the nature of the war, as to what our military power could accomplish, as to how our real interests in Asia should be served. The advisers seemed incapable of extricating themselves from policies that were manifestly *not* working. The memorandum contained, for example, no mention at all of negotiations, yet it seemed clear we would only begin another dreary cycle of inconclusive bloodshed and widening conflict if, in the wake of Tet, we made the mistake of insisting there could be no talks until we had once again regained the military initiative. As I said in a memorandum to Warnke at this time:

In the see-saw struggle to determine the precisely propitious moment to risk negotiations, we should try to retain a sense of proportion. We are a nation of 200 million—the strongest economic and military power in the world—whereas North Vietnam is an underdeveloped country of 19 million. We should

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be able to afford a certain magnanimity on this point of the circumstantial "position of strength" prerequisite for entering upon negotiations. In other words, we should not too much insist on our own particular stage setting for talks. If we do, we will probably get no talks at all.

But by far the most serious deficiency of the Task Force report was its failure to gauge the horrendous political implications of its basic recommendation that the military manpower request be met. For this involved a Reserve mobilization on the order of 250,000 men as well as increased draft calls. Together, these measures would add 450,000 men to U.S. active-duty forces, bringing the total strength to about 3.9 million. With his sensitive journalistic antennae quivering, Goulding, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, hastily dictated an appendix which Clifford circulated within the Task Force, but which did not go forward to the President. Goulding's appendix noted that there had been absolutely no preparation of public opinion for such a large-scale mobilization. The official line had stressed our ability to fight in Vietnam and at the same time to meet commitments elsewhere without undue strain; it had held that we were winning the war and, specifically, that we had emerged victorious from the Tet offensive; it insisted that ARVN was improving every day. Now suddenly 250,000 American Reservists were to be separated from their families and careers and another 200,000 men drafted—all in the absence of any new or palpable national crisis.

Goulding argued that the shock wave would run through the entire American body politic. The doves would say the President was destroying the country by pouring its finest men and resources into a bottomless pit. The hawks would cry that the Administration had no moral right to disrupt the lives of all these young men and still insist on waging a war of limited objectives, limited geographical boundaries, and limited weapons. They would demand, Goulding wrote, that the Administration "unleash . . . hit the sanctuaries . . . if necessary invade." The antiwar demonstrations and resistance to the draft would rise to new crescendos, reinforced by civil rights groups who would feel the President had once again revealed his inner conviction that the war in Vietnam was more important than the war on poverty. It would be quite unavailing for the Administration to say that only 20,000 more men were being committed to Vietnam. That might or might not prove to be true; in the larger sense the claim would be irrelevant, for in the context of steady escalation over the past three years, it simply would not be believed. Moreover, the major political damage would be done by the increased mobilization itself, for it was this that would bring on the domestic surprise and disruption, as well as cause the defense budget to rise by \$2.5 billion in 1968 and by \$10 billion in 1969. Actual deployment of the other

186,000 to Vietnam would be, as the saying went, a "secondary explosion."

Goulding's appendix made clear that the Administration had trapped itself in repeated expressions of overblown optimism and could thus carry into effect the recommendations of the Task Force only if it were ready to accept the gravest domestic political risks. Clifford was deeply impressed by its unanswerable logic; others were equally taken aback. Fowler, who had concluded that a formal war mobilization was the only sure way to obtain the higher taxes and controls he felt were necessary for a successful defense of the dollar, was apparently chastened by the chilling implications of the Goulding analysis.

The Task Force recommendations were sent to the President on March 7. The following day, Clifford went to the White House to discuss the proposed actions and their implications, and also to lay before the President some of the fundamental questions which had formed in his own thinking about Vietnam. The recommendations, he explained, were responsive to instructions and represented actions that the President could take "if that is the way you wish to go." He felt obliged to add, however, that, while not yet agreeing or disagreeing with the thrust of the Task Force report, he had developed "doubts" about the efficacy of the ground strategy, the effectiveness of the bombing campaign, and what could really be accomplished by a further large infusion of American troops. He acknowledged that his doubts did not appear to be shared by the other principals on the Task Force, namely, Rusk, Rostow, Wheeler, Taylor, and Fowler.

When the basic differences were out on the table, the President was less than pleased with Clifford's position, notwithstanding its essential tentativeness at that point. Disturbed by what had seemed to him McNamara's progressive emotionalism and apostasy, the President had looked forward to Clifford's coming aboard as a means of re-establishing solid group harmony. Then, as Clifford later said wryly, "this Judas appeared." The warm, long-standing friendship between the two men grew suddenly formal and cool. For with Lyndon Johnson nothing counted more than personal loyalty, and with respect to Vietnam, nothing was so deep-rooted as the President's instinctive bellicosity and will to win. Clifford was affronting both of these feelings, and over the following days he felt the relationship deteriorating seriously. However, it did not during March fall to the point where the President refused to see him alone—that was to be a man-

Walt Rostow



Wide World Photo

. . . no doubts . . .

ifestation of the following summer, during Clifford's struggle to effect a total bombing halt in an effort to get the Paris talks off dead center.

The session on March 8 ended with Clifford emphasizing the tentative nature of his own judgments and expressing the hope that there would be time for further study. Wheeler and the JCS were anxious to move ahead on the Task Force recommendations, but Rusk and Rostow were prepared to have the issues studied further, in part because the domestic implications, political and economic, seemed to grow more ominous with each passing day. Some reasonable delay appeared to meet the President's preferences.

The Fulbright hearings

By mid-March, storm warnings were coming in from all points of the political-economic compass. Newspaper dispatches of March 10 had disclosed the magnitude of the military manpower request, and this was producing a sharp aggravation of the chronic balance-of-payments problem, with attendant serious strains on the international monetary system. In the Congress, there was rising criticism of Westmoreland, alarm at the threat to the dollar, opposition to a large-scale call-up of reserves, and uneasiness at the apparent drift and indecision that seemed to have descended upon the Administration. The Gallup Poll reported that 49 percent of the American people now believed the United States was wrong to have become involved in Vietnam with its own military forces.

The New York *Times* called the situation a "man-made disaster." On March 15, *Time* magazine commented that the debate was being conducted in a vacuum, that the President had retreated into an ever-narrowing circle of advisers, with no one outside the coterie knowing what was on his mind, what questions he was asking, or what alternatives he foresaw. The Senate and the country were troubled by the prospect that the Administration would announce new military measures without so much as a by-your-leave to Congress; indeed, Fulbright thought the President's authority further to expand the war without consent of the Congress was the principal issue.

On March 12, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee opened its annual hearings on the Foreign Aid Bill (of which the Military Assistance Bill was a part). The first witness was Rusk and, as had been unanimously anticipated, the discussion quickly turned from economic and military aid to an extended, painful, and frustrating renewal of the public debate on the Vietnam War. For two full days the sorely tried Secretary of State bore the skeptical, troubled, hostile questions from the senators with admirable dignity and an invincible politeness, but without satisfying any of their doubts. Forced to defend the past and unable to speculate

on possible new departures that might emerge from the still ongoing reappraisal, Rusk was in a deeply unenviable position. The resulting dialogue was stale, unedifying fare for both official Washington and the presumed millions of television viewers.

Fulbright had also requested Clifford to testify immediately following Rusk, this being the normal sequence for foreign aid hearings, but Clifford, still uncertain as to the depth of his own disaffection from the Administration's Vietnam policy, had declined with the ploy that he was too new to the office and too preoccupied with Vietnam [*sic*] to have developed mature judgments on the Military Assistance Program. The President was also negative about a Clifford appearance before the Fulbright Committee, having concluded that the circumstances of Rusk's testimony—before hostile questioners seeking to exploit the medium of nationwide television—had resulted in a net detriment to the Administration's position. After discussing the problem together, Clifford and the President agreed that Nitze, as Deputy Secretary of Defense, should testify, if this was agreeable to the senators. Fulbright promptly concurred, but Nitze then advised Clifford that he was not in a position to defend the Administration's Vietnam policy. Since it was clear, in light of Rusk's experience, that the senators would quickly finesse the subject of foreign aid and direct their questions to Vietnam, Nitze reasoned that he could not avoid the issue and that accordingly he should not testify. He had drafted a letter to the President which he then showed to Clifford. It stated briefly and politely his central position, going on to say that he placed hope in the range of alternative options that were, as he understood it, still under consideration in connection with the reappraisal. The letter concluded with a short paragraph recognizing the possibility that, in view of Nitze's stated position, the President might prefer that he "not continue."

Paul Nitze possessed wide and relevant experience in foreign-military affairs, a sophisticated intellect, and a considerable charm edged with a somewhat Prussian quality. The son of a college professor, he had made his money as a young man in Wall Street before World War II, married well, and thereafter addressed himself primarily to a public career with emphasis on the study and management of strategic problems. After service on the Strategic Bombing Survey in 1946-1947, he became Dean Acheson's distinguished Director of Policy Planning at State. In 1961, President Kennedy appointed him Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, and in the ensuing years President Johnson, at McNamara's urging, promoted him to Secretary of the Navy and then to Deputy Secretary of Defense. Basically a hard-liner in his attitudes toward Russia, China, and Communism, he was, however, noted for his sense of proportion, knowledge, and sound judgment on

We've got a knack for picking winners.



This is a scene from the movie "Winning", produced by Universal Pictures. It promises to more than live up to its name. The co-stars play an Indianapolis 500 driver and an Avis rental agent. And if you haven't identified these stars by now, you don't go to the movies much. They're Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward. She's Mrs. Newman in private life.

Naturally we're happy that Avis was chosen to represent the rent-a-car industry in this movie. That's one of the things that come from trying harder.

We picked Avis for a winner in 1965. Since then, another result of trying harder has been demonstrated in a big way. The Avis fleet of cars and trucks has increased from 25,000 to 92,000. During the same time the industry as a whole has had an equally spectacular growth.

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matters of both policy and technique. He was that rare combination of intellectual and manager, as well as a man of unquestioned loyalty and integrity. To those seriously concerned with the effective management of defense affairs, he was a pearl of great price.

Clifford, who was impressed by the depth of Nitze's conviction and who badly needed Nitze's professional expertise to handle major strategic, technical, and administrative problems which time had not yet permitted him to come to grips with, was concerned that the President, acutely sensitive on the matter of loyalty, might in his current frame of mind resent the tone of Nitze's letter and ask for his resignation. Clifford agreed to convey the letter to the President, but urged Nitze first to delete any reference to resigning and then to soften the language, assuring him it was very important, both politically and substantively, that he stay on. Nitze was willing to amend the letter, but even in its revised form it got a sour reception from Lyndon Johnson. Clifford and the President next agreed that Warnke should be the Defense witness, on the logical grounds that his office was directly responsible for planning and managing the Military Assistance Program. Warnke was agreeable, notwithstanding his profound misgivings about Vietnam policy, for, not having been in government at the time of the 1965 decisions, he felt he could roll with the punches. Fulbright, however, demurred, insisting that the Committee could accept only Clifford or his deputy. So the ball was hit back into Clifford's court. Either he would have to testify personally or the Defense Department would have to bear the onus of refusing to comply with a request from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

There is reason to believe that this was the moment—about March 16—when all of Clifford's unresolved uneasiness and doubt crystallized into a firm conviction that the Administration's policy in Vietnam was indefensible. Moved by Warnke's persuasive skepticism, chilled by Goulding's appendix, in receipt of my long memorandum,* impressed by Nitze's readiness to resign, his own thoughts coalesced into solid form. Certainly, the idea of having to defend a highly dubious enterprise before informed and vehement congressional critics, and under klieg lights for the benefit of a national television audience, was a prospect calculated to concentrate the mind wonderfully. Clifford decided he would not do it. Instead, he paid a private call on Fulbright, and in the course of a talk that was frank on both sides, spoke of the ongoing reappraisal within the Administration and of his

own deepening doubts with respect to the existing policy. He urged Fulbright to understand that the prospects for change might be damaged if he were to testify while the major issues were still being debated at the White House, but he thought a more propitious time for testimony would develop. Fulbright, who was heartened by what he heard, dropped all Committee pressure for Clifford's appearance and wrote a letter which in effect invited the Secretary of Defense to name his own time and convenience.

Clifford, having now reached the firm conclusion that the war was not winnable in military terms under any conditions compatible with American interests, began to state his case for a fundamental change of policy—aimed squarely at disengagement. He was still groping for the precise formula, but the ingredients were apparent: a bombing halt to get talks started, a shift to a less costly ground strategy, measures to strengthen ARVN, a clear warning to the GVN that U.S. military power would not remain indefinitely in Vietnam, and that therefore the GVN must posture itself for a serious political settlement involving compromise with the NLF.

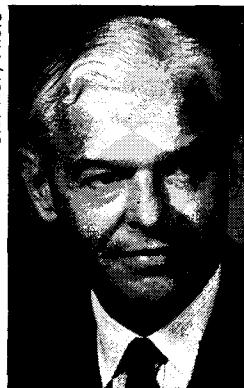
Acheson's role

Despite strident declarations which reflected the visceral Johnson, the President was privately troubled and uneasy during February and early March. Whatever his strong instinctive preferences, he could not responsibly ignore the hard realities of the human and financial cost of the war, the fading support for it in the country, the malaise in the foreign-military bureaucracy, and the galloping deterioration of the Democratic Party. However unpalatable, these were facts that could not be wished away.

In late February he had consulted Dean Acheson, whom he held in the highest regard as a brilliant mind, a courageous and distinguished former Secretary of State, and the toughest of Cold Warriors. When the President asked him his opinion of the current situation in Vietnam, Acheson replied he wasn't sure he had a useful view because he was finding it impossible, on the basis of occasional official briefings given him, to discover what was really happening. He had lost faith in the objectivity of the briefers: "With all due respect, Mr. President, the Joint Chiefs of Staff don't know what they're talking about." The President said that was a shocking statement. Acheson replied that, if such

Paul Nitze

U.S. Navy Photo



"not continue..."

*This paper was an attempt to muster definitive arguments demonstrating that the idea of military victory in Vietnam was "a dangerous illusion, at any price that would be compatible with U.S. interests, the interests of the people of South Vietnam, or the cause of world peace."

it was, then perhaps the President ought to be shocked. The President said he wanted Acheson's considered judgment; Acheson replied he could give this only if he were free to make his own inquiry into the facts so that he would not be dependent on "canned briefings" from the JCS, Rostow, and the CIA. The President agreed he should have the necessary resources for an independent study.

Acheson thereupon assembled a small group of knowledgeable people at the second and third levels and worked with them over a two-week period, holding meetings at his home where he cross-examined them at length. The group included Philip Habib of State, George Carver of CIA, and Major General William DuPuy of the Joint Chiefs of Staff organization. On March 15, Acheson gave the President his findings, at a luncheon where the two men were completely alone. Acheson told the President he was being led down a garden path by the JCS, that what Westmoreland was attempting in Vietnam was simply not possible without the application of totally unlimited resources "and maybe five years." He characterized the President's recent speeches as quite unrealistic and believed by no one, either at home or abroad. He added the judgment that the country was no longer supporting the war. This was tough, unvarnished advice in the Acheson manner, though served with the customary polish and elegance. The President obviously did not like it, but he greatly respected the purveyor.

The intransigent President

There was, however, no immediate break in the political weather, for the President was in a combative mood. On March 15, he received an eight-page "eyes only" memorandum from Ambassador Goldberg at the United Nations, arguing for a complete bombing halt in order to get negotiations started. The memorandum produced a volcanic response at the White House. At a meeting of the inner group on Saturday, March 16—the day Robert Kennedy put himself into the race—the President referred to Goldberg's initiative and then said testily, "Let's get one thing clear. I am not going to stop the bombing. I have heard every argument on the subject, and I am not interested in further discussion. I have made up my mind. I'm not going to stop it." A chilled silence settled over the embattled advisers gathered in the Cabinet Room.

In the face of these unpalatable new pressures and of unwanted but unignorable advice, Lyndon Johnson began to feel "crowded"; his immediate reaction was to lash out in a kind of emotional tantrum. On March 17, he flew to the Midwest to deliver two thoroughly truculent speeches—to the National Alliance of Businessmen and the National Farmers Union—in the drafting of which Rostow

and Justice Abe Fortas had a major hand. Pounding on the lectern, jabbing his finger at the audience, resorting frequently to extemporaneous additions to his prepared text, he said: "Your President has come here to ask you people, and all the other people of this nation, to join us in a total national effort to win the war, to win the peace, and to complete the job that must be done here at home. . . . Make no mistake about it—I don't want a man in here to go back thinking otherwise—we are going to win." Attacking the advocates of a different ground strategy, he charged that "those of you who think that you can save lives by moving the battlefield in from the mountains to the cities where the people live have another think coming."

Back in Washington on March 19 to address the National Foreign Policy Conference at the State Department, he introduced a definite note of chauvinism: ". . . danger and sacrifice built this land, and today we are the Number One Nation. And we are going to stay the Number One Nation." He then misquoted Lincoln: "With firmness in the right as God gives us the right [*sic*], let us strive on to finish the work we are in."

I was, along with others, profoundly discouraged by these outbursts, for they suggested that all our efforts, including especially Clifford's courageous stand, were coming to nothing, that the President at bay was stubbornly determined to steer the ship his own way, giving his critics—who by this time probably numbered a large majority of the American people—the back of his hand, conspicuously failing to face the truth about the inadequacy of his preconceptions and his policy. He had also taken to invoking the spirit of the Alamo, which, as someone noted, seemed an unfortunate Freudian slip, since everyone there had died. I telephoned Warnke, who was briefly in Florida, and told him I thought we had lost and that the time had come to resign. I was writing a letter of resignation. He was equally discouraged, but closer than I to the day-to-day developments, and he said, "Clark hasn't given up yet. I don't think we should until he does." Clifford was still counting on the innate mysteries of presidential decision-making, and perhaps on the ultimate inscrutability of Lyndon Johnson.

The persistent Defense Secretary

In the almost daily meetings on Vietnam at the White House, Clifford continued to find himself outnumbered "7 or 8 to 1" and "not getting very far with the President." After the bellicose speeches of March 18 and 19, he feared "the game was lost." Yet with characteristic persistence, he searched for allies, talking to Dean Acheson, McGeorge Bundy, and Douglas Dillon, all of whom were members of the informal "Senior Advisory Group on Vietnam," a body of distinguished former diplomats, soldiers, and public servants who had rendered great service

to the country in foreign policy or in military posts of high responsibility. The group had counseled with the President once or twice a year since 1965. At the last meeting in November, 1967, all members, except George Ball, had expressed support for

Paul Warnke

Defense Department Photo



"Clark hasn't given up yet..."

the Administration's policy as well as general satisfaction with the progress of the war (as presented to them by the official briefings). But now Acheson had given the President a far different view, and Clifford also perceived significant shifts in the positions of Bundy and Dillon. From these straws in the wind, he developed the suggestion that the President ought to have the benefit of the group's post-Tet assessment and advice before he decided the issues now before him. The President agreed that a new meeting should be held, and the dates of March 25 and 26 were scheduled.

By March 20, the President appeared to have passed through his first explosive reaction to the mounting pressures and to have recovered a measure of calm. On that day he had Goldberg come down from New York to discuss his bombing halt memorandum of March 15. The two men met alone, Goldberg unaware of the President's earlier outburst. The President put forth a number of interested questions, and it was in general a harmonious session. Before they parted, he asked Goldberg to join the meeting of the Senior Advisory Group on March 25, and expressed the hope that the Ambassador would reiterate his views on that occasion. Two days later, on March 22, he announced that Westmoreland would be relieved of his command and come home to be Army Chief of Staff.* No successor was immediately named and no date fixed for the return. In light of his major decisions several days later, it seemed that by these acts President Johnson was tentatively clearing away the accumulated underbrush and preparing the site for the construction of a possibly different policy. Neither act was conclusive or committed him to substantive change. Those who knew him

* By interesting coincidence, a letter by Arthur Schlesinger appeared in the *Washington Post* the same day. Scornful of the caliber of military generalship that had led to the ordeal of the surrounded garrison at Khesanh, Schlesinger wrote: "President Johnson likes to compare himself with Lincoln—'sad but steady'—but he lacks one prime Lincolnian quality: that is, the courage to fire generals when they have shown they do not know how to win wars. Lincoln ran through a long string of generals before he got to Grant. It is not likely that he would have suffered Westmoreland three months. . . . Let us not sacrifice our brave men to the folly of generals and the obstinacy of Presidents."

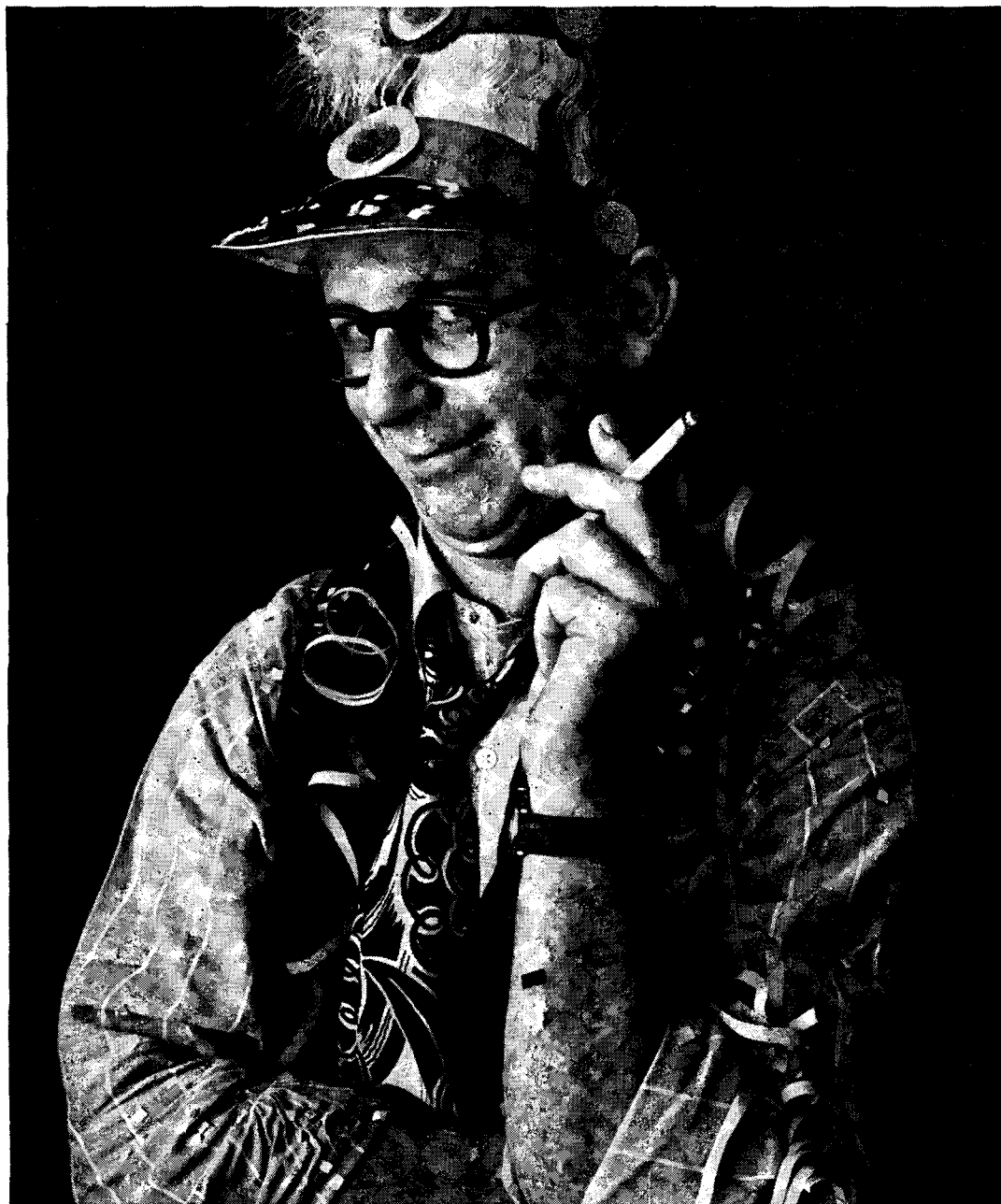
very well thought in retrospect that the process was largely subconscious, but it did seem that in a mysterious way, peculiar to the U.S. presidency, something was stirring and changing. Clifford continued to see hope in the mere fact that the debate went on, that the President remained willing to hear him out rather than turning him off, "which he was perfectly capable of doing."

On March 22, the inner circle of advisers, plus George Christian, the press secretary, and Harry McPherson, counsel to the President, met with Johnson to discuss a speech on Vietnam that he had now decided to make. He had instructed McPherson in early February, just a few days after the onset of the Tet offensive, to prepare something appropriate; by the first of March, McPherson had proceeded through five drafts, progressively revising and refining his text on the basis of comments from various responsible officials in the interested departments.

The speech draft that the group addressed on March 22 was essentially a tough and uncompromising reiteration of Administration policy (McPherson later called it the "We Shall Overcome draft"). While it left open the question of troop reinforcements, it proposed a call-up of 50,000 Reserves, refused any consideration of a bombing halt without clear reciprocity, and urged the surtax as recommended by Fowler. It was patriotically hortatory, calling upon the nation to persevere in a difficult undertaking.

The draft was dismaying to Clifford, who later described it as "everything I hoped it would not be," and he immediately urged that it be amended to include some serious gesture toward peace. He argued for at least a partial bombing halt, as a means of starting a process of tacit, mutual de-escalation. This would not, he argued, violate the President's injunction against a total halt and would not jeopardize American troops in Northern I Corps. At the very least, it would improve the Administration's public posture and thus extend the lease on public support for the war. The trouble with a partial halt, as everyone recognized, was that it almost certainly wouldn't meet Hanoi's minimal condition for talks. Vice President Humphrey, having in mind the impending Wisconsin primary on April 2, felt that the bombing had to be fully stopped, if any political benefit were to be derived. Katzenbach and Harriman also supported a total bombing halt, but somewhat later, around the end of April, because they wanted to allow further time for the United States to regain its poise in Vietnam after the Tet onslaught. The meeting, which lasted nearly seven hours, ended with a lucid summary by Rusk. He said the consensus seemed to be that some U.S. move toward negotiations was desirable, but that this was necessarily qualified by the recognition that a mere curtailment or partial cessation of the bombing would not, in all probability, bring Hanoi to the

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conference table. It was a familiar argument. A year before, in the spring of 1967, McNamara and McNaughton* had proposed a similar plan to pull the bombing down to the 20th parallel, with the intention of concentrating the attacks in the narrow

Harry McPherson

U.S. Army Photo



... middle ground ...

in part because the JCS and the Senate hawks were adamantly opposed.

On the night of March 22, as he lay between waking and sleeping, McPherson, the able young counsel and speech writer, was visited by an idea. It involved the establishment of some middle ground between the broad desire to make a gesture toward peace and the fear of its rejection by Hanoi. The next morning, McPherson spelled it out in a short memorandum for the President. What he proposed was that the President should unconditionally stop the bombing north of the 20th parallel and, simultaneously, offer to stop it entirely in exchange for assurances that Hanoi would show restraint at the DMZ and would not attack Saigon and other major cities. To McPherson's surprise, the President acted very swiftly, sending the memorandum to Rusk the same day, and thence to Saigon for consideration by Ambassador Bunker with Rusk's implicit endorsement. Bunker responded without great enthusiasm, but to the effect that he could live with it.

The senior advisers meet

The Senior Advisory Group on Vietnam met in the White House on March 25 and 26. Those present were Dean Acheson, Secretary of State under President Truman; George Ball, Undersecretary of State in the Kennedy-Johnson period; McGeorge Bundy, Special Assistant to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson; Douglas Dillon, Ambassador to France under President Eisenhower and Secretary of the Treasury under President Kennedy; Cyrus Vance, Deputy Secretary of Defense under McNamara and

a diplomatic troubleshooter for President Johnson; Arthur Dean, chief Korean War negotiator; John J. McCloy, High Commissioner to West Germany under President Truman and Assistant Secretary of War during World War II; General Omar Bradley, World War II Commander and the first JCS Chairman; General Matthew Ridgway, Korean War Commander and later NATO Commander; General Maxwell Taylor, JCS Chairman under President Kennedy and later Ambassador to Saigon; Robert Murphy, a senior career ambassador of the Truman-Eisenhower period; Henry Cabot Lodge, former U.S. Senator and twice Ambassador to Saigon; Abe Fortas, a sitting Associate Justice of the Supreme Court and a personal adviser to President Johnson; and Arthur Goldberg, Ambassador to the United Nations and a former Secretary of Labor and Supreme Court Justice.

They assembled in the afternoon to read a number of background papers, and then went on to dinner with the principal Cabinet officers plus Rostow, Harriman, and William Bundy, whom they questioned at length. After dinner, the entire group heard briefings from Habib of the State Department, Carver of the CIA, and Major General DuPuy. The discussion continued late into the evening and resumed at a session the next morning preparatory to luncheon with the President. It was apparent at an early stage that the unanimity of October had evaporated and that a majority were now deeply troubled. Some were seeking a means of cutting back the war enough to make it politically and economically endurable for an indefinite period; others felt that disengagement was now the only answer. There was, as one member recalls it, a pervasive awareness that the enterprise in Vietnam stood at an historic turning point, that this was a period of the most earnest soul-searching. A small minority—Taylor, Fortas, and Murphy—stayed hard-nosed, defending the strategy of attrition as viable, proposing heavier bombing, advocating no shift in the tactics of search-and-destroy. But Acheson, McGeorge Bundy, Dillon, Vance, Goldberg, Ball, and General Ridgway were strong for change. McCloy, Lodge, Dean, and General Bradley were somewhere in the middle, troubled and in doubt, but less ready to declare for a dramatic shift in policy.

At luncheon with the President, McGeorge Bundy performed the role of *rappporteur*, summarizing with appropriate shadings what he felt to be the general view in the wake of the previous evening's briefings and discussion, and of the further debate just before lunch. The consensus, as Bundy described it, was that present policy had reached an impasse, could not achieve its objective without the application of virtually unlimited resources, was no longer being supported by a majority of the American people, and therefore required significant change. Bradley, Murphy, and Fortas

* John T. McNaughton, then Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs. Nominated to be Secretary of the Navy, he was tragically killed together with his wife and younger son in a commercial airplane accident on July 19, 1967.

The Fight for the President's Mind

objected that Bundy's summary did not accurately reflect the views of the full group. Acheson, who was seated beside the President, interjected to say that Bundy's summary clearly reflected *his* view and that he thought it also represented the great majority of those present. He repeated his conviction that military victory in Vietnam was impossible under conditions consistent with U.S. interests, and that the fundamental U.S. purpose should be to get out rather than further in. He said that insistence on a military solution had dragged the President and the country into a morass which could only get worse unless the goals and the strategy of the war were both changed.

General Wheeler, who had not attended the previous evening's briefings, stated that if the group's views were derived from those briefings, then he would have to say that the briefers must have been men who didn't know the true situation. Moreover, he insisted that Acheson was incorrect in describing U.S. policy as bent upon a military solution. Westmoreland and the JCS, he said, clearly understood that "a classic military victory" was not possible in the special circumstances presented by Vietnam. Acheson replied that it was disingenuous to argue about semantics; if the employment of a half million men to eradicate every Viet Cong and drive the North Vietnamese Army out of the South was not an effort aimed at a military solution, then words had lost their meaning. Murphy backed the superiority of military advice in wartime and objected to the interposition of civilian judgments. Fortas continued to play the curious role he had assumed on other occasions in the running debate on Vietnam—as spokesman for those private thoughts of Lyndon Johnson that the President did not wish to express directly.

At the end of a rough, gloves-off session during which the President queried each man as to his personal view, Lyndon Johnson was left in no doubt that a large majority felt the present policy was at a dead end, and that the U.S. strategic interest required basic change. The group did not attempt to spell out the specific elements of a new policy, but the unmistakable thrust of their thinking was toward de-escalation, negotiations, and disengagement.

The President was visibly shocked by the magnitude of the defection, and perhaps even more by the fact that some, like McGeorge Bundy and Vance, were now associating themselves with it. Bundy had been a major architect of intervention in 1965; Vance had been McNamara's able right hand at the Pentagon and more recently a distinguished diplomatic troubleshooter in Greece, Turkey, Korea, and Detroit. Acheson, whose high ability and measured toughness he probably admired most, had previously expressed the same view in the strongest terms. Nevertheless, the President was stung by what seemed to him an unex-

plainable shift of sentiment, if judged in terms of the information that formed the basis of his own assessment. The next day he demanded to see the men who had briefed the Senior Advisory Group. Carver and DuPuy dutifully presented themselves, but Habib was out of town making a speech. The two men repeated for the President the essentials of their earlier briefing. He asked, "What did you tell them that you didn't tell me?" They replied there were no discrepancies. The President was insistent: "You must have given them a different briefing; you aren't telling me what you told them because what you're telling me couldn't account for the inferences they drew." It was a tense moment, but there was no immediate explanation.

In retrospect, it was my impression that the President's sense of incongruity reflected the extent to which he had become the victim of (1) Rostow's "selective briefings"—the time-honored technique of underlining, within a mass of material, those particular elements that one wishes to draw to the special attention of a busy chief—and (2) the climate of cozy, implicit agreement on fundamentals which had so long characterized discussions within the inner circle on Vietnam, where never was heard a disparaging word. In addition, it was evident that the members of the Senior Advisory Group brought to the meeting a wider, better balanced view of America's world role, a more direct exposure to the swift-running currents of public opinion after Tet, and of course a less fixed commitment to one policy. It was also true that Habib, the briefer who was unavailable for the President's interrogation, had probably provided a more candid, pessimistic assessment of the post-Tet situation in Vietnam than the other two men. Yet it was my impression that this latter distinction was not decisive. What counted was the breadth and depth of relevant experience that the Senior Advisers brought with them. Hearing the bleak facts from the briefers, whether tinged with optimism or pessimism, they reached their own conclusions.

The final battle

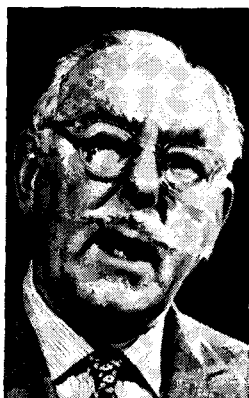
Two days later, on March 28, Clifford met in Rusk's office, together with Rostow, William Bundy, and McPherson. He was unaccompanied by anyone from the Pentagon. The announced purpose of the meeting was to "polish the draft" of the speech the President was now scheduled to make just three days later. Prepared by McPherson, the draft presumably reflected the long discussion of March 22. Because of the uncertainty of the President's position, however, it did not take account of the proposed two-step bombing halt put forward by McPherson on March 23 and implicitly accepted by Rusk and Bunker. For similar reasons, and also owing to the pressures of time, it did not reflect the majority view of the Senior Advisory Group. It was

still essentially a defiant, bellicose speech written to be delivered between clenched teeth. It made a *pro forma* plea for negotiations, but said nothing whatever about a bombing halt, which was of course the prerequisite for talks. Significantly, it proposed a troop increase of only 15,000 men, which was of course a far cry from the original request; this appeared to reflect a second meeting between Wheeler and Westmoreland in the Philippines on March 24. Presumably, Wheeler had on that occasion conveyed to the Field Commander a far different assessment of the operative realities in Washington than he had provided on his trip to Saigon in February.

After reading the draft, Clifford said, "The President cannot give that speech! It would be a disaster! What seems not to be understood is that major

Dean Acheson

Wide World Photo



"quite unrealistic . . ."

elements of the national constituency—the business community, the press, the churches, the professional groups, college presidents, students, and most of the intellectual community—have turned against this war. What the President needs is not a war speech, but a peace speech." This opening comment seemed to place his main argument on the grounds of domestic considerations, but in the course of a comprehensive presentation he dealt fully with the military situation in Vietnam and elsewhere in the world. For the first hour or so, Clifford still appeared to be alone, meeting only silent patience from Rusk and Rostow, and with Bundy and McPherson "not taking substantive positions, but simply sitting in as aides." But significantly, Rusk did not attempt to cut him off, as he might have, with the comment, "I know your views, but let's get on with the reading." As he talked on, Clifford began to feel he was making progress with Rusk, who was "troubled and sincerely anxious to find some way to the negotiating table." The Clifford manner is deliberate, sonorous, eloquent, and quite uninterruptible. It gathers momentum as it proceeds, and soon achieves a certain mesmerizing effect; the perfection of the grammar is uncanny. During the course of several hours, speaking slowly, his fingertips pressed together, and glancing occasionally at an envelope on which he had scribbled a series of points, Clifford mustered every available argument in the powerful arsenal of reasons why it was not in the United States's interest to go on pouring military resources into South Vietnam; he drew heavily on the earlier analyses provided by Nitze, Warnke, Goulding, and myself. When the meeting finally broke up at 5 P.M., the group had inad-

vertently reviewed not only the speech draft but the whole of Vietnam policy. Moreover, Rusk had agreed that McPherson should prepare an alternative draft, in order that the President might have two speeches to consider and thus the benefit of a clear-cut choice. Rusk did not object to giving the President a choice. Clifford thought Rostow refrained from making a fuss because he considered the President had already made up his mind not to stop the bombing—which was now the central point at issue.

The occasion had a major impact on McPherson, who was deeply impressed by Clifford's "brilliant and utterly courageous performance" and who from that point forward became not merely a semicovert dove, but an aroused and powerful ally. Working all through that night, McPherson wrote the first draft of the "peace speech," containing an unconditional bombing cutoff at the 20th parallel and a promise of total cessation if Hanoi provided assurances that it would respect the DMZ and refrain from attacking the cities. He sent this draft to the President early on Friday, March 29, with a note saying that it seemed to reflect the views of "your leading advisers." Later in the day, the President telephoned to ask about a passage "on page 3." McPherson had to compare the two texts in his own office before he discovered to his relief that the President was now working from the alternative draft, the peace speech. From then until the late afternoon of Sunday, March 31, the President worked with McPherson, Clifford, and a number of others to polish the new speech.

The President decides

At nine o'clock on Sunday evening, speaking from his office in the White House, the President said "Good evening, my fellow Americans. Tonight I want to talk to you of peace in Vietnam and Southeast Asia." He reviewed his Administration's efforts "to find a basis for peace talks," especially the San Antonio formula of the preceding September, and asserted that there was "no need to delay the talks that could bring an end to this long and this bloody war." He then moved to the principal conclusion of the reappraisal and the pivotal element of the new approach to Hanoi. He said "So, tonight . . . I am taking the first step to de-escalate the conflict. We are reducing—substantially reducing—the present level of hostilities . . . unilaterally and at once." We were stopping the bombing, he said, in areas inhabited by "almost 90 percent" of North Vietnam's population. "I call upon President Ho Chi Minh to respond positively, and favorably, to this new step toward peace."

He referred to the emergency deployment in mid-February of 10,500 Marine and airborne troops, and argued that to enable these forces to reach maximum combat effectiveness "we should prepare

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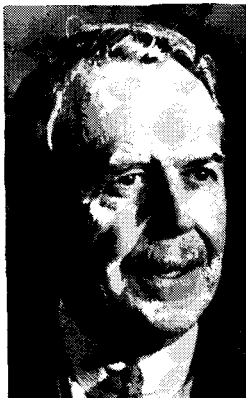
to send—during the next five months—support troops totaling approximately 13,500 men.”

Turning to “an estimate of the chances for peace,” the President said, “As Hanoi considers its course, it should be in no doubt of our intentions We have no intention of widening this war. But the United States will never accept a fake solution to this long and arduous struggle and call it peace. . . . Peace will come because Asians were willing to work for it—and to sacrifice for it—and to die by the thousands for it. But let it never be forgotten: Peace will come also because America lent her sons to help secure it.”

Finally, and somewhat surreptitiously, he came to his surprise withdrawal from the presiden-

Clark Clifford

Wide World Photo



“The right decision”

Clark Clifford under challenge right here at home . . . I do not believe that I should devote an hour or a day of my time to any personal partisan causes. . . . Accordingly, I shall not seek, and I will not accept, the nomination of my party for another term as your President.”

Clifford and his wife, Marney, had been invited to the family quarters on the second floor of the White House for a drink, half an hour before the President’s address. Without a word, the President motioned him into a bedroom and handed him the last two paragraphs. A few minutes later, as Clifford disclosed the President’s secret to his own wife and to Rostow’s wife, Elspeth, a photographer snapped a picture. “The ladies look,” Clifford said later, “as though they had just been hit by a wet towel.” At home in McLean, Virginia, I was unaware as to how the battle of the “war” and “peace” drafts had finally been decided, but expecting the worst, I worked at polishing a letter of resignation for submission the following morning. Immediately after the President’s address, the electricity failed throughout the house. I found a cold bottle of champagne in the cellar and for the next hour sat on the bedroom floor with my wife, sipping thoughtfully by the light of a single candle.

In retrospect, the most important effect of the March 31 decisions was to put a ceiling on the

resources the United States was henceforward willing to allocate to Vietnam. They applied the brakes to the war, finally bringing to a halt the open-ended escalation which had been rising with gathering momentum and heedlessness since 1965. They met the primary need expressed by the Fourteen Asian Scholars—that is, to show “a capacity for innovation of a de-escalatory nature, indicating there is no inevitable progression upwards in the scope of the conflict.” In addition, the decisions began, at least in principle, the shift of ultimate responsibility to the GVN and ARVN; they implied a repudiation of military victory as a valid goal and of search-and-destroy as a valid strategy. When public opinion quickly endorsed both the decisions and their implications, there was born a new policy of finite means which became in fundamental respects irreversible.

How did the President come to these decisions? No one can be sure. He seems finally to have grasped the seismic shift in public opinion and the absolute political imperative of yielding to it, at least temporarily. This shift was borne in upon him by the New Hampshire primary, Robert Kennedy’s entrance into the presidential race, the solid congressional opposition to mobilizing larger reserves, and the almost unanimous hostility of the press. The intractable nature of the new environment was made personal for him by the sharply changed outlook of Acheson, McGeorge Bundy, Vance, and Dillon. Without question, Clifford played a pre-eminent—I believe the decisive—role. He was the single most powerful and effective catalyst of change, bringing each day to the stale air of the inner circle a fresh perception of the national interest, unfettered by connection with the fateful decisions of 1965. He rallied and gave authoritative voice to the informed and restless opposition within the government, pressing the case for change with intellectual daring, high moral courage, inspired ingenuity, and sheer stubborn persistence. It was one of the great individual performances in recent American history, and achieved in the remarkably taut time span of thirty days. Moreover, it retained its luster and its central effectiveness amid all the backsliding and ambiguity of the Administration’s final ten months in office. If, as later events showed, these prodigious efforts did not really change President Johnson’s mind about the Vietnam War, at least they compelled him to decide—in favor of reason, restraint, and a new approach. And such decisions by the incumbent of perhaps the most powerful office on earth created a new situation that virtually precluded a return to the old.

Clifford’s own view of the March 31 decisions was both modest and mystical:

Presidents have difficult decisions to make and go about making them in mysterious ways. I know only that this decision, when finally made, was the right one.

OUR FRIEND PASQUALE

by Ann Cornelisen

Habit creeps into being unnoticed at first, like plantain in a vast carpet of slender green blades. Where it came from you are not quite sure, but there it is, established, hard to uproot. So it was with my stops in Spinazzola. In Southern Italy, even in the fifties of this century, the wise traveler did not expect to pick up a meal in a wayside *trattoria*. A trip was carefully planned to end at dusk in a town of sufficient size to offer a pseudo-decent hotel and dinner; the twelve hours between breakfast and steaming spaghetti were a dreary procession of cups of acid coffee, smeary glasses of whatever bottled drink was available, and packaged cookies. The first time I went to Spinazzola instead of taking the cutoff around town, I must have been in search of one of those delicacies. After the furnace of the Puglian plain, I was always thirsty.

The street was a corridor bisected at regular intervals by other corridors lined with two-story boxes of spotted yellow plaster. At each intersection doors and skimpy iron balcony railings in close-order ranks paraded off to the four points of the compass. A gusty wind sent trickles from public water taps cavorting in midair and sucked up gritty yellow dust just to spew it back down the streets in pirouetting corkscrews. There was no one in sight. Blue and white highway signs creaked and then wavered ambiguously, undecided about the exact direction to Foggia or Bari. The street opened out onto an enormous dusty piazza where a well-kept baroque building proclaimed itself to be the Palace

of Government. Solid yellow buildings of lesser grandeur were neatly arranged around the other three sides of the square and along their facades ran a series of knee-high stone ledges which were crowded with the curled bodies of sleeping men. No other living thing was in sight, but there were four *caffès*, their doors veiled by tinkling aluminum chains that were supposed to keep out flies.

I am selective about *caffès*. In the sultry gloom of the first two I distinguished the eternal card games, the swarms of flies, and the old type of coffee machines with so many knobs, coils, spouts, and spigots that they looked like chromium locomotives without wheels. The card games and the flies would be a basic part of the decor anywhere, but I wanted to avoid the old machines and their turgid brown liquids, a noxious distillation of coffee dregs and corroding metal. The third bar, along with the card game and flies, had a new machine which was tended by a young red-faced peasant woman with gleaming black hair and gold earrings. Her presence would ease my arrival; we could cling to each other for respectability, as it were, in this private domain of the male. While she made my coffee, she asked where I was going, if I had ever been there before, and if I traveled much. In ten minutes she knew the story of my life, and as though to offer an exchange, she leaned over the bar and said in a quiet voice that was not quite a whisper,

"Would you like to use the—"and she jerked her head toward the front door. "Not the one here.

Next door—at the doctor's house. My sister works there, and he's out now. It's all right, if you want to—" I nodded. It was worth trying. I could always make abject apologies to the doctor should we meet. She wiped her hands on her stained blue coverall, took my arm and led me out onto the sidewalk, into the next doorway, and pointed to a door split in two. "Just pull," she said.

I did. Half the door snapped open, and then, as soon as I had sidled through, snapped shut again. I was in an up-ended coffin, an immaculately white-washed coffin equipped with a miniature toilet bowl and a triangular corner basin. Even the floor glistened from recent scrubbing and what was more unexpected in the Southern Italy of the fifties, there was no gagging miasma. Neat squares of newspaper dangling from a wire spike were all-purpose absorbents.

"Which is your car?" my hostess asked when I joined her on the sidewalk. I pointed to it. "*Bella! Veramente bella!*" She nodded like an expert whose opinion has just been confirmed. "It must be nice to travel. Went to Foggia once. The bus made me sick, but I wouldn't be sick in a car like that."

The hint was too wistful; I changed the subject, asking why so many men were asleep on the ledges in the piazza. She turned to look at them and shrugged. "Nowhere else to go. Ashamed to go home. They didn't get hired at the market this morning."

"What market?"

"You know, the labor market where the *padroni* pick their crews for the day. These are the leftovers. They stay there until dusk and then go home. They'll try again tomorrow." It was an everyday fact of life, one of no interest to her, which the traditional laws of courtesy to strangers obliged her to explain. She paused, apparently weighing her words against her duty on some imaginary scale; it did not balance yet. "My brother-in-law, Pasquale Giampaolo, is over there. Got a head like stone, he has." She sighed. "When will you be back? Stop again—it's nice to talk to people who travel. I'm always here. Just ask for Lucetta 'u barista. Everyone knows me."

I tried not to smile at the name—Lucetta the barmaid. Her unfeminine profession had given her a nickname. I offered my hand. Lucetta took it and after a moment's hesitation leaned over and kissed me on both cheeks. "*Buon viaggio!*"

And so a habit began. I always stopped at Spinazzola for coffee, a chat, and a brief visit to the immaculate little lavatory. Now, suddenly, in every town in Puglia I saw men sleeping in piazzas, some on the ground in the shade, some propped up against a church facade, sleeping their days away. I watched them get up

and stretch lazily like dogs, shaking their heads, limbering their legs and then with the dog's same meticulous concern rearranging themselves for another nap. They had always been there; my mind simply had not interpreted what my eyes saw. Every morning at dawn they waited in the piazza for the *padroni* and their overseers to come, to walk by looking them over. Sometimes the men heard themselves discussed as though they were dead fish on a counter. No, he's too fat to work. One next to him looks stringy enough. Skip the third one down; he fights about quitting time. When the *padrone* had finished his inspection, he would walk up to a man who would serve as bait and ask, "What's your price for a day's work?" The man would mumble a figure. The friend next to him would say, "I'll do it for 100 lire less," and the bargaining would start. Sometimes it went on until the price of a day's work was cut in half; then the landowner took his pick of the men and herded them off to the fields. Those left behind knew when there was no more hope. They could tick the owners off on their fingers: A took a squad for ten days; B took eight this morning; C, four for three days; D, twenty for today—and so on until there were no more. The slack-shouldered rejects turned up their jacket collars and slouched off to the nearest wall for a nap. As the sun rose they would turn away from the light until their faces ground into the walls, but they did not go home.

The town men—clerks, lawyers, doctors, and teachers—who ambled through their morning schedules of office-bar-barber-office-bar, ignored the lumps that littered the public square as they would have ignored slumbering drunks. When they stood talking, they turned their backs on them. Unsightly! "A disgrace to our fair *cittadella*" as they observed in the local paper at least once each summer, deploring man's lack of dignity, but not the system that forced him to sell his flesh for a starvation wage and *that* only if he were one of the lucky ones.

After a number of stops in Spinazzola, though I never saw their faces, I imagined I could tell which men were missing from the benches. The gray striped pants patched in the seat were gone; the blue and red checked shirt; the straw hat. On my next trip those men and more would be back, rolled up like hibernating marmots, dreaming their bitter dreams of a world they hoped would disappear before they were forced to join it once more and give battle. I always wondered if their wives came to peek at the piazza, just to see if their husbands were gone and so have an idea of whether

Ann Cornelisen is the author of *Torregreca: Life, Death, Miracles*, which was published last spring by Atlantic-Little, Brown. This new story comes out of her experiences in another fictional town south of Naples.

Our Friend Pasquale

to plan on supper or another evening of bread and olive oil.

For all my fancies I did slowly learn more about Spinazzola. The accommodating doctor of the lavatory was the brother of the bar owner, Don Cosimo, who sat at a corner table wreathed in his own cigarette smoke, playing cards with his friends. He was a plump, balding little man in a rumpled white shirt, and though he always looked half asleep, he missed nothing that happened within the confines of that dark cavern. He heard every conversation, eyed every new arrival, gauging their claim to a chair or a place in one of the marathon games. He distinguished me with the extra courtesy of a half-sitting, half-standing bow that threatened to upset his card table, and he always signaled Lucetta to take me next door to his brother's lavatory.

Lucetta longed to hear the details of my trips. Had I ever been to Milan? To Germany? No. She was disappointed. Her brother was going to Germany to look for work. I asked about the crops. She shrugged and flipped her hand palm up, then palm down. So-so. Her brother-in-law, what was his name? Pasquale Giampaolo. She nodded toward the piazza. "He's out there, asleep like always. Keeps talking about a union, sort of a cooperative, I guess. In the meantime he sleeps there every day." She tightened her lips and stuck her chin up and out in the silent gesture of disdain. I asked about her husband, if he had work. "Domenico? He always has work with the same *padrone*. Works hard and minds his own business—that's the way to get along here. And that's what that stone-head Pasquale doesn't understand."

These men I never knew became, somehow, friends that I asked about each time I stopped for coffee. Lucetta's husband had a fever. "Not typhoid," she said. Pasquale Giampaolo? "He's still there and still talking about his cooperative. Wants them all to agree on what a day's wage is and stick to it. He says the *padroni* would have to meet the price if the men stuck to it, but it won't work, you know. We keep telling him, 'Why should they start trusting each other now? Why should they trust you either? Forget it!' But it doesn't do any good. He's mad at my husband. They had words the other night. Domenico says why should he get in a fight with his *padrone*—he has work, the price isn't right, but that's the way it is. Now Pasquale—"

"That's enough, Lucetta," Don Cosimo called from his corner. "Don't bother her with that brother-in-law of yours. Sooner or later he's going to cause himself a lot of trouble. Take my word for it!" There was something sinister in the intensity of Don Cosimo's voice, almost as though he too had a grudge to settle with Pasquale.

"He's right. Why should I bother you? Tell me when you're ready to go next door." And she turned back to her rinse tub of cups and saucers.

That visit ended as all the others had with the pantomime of a kiss on each cheek and the wishful Have a good trip, which I never answered with the invitation she would have liked.

The last time I stopped at Spinazzola was one morning during the glorious but short-lived period after the sirocco of summer and before the fall torrents. The sidewalk in front of the *caffè* was covered with chairs and tables. Men, obviously prosperous ones in gray suits and straw hats, lounged and dozed. One or two of the younger ones read newspapers. Inside it was Don Cosimo, looking pale and harassed, who presided over the levers of the coffee machine. The counter was dotted with empty cups and puddles of water, and the curved steam spout hissed independently, but the confusion did not rob Don Cosimo of his normal gallantry. He was effusive. I must rest. He would see to a table outside. No, no, they're just sitting. They can move. You must have a bit of air after your trip—even ten minutes will make the difference. Then when you're ready—he slued his eyes meaningfully toward his brother's house. To my question about Lucetta he muttered "Off for a couple of days. Death in the family." Then he bustled back inside.

The air sparkled. The wreaths and festoons on the Palazzo del Governo facing me might have been the artistry of a master confectioner, and now that the haze of twirling dust particles had disappeared, the buildings cast shadows and looked lived-in with their shutters open, their laundry hanging on wires below the windows. Women scuttered back and forth with shopping bags, and men loitered to talk. They ignored the one note of summer dejection—the laborers who still slept on the ledges of the buildings that surrounded the piazza. Some had thrown their jackets over their faces as though trying to avoid recognition. They must realize no one paid any attention to them, that no one cared. Or did they? My thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of a knot of men shuffling, almost staggering under the weight of a rough varnished coffin. Behind them came several dozen women all in black, with their hair streaming down their backs. They mimed despair, tearing their hair, clawing their cheeks; the men shuffled on. A funeral. But no bells rang, no shopkeeper lowered his shutter. Only the silence of the men at the *caffè* acknowledged death. They stood up; a few took off their hats. Slowly the little procession passed on its way to the Corso, and I saw Lucetta dressed like the other women, in black, her hair loose. Unlike the others she was not weeping. Instead her half-shut eyes darted restlessly about the piazza looking for something, anticipating some danger, I thought. A *carabiniere* in uniform brought up the rear.

"It's Pasquale Giampaolo, Signora," said Don

Cosimo at my shoulder. He had pulled off his apron and came to watch. "They found him yesterday. Hung himself in his stall." He sensed my question. "Why? It had to end. He hadn't worked four days in four months. Can't feed five children that way. No, in the end he did the only thing he could—he hung himself."

"Would Lucetta like it if I walked a way with them. I didn't know him, but out of respect—"

"She'd appreciate that, but I wouldn't if I were you. See the *carabiniere*? They're expecting trouble. No priest. You see, he was a Communist." Don Cosimo's voice was low, but entirely audible to the men standing nearby, two of whom turned to glance our way. They had been having coffee together, lounging in their chairs, talking occasionally. I had noticed them, even been amused by their shoddy cavalier twinness. They wore the clerk's uniform of the period—slate-blue cotton suits with their jackets draped around their shoulders, open-necked white shirts grimy about the collar, and pointed orange shoes that cracked like cardboard. One's face was blurred by greasy stubble; the other had rheumy brown eyes and a long talonlike little fingernail that he held high in the air as he drank his coffee. It was proof to the world that he did no manual work. I glanced at Don Cosimo. He was unperturbed and went on without lowering his voice.

"They'll bury him outside the cemetery. That's where the Communists go—" He was interrupted by a soft, obsequious murmur at his elbow.

"If you'll allow me a word, Don Cosimo—entirely respectful, you understand—Pasquale never did join the Party. He wasn't a Communist." Stubble had eased over to us, and as he spoke, was inspecting me rather too openly.

"Must be true, if you say so," muttered Don Cosimo, and then turning to me, added in a tone he might have used to explain the local street sweeper. "He's head of the Communist section here in town."

Stubble smiled and bowed to me. Nothing hurried him; he would not be dismissed. He looked at the procession for a moment and then back at us. "No, Pasquale never would join us. Said he didn't want to be a 'Communist heathen.' Guess he thought the *padroni* were more Christian, but he knows different now, eh Don Cosimo?" He paused, but Don Cosimo's gaze was fixed on some newfound detail of the Palazzo del Governo. "Not even a priest to bury him. Poor Pasquale! As you said, they won't bury Communists in the cemetery, or suicides either."

"That'll do," broke in Don Cosimo. His high bald forehead flushed a blotchy pink. "That'll do.

No reason to annoy her with your chatter. Now go along. Go back to your table." He wheeled around with his arm outstretched as though to escort Stubble and almost ran into Fingernail.

"Annoying her?" he said. "*We're* not annoying her. You started talking about Pasquale, and she ought to know the truth, that's all."

"From you, I suppose. Not even your own people believe you."

"*We* didn't kill Pasquale. We would have protected him," interrupted Fingernail belligerently. "You *padroni* killed him."

"Killed him! Killed him!" Don Cosimo was no longer supercilious. Because I was there he could not ignore barbs he would normally have dismissed with a shrug. "You talk about truth. The truth is those men out there killed Pasquale Giampaolo. Each one of them." Slowly his hand swept around the piazza. "Did you ever see them edge away from him when the hiring started, like he had the evil eye on him? They were too scared to stick with him. Anything as long as they could get hired, even at half price. They're the ones who killed him, not the *padroni*. Just too damned scared to stick together, that's how they killed—"

"Now let's don't argue, Don Cosimo," Stubble put in mildly. "Pasquale killed himself, and that means he can't get into your heaven—even dead. Not that he expected anything but hell. That's what his life was." For the first time he sounded sad, perhaps imagining himself in Pasquale's place. "We're having a little memorial meeting this evening just to remind them that the *padroni* didn't help Pasquale, but the Party would have. It's their only hope, and they know it. You'll see." He nodded toward the men who still slept undisturbed on the ledges. "They'll come. Got nothing else to do. One by one we'll get them. Then someday—"

I stood there in the sparkling light, looking at the government palace with its fancy plaster icing and at those ragged men, the rejects of the day who lay curled, head to foot, in one continuous human wreath around three sides of the piazza. And I imagined them sitting that evening, as I had seen men sit in so many other towns, outside Party headquarters, hunched over on stools, their elbows on their ragged knees, their minds apparently glued to their boot tips. Passive as boulders in a landslide, they would listen to Stubble or Fingernail rant about "Our friend, Pasquale Giampaolo—" And when "Our friend, Pasquale Giampaolo" had been invoked for the last time and there was silence, then, without a look at their neighbors, they would slowly get up and slouch off down the street. Too bad about Pasquale Giampaolo, but he's dead. Tomorrow is another day, and they are the living. □

ARTS & LETTERS:

THE WAR AT HOME

by Dan Wakefield

When John Dos Passos wrote his eloquent interior dissent about the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti in *USA*, he ended a white-hot condemnation of what would now be called the power structure with the blunt, fierce conclusion: "All right we are two nations." That has always been true, but it seems even more true today. There has always been an "Other America," not of poverty but of dissent and/or defection from the status quo, and though still a relatively small minority, it is now larger, more widespread, more fashionable in many circles, and therefore more threatening and frightening to the "straight" majority.

Michael Harrington made the point that the "Other America" of poverty was largely invisible to the rest of the nation and so was more easily ignored by it, but the "Other America" of dissent is now uniquely visible and therefore all the more difficult to ignore. The hippie costume and hairstyle have spread as far as the formerly crew-cut sanctuary of professional sports, with sideburned Joe Namath donning beads over his practice jersey, Joe Pepi-

tone and Ken Harrelson setting the pace for baseball with long hair and mod outfits, and an angry Vince Lombardi attributing the downfall of the Green Bay Packers to "too many sideburns and blue shirts."

No mother's son is safe from the insidious influence of longhair looks and habits and thoughts. Anti-Establishment ideas, once limited to the tiny circulation of sober little weeklies, are spread through a truly grass-roots underground press that is not restricted anymore to the intellectual enclaves of the two coasts, but springs up in places like Lansing, Michigan; Bloomington, Indiana; and Austin, Texas. The dissenter's drug, marijuana, is as prevalent as booze during Prohibition: American soldiers smoke it in Vietnam and during Army Reserve summer camps, and Arlo Guthrie can get a knowing laugh from an audience at the Southern Illinois University campus at Edwardsville with a reference to the great pot shortage of the past summer.

As the whole configuration of attitudes, ideas, prejudices, and lifestyles associated with long hair and

hippie garb spreads geographically, socially, and chronologically (down into high school, and up among balding Hollywood producers in Nehru jackets), so does the hostility increase among "straights" toward anyone whose dress or speech or opinions even superficially (as is so often the case) resemble the dissenter-defector group—or, as it is more commonly called among the crew-cut superpatriot set, the Hippie-Commie-Queer-Pervert-Fags.

When I recently grew sideburns and let my hair creep down the back of my neck over my collar, I was sneeringly called a hippie by strangers; my manhood and my patriotism were questioned on streets and in stores; a TV interviewer discussing with me a book I had written suddenly stopped to ask—with obvious displeasure—why my hair was long (I told him, "So I can look subversive," since I felt sure that's how he regarded it); some businessmen at a hotel convention asked if my long hair didn't "bother me" (I said no, but it obviously bothered them); and all this while I was wearing the most innocuous straight outfits with

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button-down collars and proper thin ties and the sort of thing I think of as my "assistant district attorney suits." God knows what greater and more venomous response I'd have got if I had sported a string of beads or a Nehru jacket. I wouldn't much want to find out.

There is a real and growing violence in the society about these seemingly innocent and personal matters of costume, because the costume or any part of it has become such an emotionally loaded symbol. Future anthropologists may well conclude that the greatest internal conflict in America in the late 1960s was not between the rich and the poor, or the black and the white, or even the young and the old, but the people with long hair and the people with short hair.

The most powerful artistic statement I have seen about the hostility engendered in this conflict (it might be called the Great Haircut War) is the movie *Easy Rider*, starring Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper, and directed by Hopper. The movie is sometimes pretentious, sometimes pompous, often overly romantic and naïve, and yet for all its flaws it has raw power, it communicates something vital and real, and it sets against some of the most beautiful American landscapes some of the ugliest American emotions. It is like a shock treatment communicated through film, pounding home the feel and sight and terror of casual, unnecessary, wanton violence in the most convincing and horrifying manner I have ever seen on the screen.

It shows, incidentally, how silly it is to try to censor violence from the movies and television (or from any medium of communication) in the pious-prissy hope that if we don't see it, evil will go away, and if we do, we will be encouraged to imitate it. There is a way of showing violence that is not glamorous, not heroic, not appealing, not manly, but as a nauseous, frightening revelation of the darkest, most twisted side of man, and that is how it is shown in this film. *Easy Rider* is instructive about the very real violence and hatred that runs through this society and is poisoning it, right now, this day, this minute. It is not pretty, it is not stimulating, it is not provocative. It is ugly and painful, and we had better face it if we are to have

any chance of surviving it, much less curing it.

The movie is not one long dramatization of violence, but builds to it, deceptively, innocently, in a way that increases the shock when it finally comes. The movie falls into three main parts, the first of which is a sort of hippie travelogue that is mainly impressive for its scenery of the Southwest. The two hippies, Fonda ("Wyatt," also known as "Captain America") and Hopper ("Billy"), make a highly profitable sale of some cocaine they score in Mexico to a sinister-looking connection in Los Angeles, and with the money stashed in the red-white-and-blue Stars-and-Stripes painted fuel tank of Wyatt's motorcycle, they take off east for New Orleans, camping out when the motel-owners turn them away after casing their fancy motorcycles and their far-out costumes of leather and boots and buckskin. They get high on grass around their campfires, Billy talks frenetically of what a gas it's going to be at Mardi Gras, Wyatt nods and remains supercool and uncommunicative except for cliché-hippie insights such as "I'm trying to get my thing together." They pick up an Indian-garbed hitchhiker who takes them to his commune, and that whole scene is treated with ultra-reverence, as if we are getting a glimpse of some small tribe of Aztec holy men going about their rituals.

Just at the point when I began to fear that the whole movie was going to continue entirely in this vein of See the Kindly Hippies on Their Fun Trip Through the Southwest, the whole pace and texture of the story changed. It happens when Wyatt and Billy are thrown into a small-town jail and find themselves sharing a cell with a local lawyer who has been on a boozy spree the night before but is treated gently by the cops, who know him and his respectable parents and are familiar with his weakness for the bottle. George the lawyer, played with perfect wit and style by Jack Nicholson (who should cop everybody's award for best supporting actor), is the prototype of the sharp but alcoholically self-destructive local lawyer, wanting to break out of his life but unable to make it.

George takes a liking to the hippies and gets them off with only a

25 fine, a far better punishment than the usual local custom of shaving any longhairs with rusty razors and kicking them out of town. George looks longingly at their bikes and their plan to go to New Orleans—he has meant to do that himself but never got around to it—and Wyatt asks him if he has a helmet. He says he sure does, and in the next scene we see him perched on the back of Wyatt's motorcycle, wearing his old college football helmet, his varsity letter sweater, and his white summer suit, happily waving to the world and guzzling on a pint of whiskey. Wyatt turns him on to grass, and George gets high and gives his hilarious virtuoso analysis of how the "Venutians" are taking over the earth.

This unlikely trio of comrades suddenly run into trouble when they stop at a small-town diner in Louisiana and get the hostile stares, the crude comments, and the slow, murderous threats (rolled out with voluptuous pleasure) from the local heriff and assorted crew-cut hennies (as well as the giggling, fascinated attention of a boothful of teen-age girls). This scene, incidentally, is especially authentic: Hopper shot it in a small-town café and asked the customers to say and do what they ordinarily would if three such characters on motorcycles came into the place to get a bite to eat. When the trio finally leave, without getting served, they camp in a woods farther down the road. That night, asleep around their still smoking campfire, they are set upon and beaten with lead pipes by the all-American fellows who saw them earlier in the café, and George is killed.

The movie then shifts into its darker, explosive, final portion. Billy's frenetic efforts to have a ball at Mardi Gras are doomed and pathetic, and Wyatt goes through it like a sleepwalker. They take out a couple of expensive prostitutes and the four of them go on a symbol-laden, cliché-ridden acid trip, and then the guys move on. But their tooling down the roads of rural America is not carefree anymore. The spirit is gone, everything seems overcast and foreboding. Wyatt, before going to sleep that night, sums up the feeling of what has become of the originally bright adventure, saying "Billy, we blew it."

The next day, on a rural Southern road, they are passed by a truck with a couple of red-necks who decide to have a little fun, and by their definition of that, one of them takes down a rifle from a rack in the cab of the truck and guns down Billy. His motorcycle bolts and careens, spilling him in a wreck of blood and metal. Wyatt turns back and examines the mess, sees Billy broken but still conscious, swearing under his breath that he'll get the bastards. Wyatt jumps on his bike and goes for help, but the red-necks in the truck turn back and fire on Wyatt, whose motorcycle leaps in a horrible spasm of flame and explosion. That is the end.

It is difficult to convey the horror of the scene in a summary of the action. I left the movie feeling battered and shaken and weighted with the final question it poses, without ever openly stating the word, but putting all its weight on your head: *Why?*

Why the needless death and destruction of these fairly innocuous, generally pleasant, and harmless young men? Because their hair is long? Because they dress in colorful costumes and ride motorcycles? The answer of course on one level is Yes, that's it—but still, *Why?* What is so threatening about these external symbols that brings forth a hatred deep enough to lead to murderous violence?

In the only verbal confrontation with the theme of the movie, George the lawyer attempts to answer that question. He tells Wyatt and Billy after the scene in the café that the straights and the red-necks hate them because they represent freedom, and that is terrifying to them because they aren't free themselves. George argues that most people "sell themselves everyday in the marketplace" and are afraid to break out of their standard routine or even to question it, are filled with fear and hatred of anyone who has done so. He says the superpatriots speak piously about democratic rights and freedom for all under the American system and they praise "rugged individualism," but when they actually see someone behaving or even dressing in a way that differs from the accepted norm, they are enraged by it, and want to stamp it out.

I think so far as it goes that is true, but it is only part of the

(Advertisement)

October Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



"I could have killed him!" How often we say this to ourselves and to others. There is no news at all in the thought that man is aggressive toward his own species, but **ROBERT BIGELOW**, the New Zealand biologist, has laid out a theory in his new book, **THE DAWN WARRIORS**, which will prevent you from ever saying those words in the same way again.

Of course man is a warlike species. Our ancestors, most of them, survived because they killed other men, who therefore left no children. We are the children of the winners; and the winners survived because some of them learned to cooperate peacefully with their neighbors in order to make war upon strangers. "A hydrogen bomb is an example of Mankind's enormous capacity for friendly cooperation. . . . Without this high level of cooperation, no hydrogen bomb could be built. But without an equally high potential for ferocity, no hydrogen bomb ever *would* be built."

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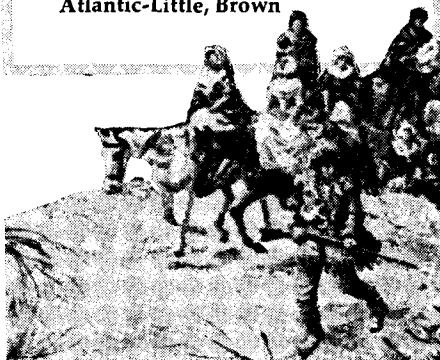


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story. I don't pretend to know all the answers by any means, but I don't think the hatred of people regarded as hippies springs only from the sense that they may represent personal freedom to some people. The violence directed against the hippies is similar in many ways to the violence against the Negro in this country. The gunning down of Wyatt and Billy by the red-necks reminded me of a story reported by Murray Kempton about a woman newspaper editor in the Deep South whose life was in danger because she had dared to write and publish something everyone in the area knew but didn't question—the "sport" of the local sheriff who liked to drive around his county and shoot at any Negroes he spotted walking along the roads. Sometimes he just scared them, made them run, and maybe just wounded them. Other times he might kill them. It didn't seem to matter much to him. It was like hunting rabbits.

God knows the Negro in America doesn't represent "freedom" to those who hate him and have tortured and killed him—except, and this is obviously important—in the mythology of the Negro's sexual freedom and prowess. This mythology is also attributed to the hippies, the specter of dope and sex and free love orgies, and certainly this creates fear and hatred and envy among many law-abiding, right-thinking, God-fearing citizens of the type who only make it at out-of-town conventions or drunken parties, if at all.

But I think there is more than that, too, in the violent hatred of hippies. I think it springs in part from our national fear and distrust and dislike of anyone and anything different from the norm, the great irony and tragedy of a nation founded on diversity and fearing it, a society devoted to erasing all differences of nationality and putting everyone into the same "melting pot," a process that hopefully produces a standardized, production-line human who is stamped with approval as "all-American." Not just part, but all. Just as being "all-American" is the best thing in the eyes of the majority, the worst thing is being "un-American," which means anything not practiced or approved of by the majority itself.

Well, you may think the talk of violence about these matters is real-

ly exaggerated; you may argue that Hopper loaded his case, that he portrayed an extreme and untypical reaction to the hippies of his story. But there is gruesome evidence to the contrary. Hopper and Fonda riding through the rural roads and stopping in small towns to shoot scenes for the movie, were themselves surprised at the degree of hostility engendered by their motorcycles and their dress. In an interview in the *New York Times*, Hopper said:

Every restaurant, man, every roadhouse we went in, there was a Marine sergeant, or a football coach who started with "Look at the Commies, the queers, is it a boy or a girl?" We expected that. But the stories we heard along the way, man, true stories of kids getting their heads broken with clubs or slashed with rusty razor blades—rusty blades, man—just because they passed through town with long hair. And not just in the South. In Montrose, Colorado, where we made "True Grit," I walked into a bar and immediately a guy swung at me, screaming, "Get outta here, my son's in Vietnam," and the local sheriff was right behind him, screaming that *his* son was in Vietnam, and I said, "Now wait a minute," that I was an actor and there with the movie, whereupon the boys' high school counselor started screaming to get out, that *his* son was in Vietnam. And I thought "What if I wasn't an actor, what if I was just traveling through and was thirsty?" So I said "Okay, I'm hitchhiking to the peace march," whereupon eight guys jumped me. Incredible, but true, I swear.

Nor are Hopper and Fonda the only ones to find such reactions. Another recent long-haired traveler through America, the young, rather gentle rebel James Kunen, author of *The Strawberry Statement*, sent dispatches of his hitchhiking trip to the *Boston Globe* and in one installment described meeting in a luncheonette in Sante Fe a man he called "The Exterminator," after hearing his belief that

the hippies contribute nothing, have in fact descended from the human race and should be slaughtered like pigs. In Russia or China they would be killed, he said. Therefore, since they are not sufficiently grateful to this country for letting them live, they should be killed.

Kunen also found that many of

the increasing number of communes formed by hippies who want to get out of the cities "are in a state of siege," and he reported after visiting a commune near Taos, New Mexico, that

the hippies have been regularly brutalized, in some instances castrated, in one instance killed. The hippies themselves told me nothing, barely talked, seemed constantly stoned more out of necessity than choice.

What is one to conclude about this? Why can't people in a "free society" go to the woods if they choose and buy some land and build shelters and raise their own food without fear of being set upon by bands of sadistic bullies? Hopper told the *New York Times* interviewer:

I dunno, it's a nightmare. What I want to say with *Easy Rider* is "Don't be scared, go and try to change America, but if you're gonna wear a badge, whether it's long hair, or black skin, learn to protect yourself. Go in groups, but go. When people understand they can't tromp you down, maybe they'll start accepting you, accepting *all* the herds."

Maybe so, but for all our rhetoric about tolerance and individual freedom there is little in our national experience to give much hope to that dream of acceptance. Again, one comes to the mysterious *Why*? Why does it enrage so many people to see others living differently or even just *looking* different from the majority? Why does it matter if someone has black skin, or wears beads and bells and feathers? What in the name of God does it matter to you if your neighbor chooses to wear a lemon meringue pie on his head? If he doesn't make you wear one, what business is it of yours?

Maybe Kunen came close to one aspect of the puzzle when he told of passing a car on the highway that had a bumper sticker that said "America—Love it or Leave it" and making an obscene gesture at the people in the car. He observed that "I probably didn't shake them up that much. But they should have appreciated it. If it weren't for people like me, they wouldn't have a damn thing to stick on their bumper."

Maybe we need enemies and scapegoats at home as well as abroad. Maybe the hippies need them too. The hatred and violence is not lim-



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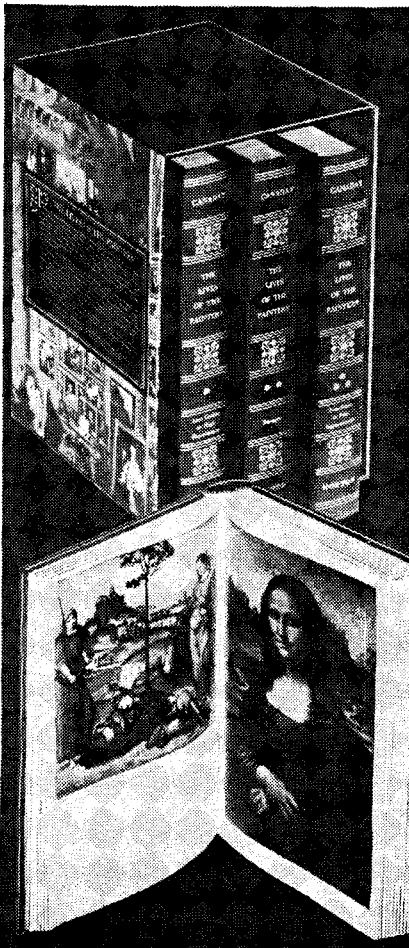
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ited to the crew-cuts and red-necks, for in spite of all the rhetoric about love and peace, violence and hate break out from the longhairs too. Most hippies are intolerant and suspicious of people who don't wear *their* uniform, people who don't share *their* beliefs and attitudes and don't speak in their monotonous hip lingo. Right, man? There is nothing so pious as the holier-than-thou contempt of a pothead for a non-smoking drinker. The most virtuous and well-meaning patriot would still get an obscene gesture from James Kunen for sporting a pro-America bumper sticker, just as James Kunen is sure to get obscene gestures from hostile straights for sporting his long hair.

Out of fear as well as hostility some hippies who have been physically assaulted are talking of arming themselves, or already have. A group of rock musicians and buddies consulted with a friend of mine about their plan to purchase a castlelike house in Southern California and fortify it with guns to repel vigilantes or fuzz. A writer I know who went to the Chicago Democratic Convention last year met a group of young kids from Michigan who modeled themselves on the Viet Cong, lived off the land, hid out in friendly houses and farms, and blew up sections of railways that carried military supplies. A native Viet Cong—in Michigan!

It seems as if all the "herds" are arming, even for the cause of peace. There is a sort of "Citizens Arms Race." The Black Panthers have armed themselves and are being increasingly gunned down in shoot-outs with local cops. The superpatriots in cities where riots have occurred have armed themselves and prepare for street fighting. In cultured, gang-ridden Boston, fifty-eight people were murdered in the first six months of this year. Our different herds are becoming more and more like hostile guerrilla bands. If the Administration ever gets us out of the war in Vietnam, maybe it will turn its attention to the wars in Michigan and Mississippi and California. The guerrilla wars within our own increasingly affluent and increasingly violent society may well be the most dangerous wars this country will face in the coming decade. *Easy Rider* may only be a preview.

TALK OF A SAD TOWN

by John Updike

THE LONG-WINDED LADY:
NOTES FROM THE NEW YORKER
by Maeve Brennan
Morrow, \$5.00

The *New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town" department, a space set aside when Ross founded the magazine as a smart-aleck local, survives as a vacuum maintained in case someone has something to say. When, a dozen years ago, I served on the large team that labored to fill each week this frontal void (a task that White and Thurber had performed with the aid of a few legmen), the problem was to perpetuate a cozy tone about a city that had ceased to seem cozy. We were, we "Talk of the Town" reporters, a sallow crew-cut brigade fresh from Cornell or Harvard, sent forth into the mirthless gray canyons to attend a mechanical promotional exhibit or p.r.-pushed pseudo-event, battering out upon our return six or seven yellow pages of rough copy to be honed into eight hundred gay, excited, factually flawless words by veteran martyrs like John McCarten and Brendan Gill. Some of us did not even live in the city, but had already established families and golf memberships in Bronxville or Rye, and even those who, like myself, did live in Manhattan had their hearts set on the green pastures of Fiction and the absentee ownership of Literary Glory. We were not avid to extract from the Eisenhowered, sullen if not yet apocalyptic metropolis of those years the enchantment of the Baghdad-on-the-Subway celebrated by O. Henry, by Scott Fitzgerald and Edna Millay, by Dorothy Parker and Benchley and Woolcott—whose chairs were still warm in the Algonquin lobby. It is to Maeve Brennan's credit that she, with the device of her letters from "the long-winded lady" has helped put New York back into the *New Yorker*, and has written about the city of the sixties with both honesty and affection.

Not that the pieces, as collected here, without most of the italics that gave them on first printing a comic breathlessness, entirely escape the

"Talk of the Town's" way of making too much of too little and of being complacently, exhaustedly flat. She gives us John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s entire credo as chiseled into Rockefeller Center, and the menu of a lot of meals she happens to eat, and the names of everyone present at a New Year's party at the Adanc Restaurant. And the long-winded lady, read in bulk, reveals certain personal eccentricities. She tends to rise at dawn, to read while she eats, to like street music, to liken real streets to stage sets, to plug her favorite restaurants, to be threatened by large people and animals and loud noises—we deduce that she is small. She walks a lot but her range is curiously restricted; she never strays south of the Village, north of the eighties, and rarely east of Madison Avenue. Her favorite region, dismally enough, is the West Forties, those half demolished blocks of small hotels and cellar restaurants and old coin shops between Fifth and Eighth Avenue; she most frequently strolls on Sixth, which she never calls the Avenue of the Americas.

Within these limitations she is constantly alert, sharp-eyed as a sparrow for the crumbs of human event, the overheard and the glimpsed and the guessed at, that form the solitary city person's least expensive amusement. A little boy crying, a bigger boy greeting his father, a young man courting over the telephone, a middle-aged couple enacting their estrangement across a restaurant table, an old lady flipping the pages of a letter from her hotel window as she reads—these vignettes are well realized, and need only a touch of padding and bluff to make them short stories. Miss Brennan does not blink when, surveying the cityscape, she sees drunks and crazy men and prostitutes with "the eyes of satisfied furies or unsatisfied prison wardresses," costumed in miniskirts "designed to show even more leg than they had." She is an unfussy but formidable phrase-maker, as in her long poem to the aianthus (which she never calls the



The painting that made a marriage legal

Not one person in a thousand suspects the real meaning of this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck. Actually, it portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating details are symbolic references to the sacrament of marriage.

As John Canaday points out in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, the little dog symbolizes faithfulness; the discarded sandals, humility; and the single candle, the presence of God. Above the mirror, which signifies purity, is an inscription meaning, "Jan van Eyck was here, 1434," written in script proper to a document. For the painting really is a document: a painted marriage certificate!

If you had come across this painting in a museum, would you have understood what the artist was trying to tell you? Or would you have missed the hidden meanings?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned.

Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such persons that New York's Metropolitan Museum and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created the Seminars in Art, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and contains twelve large separate full-color reproductions of notable paintings. As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr. Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal what to look for in any painting.

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by providing a foundation for a lifelong interest in art.

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Metropolitan Museum of Art
Seminars in the Home

tree of heaven) or in her image of "daylight streaming like cold water" over the curved staircases and papered walls of roofless brownstones. A melancholy picture of New York's streets accumulates:

The night view up Sixth Avenue is eerie now that the blocks on the west side of the avenue are half broken down and half gone.

[Charles] is an attractive street, except that, like all small New York streets, it takes on a dead, menacing air at night, because of the lines and lines of cars that are parked along its sidewalks—cars jammed together, bumper to bumper, stealing all the life and space out of the place.

Broadway is dying, but the big street still looks much as it has looked for some time now—a garish architectural shambles with cheap shop fronts and a few movie houses.

At the moment, the dark shadow in New York is cast not by the past but by the future, and too many streets wear a dull air of "What's the use?"

Our cities, not too long ago the farm boy's dream and the place where every girl with a straight nose was advised to find her fortune, have become the national disgrace, the huge proofs of our greed, haste, and callousness. Who wants to live in them? The long-winded lady admits, "New York City is not hospitable. She is very big and she has no heart. She is not charming. She is not sympathetic. She is rushed and noisy and unkempt, a hard, ambitious, ir-resolute place, not very lively, and never gay." Yet she has lived there, during this slum of a decade, and also testifies, "In fact this is a wonderful city. It is always giving me something to think about."

too little enjoyment, and at its end she is just what she has been throughout it: loud, hopeful, eager for something to laugh at, undefeated only because she has never known the terms of the battle.

Maureen and Jules, so different from their mother, are in fact mirror images of her. Aspiring to rise above the pettiness and stinginess of their lives, they remain victims of their society. Both see money as the key to power and power as the key to escape; both are betrayed by their vision.

Them clearly and completely reveals the minds of people whose reactions and aspirations are dictated by a machine-oriented culture of radio, film, television. Thus robbed of imagination and genuine emotion they are condemned to the death of faith and the death of love. Religion becomes merely another description of one's background: where he is from, who his uncle was. Love cannot even be learned: "There is no time for love to rise in her; she does not know how to work it up, cultivate it, she's heard too much about it from her mother and other girls and from the movies." Their culture has produced people who are not unfeeling, not unconcerned; but their feelings are made in Hollywood and their major concern is for something stable.

Very near the end of the novel Jules crosses the street near a broken-down building which houses the "Students' Revolt Against the War in Vietnam," and the narrator tells us that "in their front room a few days ago one of their people had been killed, an organizer shot to death. An angry cab driver had run in and shot him in the chest. Dead. The cab driver told newspaper reporters that he had a son in Vietnam and was proud."

In a novel of over five hundred pages, this is the only mention of the house, the organizer, the cab-driver. But it is typical of Joyce Carol Oates's vision. She sees contemporary America as a country in which the improbable, the chaotically and violently improbable, constantly reroutes purposeful lives and sometimes destroys them. John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King: their murders are only paradigms for a language of random destruction.

Them is written in the fluid, re-

MIRAGE-SEEKERS

by John L'Heureux

THEM
by Joyce Carol Oates
Vanguard, \$6.95

Them, the final volume of Joyce Carol Oates's trilogy about life at various cultural and social levels in the United States, is intricate, alarming, a total success.

A Garden of Earthly Delights, the first volume, chronicled the migrant worker and one woman's overpowering drive to rise above her doomed class. *Expensive People* investigated the super-rich, the pursuit of something intangible in a world of tangible meaningless wealth. *Them* explores the classes in between, the lower middle class particularly, swallowed by a mechanized society.

It is the history of Loretta Botsford and her children, Jules and Maureen, beginning during the Depression with the murder of Loretta's lover as he lies beside her in bed and closing with the Detroit riots of 1967. At sixteen, Loretta, who lives "in an eternity of flesh," marries Howard Wendall, the policeman who had found her murdered lover. She leaves her drunken father and her brother Brock, who committed the murder for the simple reason that he was born to be a killer, and she moves

into an emotionless Eden of raising her babies, gossiping, going to the movies. This will never end, should never end, she thinks. But then Howard is fired for involvement in a prostitution ring, and they move to the country with their children, their disgrace, and with Mama Wendall.

Loretta's life becomes at once tedious and terror-ridden. There is no one to share her gossip, no one to appreciate her voice of indignation or of sympathetic anger switched on to make her life interesting and endurable for herself and her city friends. And within or behind the tedium there looms the awful presence of Mama Wendall. When Howard is drafted and sent to Europe, Loretta flees this shrewd and domineering woman and takes her children to Detroit, where on her second day in the city she is arrested for propositioning a plainclothesman. This is her return to civilization.

But in Detroit Loretta finds life repeating itself. Howard returns from Europe—he is the kind of man nobody ever kills—and sometimes works but always drinks. Her life, exactly like the lives of her neighbors and friends, has been burdened by too many children, too much work,

finer style that characterizes everything by Joyce Carol Oates. But this novel has a more elaborate and more symmetrical structure than any of her previous works. It is a study in surfaces because the characters know only the surfaces of their lives; the painful core of their experience never reaches them as being what their lives are about. They see only the flesh, the face in the mirror, the shifting image on the television screen, and these become the radical metaphors of the novel. But they are more than metaphors; they localize and define the characters themselves. The sixteen-year-old Loretta combing her hair before the mirror becomes the twenty-six-year-old Maureen; the mother's attempt at prostitution becomes the daughter's success. The Loretta-Brock relationship becomes the Jules-Maureen relationship, and Brock the murderer becomes Jules. The characters, so very unlike, beneath their surfaces are the same. The mother is the daughter, and all their lives are only random segments of a blind social continuum. They are them—those nameless others. And, by implication, so are we.

Taken together, the three books in Miss Oates's trilogy are insightful, tragic, and finally illuminating. If there is a certain slackness in the third volume, it is because the author has put everything in: the sloppy apartments with their endless catalogue of rags and mops and coffee tins and tissues and bread crusts, the banal conversations of women whose dreams are purchased at the hairdresser's, the smells and tastes of violence. And if now and again dialogue slips from conversation to exhortation, it is because in so large a book directions are easily lost.

Them is a history, I have said. History, not story, because we come to see not only who these pitiable people are and how they became that way, but also the social and psychological pressures which afforded them little opportunity to be anything else. And we see beyond them the unpredictable violence that threatens at every moment to enter and engulf their lives. Set in the foreground of wars, assassinations, violent and inevitable death, *Them* coldly calibrates the moral irresponsibility of two generations. It is an extraordinary and frightening work.

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

OSCAR WILDE
by Philippe Jullian
Viking, \$7.95

In the course of his spectacular, shocking career, Oscar Wilde made many friends and many more enemies. To those he loved he wrote letters so revealing that he was being blackmailed years before his trial, while at the same time those in the inner circle like Whistler, Frank Harris, G.B.S., Max Beerbohm, and André Gide were writing about him with an insight and judgment that have been sustained. Not since the death of Lord Byron had any writer so defied the canons of England's society. Wilde's disgrace, which in the 1960s might have prompted indignation, though hardly enough to prevent his being knighted, was, in the London of the 1890s, so outrageous that Thomas Hardy was heard to remark, "This is a black day for English letters." In his extravagant dress, his homosexuality, his defiance of society, his advocacy of the *Art Nouveau*, Oscar Wilde has much in common with the young rebels of our time.

Of the many books about him the two best are Frank Harris' contemporary account, and the vivid portrait by Hesketh Pearson, published in 1946. To them I must now add a third, *Oscar Wilde* by Philippe Jullian, a biography that is comprehensive in the truth it draws from many sources, some long hidden; eminently fair in its characterization; and remarkably perceptive in showing, as no other has done so well, the French influence in the work of Wilde's maturity. The translation by Violet Wyndham is excellent.

The steps by which Oscar rose to be the leader and the symbol of the Mauve Decade are fascinating to follow. Mr. Jullian has spared no detail in describing the potential of this large, pale young man, the best Hellenist of his generation, winner of the Newdigate Prize for poetry at Oxford, a climber who rightly calculated that "to get into Society nowadays one has either to feed people or shock people," an aesthete praised by Walter Pater. From Dub-

lin, where he had been born of a gifted, lecherous father and a bohemian mother, he had won his way into the paradise of Oxford, with its beautiful young Greeks, its indolence and enviable wealth. His checked suits and velvet jackets were bizarre; he boasted of his collection of blue china and was powerful enough to hurl downstairs the Blues who came to smash it. To a friend striving to convert him to Catholicism, he wrote: "If I *could hope* that the Church would wake in me some earnestness and purity, I would go over *as a luxury*, if for no better reasons. But I can hardly hope it would, and to go over to Rome would be to sacrifice and give up my two great Gods: 'Money and Ambition.'"

His conquest of London was artful, and it was achieved as much by his getup, his acting, and his dazzling conversation as by what he wrote. He studied diction, learned to modulate his rich voice, and his talk combined "what I love best in the world, Poetry and Paradox dancing together." His lecture trip to America, which extended from Fifth Avenue to the mining camps, earned him few pounds but much notoriety. So in London did his friendships with Sarah Bernhardt and Lily Langtry and his feud with James Whistler. He was the leading spirit in the "Souls," that gifted assortment of intellectuals, and with his marriage to Constance Lloyd, violet-eyed but uninspiring, in the spring of 1884, he had reached a bold if precarious position. Their house on Tite Street became a showplace. Writes Mr. Jullian, "That a Society so sure of itself should have allowed an unknown Irishman to laugh at it was, because he had achieved for it something beyond price in rescuing it from boredom."

The marriage paled, and in the process provided him with some of the witticisms for his plays; after the birth of his second son he found in Paris the excitement no longer to be had at home. He found and borrowed source material from Balzac and Gautier for his novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, and scenes

and even words for the plays were borrowed from Dumas Fils, although their meanings were reversed.

It is ironic that in the same month that saw the publication of *Dorian Gray* Wilde met Lord Alfred Douglas, that white and golden undergraduate for whose love he would risk everything. Oscar had meddled with homosexuality before, and "Bosie" was certainly no ingenue, but now with the infatuation of age and the exuberance of royalties, this affair became more than a passing scandal, and when Bosie's father, the Marquis of Queensberry, provoked court action and his bloodhounds produced the evidence at court, Oscar's rhetoric was no defense. The account of the trial, of Oscar's demoralization in jail and his curious humility in the aftermath are masterly.

IN THIS HOUSE OF BREDE
by Rumer Godden
Viking, \$6.95

Since the Middle Ages women have taken refuge in convents because of the debris of their past. In *This House of Brede*, a novel of sensitive dedication, Rumer Godden tells why Mrs. Philippa Talbot, in her early forties and the ranking woman administrator in the Ministry of Trade and Information, applied for admission to Brede Abbey in Sussex, an "enclosed" order of English Benedictine nuns, and how her life was shaped in the solemn but at times emotional quiet of that monastery. What prompted Philippa to take the step is best explained by the novelist, but the tempering of her spirit is what gives the story its immediate warmth, for now this tall elegant woman, with her gift for language and swift executive ability, must learn to obey, not command; she must learn the ritual and the chants, for which she has no voice; and most difficult of all, she must learn to hold her tongue when crises for which she thinks she sees the solution arise.

What Miss Godden does so well is to submerge the reader in this monastic community of ninety-six nuns. "Well, there are ninety-six of us," said Dame Ursula, "Sixty-two dames, or fully professed choir nuns, and twenty-one claustral sisters. You will meet the juniors and novices afterwards. . . ."

Philippa aspired to be a choir nun (the claustral sisters were in charge of the garden, the kitchen, the poultry and bees, the Marthas of the order), and her impressions of the elders in her days of adjustment are sharp. It is one of Miss Godden's accomplishments in all her books to make us aware of the many voices in her story, and here she is at her best in delineating the authority and compassion of Lady Abbess Hester; the open heart of Dame Maura, the precentrix, who is in charge of the choir; the tart, red-eyed skepticism of Dame Agnes Kerr; the shining faith in prayer of Dame Beatrice, the sacristan. Dame Agnes, who always speaks her mind, distrusts Philippa from the start—this woman from London is too old, too habit-ridden, too self-willed, she thinks, to adapt herself to the community, and the conflict between these two strong personalities is always close to the surface.

During Philippa's noviceship the Abbess is felled by a stroke, and on her deathbed she pleads for forgiveness. The councillors at her bedside are stunned until, in a magnificent scene, Dame Catherine, the most forceful of them, bends over, and in her direct way, quiets the troubled mind. In the election that follows, Catherine becomes the new Abbess, and in her assumption of office the mystery which had been torturing her predecessor becomes clear.

Catherine and Philippa are of course the key figures, Philippa as she experiences the trials and the submissiveness of the novice; Catherine as she takes into her hands the many threads of this feminine, self-sufficient, debt-plagued community dedicated to love and peace. There are many stirring scenes: the eventual Clothing of the lovely novice Cecily; Catherine's anger as she breaks her cross; the vital impact of the visiting sculptor Duranski. In Brede Abbey as in the college of C. P. Snow's imagining there are the aspirations, the struggle for power, and the balm of friendship common to us all.

PRIME TIME

by Alexander Kendrick
Little, Brown, \$8.95

In the rise and fall of American radio and television Edward R. Murrow stood for the best. His integrity,

the fairness of his judgment as a commentator, and the quality he demanded of his network made him as indispensable to American broadcasting as Lord Reith was to the BBC. When we of the Peabody Committee found it mandatory to give him his third Award, we had made a special silver medal—no one else has ever received one—as if to retire him from competition. But only the network could do that, and when Stanton broke with Murrow and then with Fred Friendly, CBS lost its sovereignty, and television was on its way to becoming the most costly and debased medium of advertising in America.

It is hard not to be didactic when one thinks about Ed Murrow, his performance, his ideals, and his death, and Alexander Kendrick, who was one of his team, does not resist the temptation in his human, episodic, valiant biography, *Prime Time: The Life of Edward R. Murrow*. Ed did not believe that the medium was the message, or that communication was to be confused with communications. In his CBS office hung a quotation from Thoreau: "It takes two to speak the truth—one to speak and another to hear."

His magnificent reporting of the war showed that millions were listening, and on that crest Ed evolved *See It Now*, the most searching of television documentaries. "He was," writes Kendrick, "a disturber of the peace and a collector of injustices. Radio and television are by their very nature ephemeral. He endowed them with a sense of permanent substance by giving them a purpose." The great programs dispensed justice, as in the Radulovich case, which Murrow and Friendly

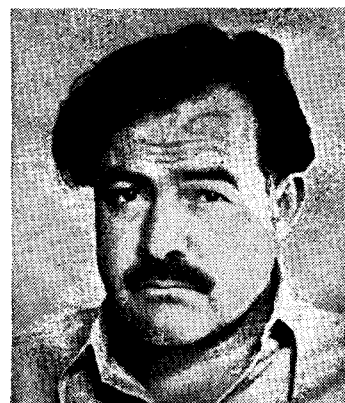
advertised in the *New York Times* with their own money when both sponsor and network refused to publicize it. Five months later came the famous confrontation with Senator Joseph McCarthy, and when, speaking in equal time, the senator demolished himself in public view, millions of Americans agreed with Ed's conclusion: "This is no time for men who oppose Senator McCarthy's methods to keep silent. We can deny our heritage and our history, but we cannot escape responsibility for the result. There is no way for a citizen of a republic to abdicate his responsibilities." But neither CBS nor Madison Avenue would continue to risk such controversy.

The contour of Ed Murrow's career is familiar. What is not familiar is how he got his start as a Bachelor of Public Speech at Washington State University and how much he learned from his favorite teacher, Ida Lou Anderson, a cripple, who inspired him with the meditations of Marcus Aurelius and who taught him how to use his spendid voice. (It was she listening in the Far West who told him to pace his famous opening: "This . . . is London.") Kendrick measures his man in a multitude of episodes: Ed's courage in reporting action from the fox-holes, from bombers or tanks; his enormous capacity for gaining the confidence of men as different as Winston Churchill, Robert Oppenheimer, Tito, and Omar Bradley; his genius for expressing so much in concise, sharp-edged sentences; his God-given candor and smile which won him friends everywhere. This is a long book, charged with partisanship, in which the man himself emerges.

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THEATER

A MOD HAMLET

by Melvin Maddocks

What a comfort to the American theater the British actor used to be! Olivier, Gielgud, Richardson—the very names gave off a ring of quality. Sir Laurence, Sir John, Sir Ralph if one preferred, and one usually did. On a marquee they read like those royal certifications on English marmalade: contents absolutely guaranteed.

The British actor lent the American theater, an erratic institution at best, a sort of artistic respectability. People of anxious taste who shrank from buying tickets to a Broadway show—the very phrase smacked of vulgarity—queued up reverently for the Old Vic. That was different. That was . . . well, culture.

Those rather regal visits of British theater companies to the American hinterlands made colonials of us all. Critics gave themselves over in safety to unaccustomed transports of praise. School buses confidently discharged squads of students into the matinees. We composed a full-blown myth about the British actor. He was an aristocrat of his craft who made the American actor look like a piebe. There was just no substitute for that repertory training, was there? Above all, we subscribed to the cult of the British voice. Honestly. Was anyone else in the world fit to speak Shakespeare?

Then in the midst of all this decorum, this pleasant and really quite intelligent gentility, all hell broke loose. Instead of the Old Vic or, at worst, the latest well-made play from Terence Rattigan, the traffic from Britain brought John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*, together with such non-Establishment exports as Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker*, Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, Shelagh Delaney's *A Taste of Honey*, and Arnold Wesker's *Chips With Everything*.

Instead of the knights, a new breed of British actor began to appear: Donald Pleasence, Albert Finney, Robert Shaw, Alan Bates—distinctly not Sir Donald, Sir Albert, Sir Robert, Sir Alan at the moment.

They looked tough, they walked tough, they played townies to the older generation's public school boys. Worst of all, they talked tough, in fact, they even mumbled out of very non-U mouths. Where, oh where had they gone, those patrician inflections as clear and sparkling as cut crystal?

By an irony, the British, who had given the American theater its touch of class, were now taking the leadership in making it savagely *déclassé*. The line leads in a kind of boomerang arc from Old Vic to *Oh, Calcutta!*, with the American theater importing British vulgarity almost as eagerly as it once imported British good taste. For vulgarity—earnest, ideological vulgarity—became the new snobbery at nearly the same time the native supply ran short.

But even new blood needs newer blood as time goes on. The latest brilliant British rudeness is a strong-minded young actor named Nicol Williamson, who has carried things one phase further. To break with tradition is a radical act. But the most radical act of all is to return to the old orthodoxy and treat it with the new heresy. In other words, the final dare would not be *Look Back in Anger* but Shakespeare, that holy of holies of official British culture, performed in the life-style of *Look Back in Anger*. This climax has been reached, more or less, in Williamson's *Hamlet*, directed by Tony Richardson, which will be distributed as a film later this year.

The stage production from which the film was made opened in London, then toured to New York, Boston, and California (including Berkeley). Assorted audiences, certainly. Yet nobody in them could fail to register that a kind of cultural showdown was going on and that this was the real play-within-a-play. Members of the older generation, as usual, felt a premonition; members of the younger generation, as usual, shared an expectancy. Another ritual of iconoclasm? Another breakthrough? Whatever the semantics of

change, the Williamson *Hamlet* was one of those destined things we had all been waiting for, in hope or in dread. And regardless of one's aesthetic judgments—how sadly irrelevant these seem to have become!—Williamson's performance was sufficiently formidable, sufficiently to its own point, so that *Hamlet* will never be quite the same play again for those who saw him.

Perhaps the fairest approach is to describe Williamson's *Hamlet* as a series of small shocks. In the first place, though he is over six feet, Williamson appears surprisingly small. Slim and tense, he seems almost physically withdrawn, like a telescopic rod jammed half shut. In black with a white collar, he could be impersonating an uptight Calvinist parson. His arms fall rigidly parallel, fingers clenching into the beginnings of a fist. His curly, rather starved blond beard straggles unsuccessfully to hide an incipient sneer.

It is a curious fact, but one can describe Hamlets most economically by comparison with other Shakespearean roles. The British critic James Agate called Olivier's *Hamlet*, every inch the Elizabethan athlete, the best Hotspur he had ever seen, and the reader knows exactly what he means. Gielgud's *Hamlet* had a touch of Romeo to him ("beauty" is the word that his critics resorted to again and again as their favorite superlative). Williamson, on the other hand, comes on like Iago.

Possibly with tongue in cheek, Williamson has classified his as a "classic" *Hamlet*. Certainly there are no extremes of staging, no peripheral overinterpretations here. The modern setting—charcoal gray, abstract, a thing of steps, pillars, and screens—dates back at least as far (to judge from the illustrations) as Gordon Craig's design for the Moscow Art Theater *Hamlet*, directed by Stanislavsky in 1911. Again, when Williamson's *Hamlet* puts a mock-buddy arm across the shoulders of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern during the speech, "What a piece of work is a man!", this black parody of friendship smacks of 1969, yet Hazlitt attributes the bit of stage business to the *Hamlet* of Edmund Kean.

But "revolutionary" interpretations of Shakespeare are a shilling a dozen. Only last year Joseph Papp

produced a *Hamlet* in Central Park with Claudius as a kind of Castro, complete to cigar and beard, Ophelia in a miniskirt, and the Danish palace guards as American G.I's. The play-within-a-play was staged as a home movie filmed by family friend Horatio with his trusty handheld camera. Incidental rock music was furnished by the composer of *Hair*.

The fact is, almost every *Hamlet* is, must be, experimental. As the Polish scholar Jan Kott put it: "*Hamlet* is like a sponge. Unless it is produced in a stylized and antiquarian fashion, it immediately absorbs all the problems of our time." Yet at this point neither production gimmicks nor underlined topicalities are enough, and Williamson and Richardson have not particularly bothered with them. Their heresy goes far deeper than toying with *Hamlet* in evening dress and the like.

What Williamson has done is to commit nothing less than the supreme sin against the canon. He has not only made Hamlet villainous, which might be forgivable, he has made him downright unattractive—Shakespeare without charm, if one can believe it. What an infinite remove we are from Gielgud's Hamlet: a "black arabesque" with a voice like "a Stradivarius controlled by a master." Or even Olivier's Hamlet: marred by an Oedipus complex, thanks to Tyrone Guthrie's reading of Dr. Ernest Jones, but so bouncingly healthy that most spectators apparently failed to notice.

Williamson's Hamlet has a nervous, almost mincing step. When he is not moving, he seems to be sniffing the air like an animal searching out still another enemy. But mostly he does keep moving—gracelessly, compulsively. He does irritating things with his hands: stuffs them to his mouth when he is in panic (and he is often in panic); flexes them as if each finger had a separate cramp; flails them through the air in tense, right-angle patterns, like a German conductor at triple speed. He camps about the court, simpering, coyly wiggling his eyebrows, patting the knees of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, making grotesque little scarecrow leaps at Polonius; he is a Shakespearean clown turned malignant.

Above all, Williamson offends through his voice, that celebrated

act of nasal effrontery which distressed London critics far less than New York critics, who mislabeled it a "Midlands" accent. Williamson was, in fact, born near Glasgow and later lived near Birmingham. It must remain a moot question whether he is competent to read the Old Vic line; he is quite up to doing excellent imitations of Gielgud and Olivier in private. But speculation about Williamson's technical equipment is as apart from the issue as if one were to speculate whether Allen Ginsberg could write a decent traditional sonnet. The point is, even if Williamson could rival Gielgud, he would have chosen not to.

Williamson's Hamlet is as profoundly anti-beautiful as any contemporary work of art, and until one is exposed to its abrasiveness one may not be aware how habitually one has associated "beauty" with Shakespeare. Has there ever been an unbeautiful Hamlet? We see right through the matinee-idol sort of Hamlet, of course. We condescend to Edwin Booth, the Victorian Hamlet par excellence, described by his supporters as full of "grace," "polish," "fluency," and accused by his detractors of "making statues all over the stage." Booth rather drippingly summed up Hamlet for his age as "above all things a gentleman, even to those he hates."

But then, hasn't every age idealized Hamlet after its own image? There are unfilled spaces, a kind of "color-him-yourself" quality, to Hamlet. Considering the impact he makes, he remains strangely undefined—a protean hero, all things to all readers: the philosopher-prince to the Age of Reason, the graveyard romantic to those brought up on Gray's *Elegy*. To Goethe, Hamlet was Young Werther, illustrating "the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it." To Coleridge, he was simply Coleridge, perhaps with a dose of laudanum: "continually resolving to do, yet doing nothing but resolve." To the Moscow Art Theater, at least one observer noted, he was a "murderer with a Dostoevskian touch."

But in all these variations, one presumes, Hamlet had beauty: physical, moral, spiritual, at worst, diabolical beauty. He was, in short, a hero, more or less as the particular time or place saw heroism. William-

son has given us Hamlet as an anti-hero, a mean, nasty man who leaves embarrassingly empty of meaning speeches like: "O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

Williamson's Hamlet is measured in negatives so absolutely that he does not even have the hard clarity that is the usual literary advantage of a villain. One is reminded of a stage direction for Jimmy Porter in *Look Back in Anger*: "To be as vehement as he is is to be almost non-committal."

Chopping his rhythms, fighting the mesmeric flow of sound like a minister working against the King James Version, Williamson gives refreshed readings that set an audience on the edge of their seats. But almost without exception, the lines for which his Hamlet is memorable are those that curl and shrivel with sarcasm, despair, or self-contempt. His face convulses, his nose squirms

THE WRITERS:

Dan Wakefield's personal journey through public events, *Between the Lines*, is now available in paperback.

John Updike's novel *Couples* was published last year.

John L'Heureux, author of three books of poetry, is on the *Atlantic* editorial staff.

Edward Weeks was the editor of the *Atlantic* for many years.

Melvin Maddocks is editor of the books page for the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Robert Evett is a composer and critic of music and literature.

Phoebe Adams contributes regularly to this department.

James Dickey, whose poem leads this issue, will have a new collection of his poetry published early in 1970.

Barbara Greenberg (page 63) lives in a suburb of Boston.

Ya Hsien (page 96) is now in his native Taiwan.

as if at an insufferably foul smell for the soliloquy, "O! that this too, too solid [sullied?] flesh would melt . . ." With what supreme disgust he spits out, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" He can be venomously funny, the original black comedian, with odd little throwaway lines like those imagining Claudius draining "his draughts of Rhenish down." (Richard Burton once remarked that Hamlet was the only tragic figure with a sense of humor, though he may not have foreseen quite this.)

Williamson's Hamlet operates out of a sort of policy of weakness. When in doubt, he collapses into free-floating hysteria. Even his oaths come out petulant. He is less an avenger than a slinking grudge-bearer. All Hamlets exclude all other kinds of Hamlets, and by this rule, every Hamlet is a loser: what he leaves out in the name of consistency will be larger than what he contains. But why choose to present all that is flattest, narrowest, most repugnant—the Hamlet that excludes the most?

If Williamson's Hamlet were taken by himself, he might seem a skillfully vicious exercise in deprecation and self-deprecation. But Williamson clearly does not intend him to be taken out of context, by himself. Implicit in the antihero is a judgment of life: he is absurd, so the argument goes, precisely because all of life is absurd. This is his justification as well as his self-justification. It certainly has to be the justification for Williamson's Hamlet that, like every new Hamlet, he projects a concept of the world to match himself. C. S. Lewis was right: Hamlet, that vague, fill-me-in man, is finally less a character than a map of "a certain spiritual region through which most of us have passed."

What is the "spiritual region" of Williamson's Hamlet? He is a Hamlet who was born the year World War II started. He is a Hamlet who was six years old when the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. He is a Hamlet who was only seventeen when *Look Back in Anger* opened. His whole professional life has been spent in the post-*Osborne* theater playing roles like *The Ginger Man*, Vladimir in *Waiting for Godot*, and Bill Maitland in *Inadmissible Evidence*, a character who practically defines Williamson's Hamlet: "I myself am more packed with spite and

twisting with revenge than anyone I know of. I actually often, frequently, daily want to see people die for their errors. I wish to kill them myself. . . ."

Kott makes it a kind of test for Hamlet: what book is he carrying in the scene when he baits Polonius? A modern Hamlet, Kott suggests, might be carrying Sartre (possibly *Nausea*?), Camus (doubtless *The Rebel*), or Kafka (*The Castle*?). But Hamlet is an amateur actor. Why not a play? Williamson's Hamlet, it is reasonable to suppose, might be carrying Beckett—*Waiting for Godot*, perhaps, open at a passage like: "They give birth astride a grave, the light gleams an instant, then it's night once more."

Death lies at the very core of Williamson's Hamlet. The Shakespearean scholar G. Wilson Knight might have been reviewing Williamson's performance when he wrote: "Hamlet is inhuman. He has seen through humanity . . . his consciousness works in terms of Death. He has seen the truth, not alone of Denmark, but of humanity, of the universe: and the truth is evil."

Here is a Hamlet within the new convention—absurd, existentialist, even nihilistic; the cliché quality of the words tells us just how completely it has become the convention. Still playing the outsider from force of habit, Williamson is the insider now. It is Olivier and Gielgud whose noses are pressed against the window. Williamson has earned the right, for the time being, to say, as David Garrick did of his Hamlet two centuries ago: "I reduced Shakespeare to the thought of my century." He can even judge his success by the cries of the wounded as Garrick, again, could do with the critic who sputtered: "By God, if he is right, we have all been damnably in the wrong!"

Yet there is a sadness to this kind of triumph. The very young in Williamson's audience take pure pleasure; but then, in the pleasure game, the young hold all the options. No one Williamson's age or older can really "enjoy" or "like" this Hamlet. He is a Hamlet representing a catastrophic loss in humanity, and watching him—this is the dangerous thing about Hamlets—one cannot help computing one's own losses, both as a member of the audience and as a member of that world out-

side which makes so dispiriting a Hamlet appropriate.

What does it say about Williamson, what does it say about his audience that their shared moment of truth seems to come when he juggles Yorick's skull at grave's edge, as if no other symbol, no other scene were half so true? Needless to add, Fortinbras, Hamlet's twin-image for redemption, has been completely edited out.

Earlier generations constantly worried over the problem: why does Hamlet procrastinate? No problem for Williamson and us. We accept paralysis as practically the norm. To our forefathers, who assumed an internal harmony of sorts within the human personality, Hamlet's self-contradictions were a vexing literary mystery. Would the real Hamlet please stand up? Today his fragmentation is what we feel most at ease with—brothers all of the "disordered will," in Leslie Farber's phrase.

It should be humiliating to us that his neuroticism is what makes Hamlet a man of our times. For here, obviously, is not only a half Hamlet but a half man. *Hamlet*, one suspects, is a humiliation as well as a measure of career success to Williamson. For Williamson's finest, most Shakespearean quality is agonized dissatisfaction. Life is not good enough, and he knows it. But he is not good enough, and he knows that too. There is nothing sniggering or complacent about his pessimism. In the end, an ancient rage at imperfection—that dark other side of the love of good—raises him to the levels of tragedy, subliminally enriching his Hamlet almost in spite of himself.

Yet as a touchstone of contemporary theater, of contemporary culture in fact, this *Hamlet* produces a discomfiting test. It tells us we have gained our freedom: we have got rid of hypocrisy and most inhibitions all right. It also tells us the bad old news: that every victory over tradition has its built-in ambiguity. In the exciting name of freedom, those who jettison the past tacitly accept their consequent poverty, gambling that it will be temporary, that they will strike it rich again soon, on their terms. Measuring ourselves against Elizabethan richness, we become painfully aware we have not found our new richness yet.

In the final analysis, we do not

judge a classic; it judges us. And for now, the judgment of *Hamlet* upon us is that we are marvelously intense but paying the usual price for intensity, in narrowness. Our admirable standards of honesty have cost us almost everything else. As

proxy for his generation like all who play the role, it is Williamson's excruciating honor to give us a *Hamlet* blind in one eye but too honest to fake a report on more than he sees: impotence, terror, and a rum end for all.

Very early on, in 1925, he wrote his *Music for the Theater*, not under the influence of jazz itself, but rather of jazz by way of Gershwin. Today, it wheezes around like a rebuilt Pierce Arrow sedan at a classic car parade.

Even more outrageous are his Chiquita Banana pieces, *El Salón México* and *Danzón Cubano*, little anthologies of clichés from Latin-American popular music. They are expert, superbly made deadpan put-ons; frightful fun—much more than the parallel works of Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov—because there is no attempt whatever to suppress or apologize for the innate vulgarity of the materials.

At the other extreme are his austere works, pieces aimed at the gut and as brutal as anything in the modern canon. In 1957, when he was at work on the *Piano Fantasy*, he remarked that it was "hard to write, hard to play, and hard to listen to." This description would apply equally well to the *Piano Variations*, which were written in 1930 when Copland was a young man and not very far into his career.

MUSIC

THE BROOKLYN EAGLE

by Robert Evett

Next year, Aaron Copland will be seventy. Oh, dear. He has been a national monument for so long that it is hard to think of him as growing old. More than that, his manner and his interests are those of a younger man. Throughout his career, he has been driven by an insatiable curiosity about what is going on in his profession. He is always growing—trying new techniques, flirting with new styles. You would think that, with his lifework this far advanced, he would be developing a final "mature" idiom. Not at all. In his most recent pieces, he is as eclectic as ever. In *Connotations*, for orchestra, he is unyielding and seems to be openly hostile to the listener; but *Emblems*, for large symphonic band, is a noble sounding piece, full of the hymn tunes and bits of fake Americana that have endeared Copland to the unenterprising listener. Most recently, in an orchestra piece called *Inscape*, he uses a pair of twelve-tone rows in music that, for its wide-open harmonies and simple tunes, sounds like the Copland of thirty years ago.

In a recent interview, Copland said:

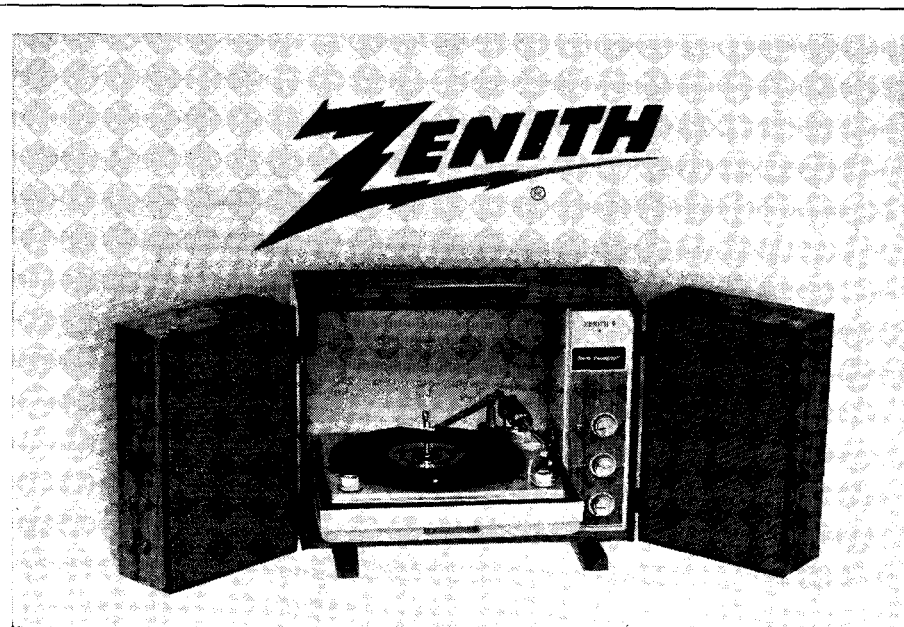
When you look back over a period of years and judge your own work, you can recognize changes of style which had come about from your feeling that the style you had used previously had been completely explored. But the deliberate attempt to change just because you like to change is too arbitrary and doesn't work.

Pregnant words. Nobody knows more than Copland about changing styles, and some of his changes do seem to be pretty arbitrary. However, as a general rule, they work. Copland gives the impression of being able

to write any kind of music he pleases, and every major trend, from the end of the impressionistic period until now, is reflected in his catalogue.

Like Stravinsky, Copland tends to look at the musical surface as if it were an entity quite independent of the creator—almost as if it were an object that could be picked up, examined, and played with. He will take on a style—evidently almost any style—just to see what he can make it do.

His slumming expeditions have fetched up some marvelous oddities.



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Superficially, there is a gulf separating his serious music from his entertainments. This distinction is treacherous and deceptive. A piece like *Appalachian Spring*, for instance, would have to fall with the lighter works; yet it is carefully contrived, and it contains some of the most genuinely affecting music that Copland has written. The *Vitebsk* Trio, with its jagged rhythms and heavy saturation of dissonances, would have to be classified as serious Copland. But the melodic material is as folksy as anything in the ballets.

In either category, the composer's problem is the same: to explore a style with a view to exhausting it. The listener's problem is not so much one of finding meaning behind the design of the music and its rhetoric as it is to admire all the fancy work and the skill that went into it.

Since about 1950 Copland has played around with serial composition a lot, but his affair with Viennese atonality has always stopped far short of total commitment. That it happened at all is extremely strange.

Copland was a devoted pupil of Nadia Boulanger, and Boulanger taught that the school of Schoenberg was heretical. Copland has never been given to dogma, and has always been generous to musicians whose styles and attitudes are alien to his own. But since he reached the age of fifty without finding a need for note-rows, it is curious that he suddenly found himself using them.

Actually, the note-rows contribute very little to the musical surface. Copland generally reserves them for works of considerable solemnity. But the pieces keep sounding like the old Copland in his austere mood. The melodies are angular and the harmonies abrasive, as they always have been.

Throughout most of his career Copland has been a commanding figure in American musical politics, using his influence for awarding scholarships, fellowships, and commissions to the needy and deserving. And others. His record for generosity is impressive. And he has, for the most part, been prudent.

He realizes of course that his influence is waning. When he resigned his post as director of the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood, he

gave up a tremendous amount of power. Then, too, most of the younger composers, boys in the twenties, are not much interested in the kinds of music Copland has written. Copland, for his part, has not yet shown any interest in exploring the current crop of advanced styles, though if past performance is an indication, he will get around to them in his own time.

He is, I suspect, at a watershed in his career. On the basis of his work until now—and most of the results are in—it would be easy to dismiss him as a glamorous but rather frivolous figure: the American Chabrier as someone once called him, or the best composer ever born in Brooklyn, but not a man of the stature of Ravel, say, or Prokofiev—both figures who invite comparison with him. Whether this judgment is fair or not will be determined by the music he writes in his old age.

SOME COPLAND RECORDINGS:

Appalachian Spring
and *Billy the Kid*

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(Columbia)

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra
and *Music for the Theater*
Copland and Bernstein
New York Philharmonic
(Columbia)

Piano Variations
and *Piano Fantasy*
Masselos
(Odyssey)

Quartet for Piano and Strings
Sextet
Vitebsk
Copland, Wright
with members of
the Julliard Quartet
(Columbia)

Symphony No. 3
Bernstein
New York Philharmonic
(Columbia)

Twelve Poems
of Emily Dickinson
Addison
(Columbia)

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

OLD TESTAMENT MINIATURES, preface by John Plummer. Braziller, \$40.00. Excellently reproduced from a manuscript in the Pierpont Morgan Library, these firmly drawn, brilliantly colored pictures have an effect quite disproportionate to their miniature size. The book was made in the thirteenth century, and the margins are full of notes in Persian and Hebrew. How this came about is a romance in itself, told in Mr. Plummer's introduction. This is a fine reproduction of a unique work.

LISTEN TO THE SILENCE by David W. Elliott. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5.95. Mr. Elliott's novel describes, in first-person narrative, the experiences of a boy confined in a state mental hospital. While individual scenes are highly successful, the book as a whole suffers from double perspective. The reader is too conscious, too often, of the sophisticated adult author directing his juvenile hero's perceptions.

IN THE PRESENCE OF DEATH by Shay Oag. Coward-McCann, \$12.95. Through the life of Antonio Ordoñez, Miss Oag has constructed a history of bullfighting over the past fifty years, plus an unusually precise and level-headed account of what a career in the bullring entails in terms of training, practice, diplomacy, money, abuse, nervous strain, injury, and simple fright. Well illustrated with photographs, although nobody unfamiliar with the sport is going to understand all those *naturales* and *verónicas*.

"IF I HAD IT TO DO OVER AGAIN . . ." by Robert S. Gallagher. Dutton, \$6.95. Mr. Gallagher's study of people who willfully disappear is full of strange information, including how to make one's family uncomfortable for years. (Run up some debts, draw a confused will, and vanish; probate court will persecute the abandoned.) The book is pleasantly written but long-winded.

A PROPER JOB by Brian Aherne. Houghton Mifflin, \$7.95. Mr. Aherne

became an actor because nobody would hire him to do anything else, and remained an actor, one gathers, out of amusement, indolence, good humor, and a liking for pretty women, a combination that was always stronger than his suspicion that he ought to be more soberly employed. An enjoyable lesson in how to succeed without really caring.

DR. BOWDLER'S LEGACY by Noel Perrin. Atheneum, \$7.95. Perhaps the history of book expurgation in England and America is not worth as much attention as Mr. Perrin has given it, but the question of who made cuts (Dr. Bowdler was not the originator of high-minded mutilation) of what material, and why, becomes moderately intriguing. And it is startling to discover that emasculated Shakespearean texts are still being peddled to college English departments.

RUNNING AWAY FROM MYSELF by Barbara Deming. Grossman, \$6.95. Miss Deming is trying to prove something about American character by examination of movie heroes of the 1940s. The argument gets lost in plot summaries and is crippled from the start by the author's refusal to consider anything but movies. A careless reader could leave the book under the impression that Sam Spade was invented by a Hollywood scriptwriter in 1940.

JESUS REDISCOVERED by Malcolm Muggeridge. Doubleday, \$5.95. From editing *Punch* to writing sermons is a broad jump, and Mr. Muggeridge is no candidate for the Olympics.

MODESTY IN DRESS by James Laver. Houghton Mifflin, \$10.00. Without becoming unduly earnest about it, Mr. Laver offers some shrewd speculations about the psychological forces underlying fashions in clothing. The illustrations range from delightful to revolting.

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND RELATIVES by Gerald Durrell. Viking, \$5.95. At about age twelve, Mr. Durrell was training himself as the naturalist he has since become. The process bewildered his elders, who did not share his pleasure in dead turtles. These elder Durrells were a tribe of noisy individualists settled on Corfu, an island already rich in noisy, indi-

vidualistic natives. The result, as Mr. Durrell recalls it, was daily comic melodrama, and makes deliciously gay, uncomplicated reading.

THE BAUHAUS by Hans M. Wingler. MIT Press, \$42.50. Because the Bauhaus, as a center of experimental design, involved a variety of enterprises, a wide territory, and a large number of people, Mr. Wingler's history is as concise as it is thorough. It is nevertheless an immense book, extensively and impressively illustrated, invaluable to anyone interested in the history of art in this century and the interlocking of aesthetic and utilitarian principles.

THE BLUE ASPIC by Edward Gorey. Meredith, \$2.95. In spooky drawings and skeletal prose, Mr. Gorey depicts the career of an opera singer specializing in such works as *Lizzia Bordena*, *La Vengeance Posthume*, and *L'Avvelenatrice di Glasgovia*. This is of the usual splendid Gorey standard.

REMBRANDT: HIS LIFE, HIS WORK, HIS TIME by Bob Haak. Abrams, \$35.00. Scholarly but not pedantic, well illustrated with the works of Rembrandt's contemporaries and pupils as well as his own, generous with colorplates, this is a very rewarding book.

T ZERO by Italo Calvino. Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.95. Translated from Italian by William Weaver. Mr. Calvino plays tricks with time, extending a split second to infinity or contracting a geological era to an amorous stroll. The fun of this game—and it is genuine if intellectually demanding fun—lies in the severely logical arguments with which the author develops lunatic inventions. There is even a sort of geometrical poetry about the business.

A TASTE OF IRELAND by Theodora Fitzgibbon. Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95. The Irish recipes are accompanied by old photographs, rife with the picturesque, and notes on point of origin, literary history if any, and other information of a wildly assorted, non-culinary nature. The recipes have a slightly *caveat emptor* look, but reveal that one cause of the famine was the unbridled ingenuity with which the Irish had coped with the potato.

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